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guy clavenport

# *The* ARCHIVE

SEPTEMBER

1947



**"Experience  
is the best  
teacher..."**

**in playing table tennis  
or choosing a cigarette,"**

says

*Mary Reilly*  
INTERNATIONAL  
TABLE-TENNIS STAR

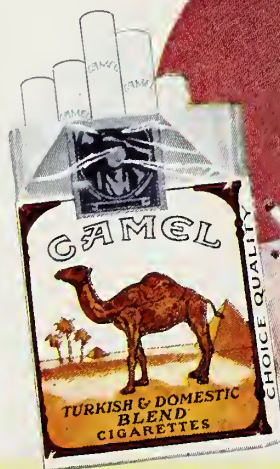


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T FOR THROAT...**

**that's your proving  
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don't suit your  
"T-Zone" to a "T."**

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**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS**  
than any other cigarette

© Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.



## This Month

### SPHINXITIS . . .

If you know anything at all about our football team, you may indeed count yourself among the chosen ones. It's been as difficult for anyone to get near the practice field as it has been for the various publications here on the Row to find printers. Even the players themselves give vague and uninforming answers about the team. All the Blue Devils need now is a few Greek letters and a pin of sorts to become, in qualifications at least, a secret society.

BUT—if you'll check page 8 you'll see what Harry Beaudouin (former Sports Editor of the *Chronicle* and a guy whou ought to know what he's talking about) thinks on the subject.

### THE STORIES . . .

Thomas Young ("Pink Silk," page 11) graduated from Duke last year, but we thought his story so good that we decided to publish it even though he was gone. This is slam-bang stuff.

Fred Wagner, who has had other stories in the mag, and Joan Angevine (our new Editor in case, ya didn't know), who also has had other stories herein, are responsible for the two stories "The Sled" and "Rummaging Around."

Wagner draws importance from the event that is happening, while Angevine attracts attention in her manner of telling. Both pieces show experience.

### AND . . .

Elsewhere you'll find Archie as usual, Scraps, and a book review by R. D. Loomis.

SEPTEMBER, 1947



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## FOR YOU MADEMOISELLE . . .

It's fall again and time once more for *Mademoiselle's* annual College Board contest. According to *Mademoiselle*, they want girls, not only with fashion talent or a yen for writing fiction, but also those interested in anything from sociology to dramatics. It's simple to become a member of their famed College Board. Here's all you have to do:

1. Be an undergraduate attending an accredited college or junior college.
2. Be available to work during the whole month of June, 1948, in our New York offices, helping put out the August college issue. (You earn while you learn, and *Mademoiselle* also pays railroad fares to and from New York.)
3. Submit a trial report, consisting of approximately two type-written, double-spaced pages on any new phase of campus uife: an academic course, fashion, fad, activity, organization, or trend.
4. Send a snapshot of yourself, with complete data to: The College Board Editor, Mlle., 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York.
6. Applications must be postmarked no later than midnight, November 1, 1947."

When you become a College Board member, you fulfill three assignments during the school year, and if you are picked as one of the twenty winners, you obtain the position of Guest Editor and not only work in *Mademoiselle's* offices, but also attend their Career Conference and have a chance of being chosen as a delegate to their Annual College Forum.

It's a wonderful opportunity, so why not take advantage of it?

# SCRAPS FOR THE LITERATI

By R. D. LOOMIS

## FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

There is usually a lot of talk about the *Archive*, but never is it said to the *Archive* or, perhaps worst of all, never does it come from it.

I have always said (privately—and now publicly) that the policy of the magazine is not shaped by the editors but rather by the ability of its contributors. This fact, in a way, is to be regretted, but not wholly so.

From the very beginning the *Archive* has been a magazine which served its contributors as well as its readers. No one must “slant” his story, article, or poem in order for it to be accepted, nor does he have to belong to any clique. The work that is printed each month is merely, in the opinion of the editors, the best handed in for that period, regardless of style or subject matter.

Quite naturally, much of the material for the *Archive* comes from the creative writing class, English 104. Many of last year's contributors such as Bill Snitger, Guy Davenport, Joan Angevine, Pat Way, Fred Wagner, Mac Hyman, Jill Fothergill, Tom Greet, Norman Nelson, etc., belonged to 104.

This year Mrs. Helen Bevington takes over the class while Dr. Black-

burn is on a leave of absence. Mrs. Bevington is an established author herself, especially in the field of poetry. She has had poems in the *Atlantic* and the *New Yorker*, and recently her collected poems under the title *Dr. Johnson's Waterfall* were published and received wide acclaim. Since this class—and also Dr. White's poetry class—is utmost in importance as far as the *Archive* and creative writing at Duke is concerned, it seems not only natural but also necessary that “Scraps” should take on the additional duty of reporting the doings of 104 to all who are interested. This it will do during the coming year.

## SOME SUMMER SCRAPS . . .

With the public already twitching in anticipation over Hemingway's forthcoming novel, a motion picture company helped things along with a reported half-million dollars for the screen rights. . . . Winston Churchill (American) died last spring. His novels (*Richard Carvel*, *The Crisis*, etc.) thrilled readers of a generation ago. As would be expected, he was constantly being confused with his more famous English counterpart, and this

summer an interesting tale came to light. Once the Britisher wrote the American asking him if he would change his name sufficiently so that the mixup would end. The American wrote back saying that he thought the idea was fine but that since he was three years the Englishman's senior, *he* should be the one to change his name. (P.S. The British statesman's official signature is now Winston S. Churchill.) . . . Another much looked-for biography besides Terry's *Thomas Wolfe* is the forthcoming one on F. Scott Fitzgerald by Dr. Arthur M. Mizener. . . . Delightfully pounced on by the literary world was the following statement made by Robert Penn Warren after he had been informed that he had won the Pulitzer prize: “OK, I'll accept the award. But the prize seems pretty meaningless for me when neither Hemingway nor Faulkner ever won it.” . . . And speaking of Faulkner, his new novel is reputed to have a very different theme than usual. It's all about what happens when Christ comes to earth in the body of a soldier in France. . . . Watch Willard Motley, say all the critics. His *Knock on Any Door* received more acclaim than any other summer novel. And it's a first. . . .

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# The ARCHIVE

*A Monthly Magazine Published by the Students at Duke University,  
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The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them. The names and descriptions of all characters in the fiction of this magazine are fictitious. Any resemblance to any person or persons is not intended and is purely coincidental.

Notice of entry: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized December 4, 1924." Entered as second-class mail matter at the Post Office at Durham, N. C.

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SEPTEMBER, 1947

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# *Hi Ya Fellows...*



for  
SUITS  
THAT  
FIT



Glad to see  
you back. As  
the elephant said  
to the old oak tree  
my trunk is more limber  
Than yours you see. Well  
limber up the limbs and lag  
on down to the store with the  
personalized, custom clothes.

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# Archie Speaks

**F**INDING ourselves deposited bag and baggage back amid the Gothic ruins, we gaze misty-eyed over our shoulder at the long, lazy summer days when there was nothing to do but slap mosquitoes. The mosquito, says Funk and Wagnalls' dictionary, is "a two-winged insect having (in the female) a long proboscis, capable of puncturing the skin and extracting blood." Capable, they say! Viewing the thirteen chunks taken out of the right leg and the sixteen from the left, we'd say damned efficient!

However, all was not scratching and cursing. On one bright, blue-skied morning, being rustic souls at heart, we started out on one of those delightful rambles through the country you hear so much about if you live in the city. Coming upon a quaint little town nestled among the hills, just like in all the storybooks, we sat down beneath a tree to rest our blistered feet. Suddenly, around a bend in the dirt road, we saw an old weather-beaten nag approach pulling a wagon, which, in turn, was followed by a horde of screaming children. At first, we thought perhaps it was a revival of the Pied Piper. Upon closer inspection however, we discovered that it was only the meatman on one of his bi-weekly tours of the town. Apparently, he was the beloved of the younger generation, whose wild throatings could be stopped only by his tossing one a raw hot dog flavored with garlic or another a slice of salami which they would fall upon and devour in rapid

haste. Fascinated with this procedure, we followed the genial meatman ourselves to see if he ever made any sales. This, apparently, he did, for he was soon halted by a be-ginghamed woman, followed by her husband, who burst through the gate of her white picket fence and accosted him with, "You got any pork chops today?" The meatman jumped gingerly down from his seat behind the nag and led her around to the back of the wagon where his wares were on display. The woman was studiously inspecting a rump roast when all at once she began to wriggle around as if possessed. We have no idea what she was thinking, but whatever it was, it caused her to turn upon the unsuspecting meatman and slap him soundly on the left cheek. This evidently didn't help any, for she continued her wriggling. Suddenly there came a creaking noise from under the wagon and both she and the slightly surprised meatman peered under it to see the woman's husband, whom we immediately labeled the local Touchstone, tickling his wife with a buggy whip just above the knee. The woman grabbed some pork chops, threw the meatman a dollar bill, and, without bothering to apologize to him for her mistake, streaked into the house. Climbing back into the seat behind the nag, the meatman continued on his way, seemingly undisturbed, tossing first a salami over one shoulder and then a hot dog over the other. We learned later from one of the natives that the wo-

man's husband has a wide-spread reputation for being a practical joker and she sometimes wonders why she ever married him.

While browsing through the want ads in the July issue of the *Writer's Digest*, we came upon this one: "Corsets. Wanted, literature, patterns, experiences on waspwaists. Box 585, Lowell, Mass." That's culture for you.

Back in the city again, we discovered that the annual engineers' convention was in progress. Before these wizards of the slide rule convene to discuss the value of vertical relief walls and high permeability cores, it is their custom to fortify themselves at a pre-arranged and carefully-planned cocktail party. Hoping that we hadn't missed this highlight of their three-day schedule, we made our way to the hotel where the convention was taking place, optimistically opened the door into the cocktail lounge, and spent the succeeding two hours shouldering, nudging, and jabbing our way through the crowd. Finally, after having resorted to a double reverse and a slightly modified version of the T formation, we arrived at the bar, suffering only from dampness where some jovial engineer had spilled a perfectly good martini down our necks. There we saw three men, clad in conservative blue suits, stationed at strategic points along the bar, and sniffing, with eyes cast heavenward, each drink the bartender mixed. Then,

(Continued on Page 17)



Jimmie closed the door of the junior high school building behind him and ran down the steps to the flagstone walk. When he bent over to buckle his galoshes, he noticed a chalk inscription on the walk: "Mary Lou loves Jimmie." Darn, he thought, those sixth grade girls are making fun of me again. And I don't even know that Mary Lou they're always teasing me about. He stood up again and went on down the walk toward the gate. I guess it's too late to find anybody to walk home with; it took me such a long time to pick out a new book in the library. He opened the gate and stepped out onto the main sidewalk.

"What's the hurry, Jimmie?" Billy Weatherby got up from the curb of the bike drive where he had been sitting and caught up with him. "I been waiting to walk you home."

"Hi," Jimmie said. "I'm not in any hurry really."

Billy walked along the curb, balancing himself to keep from falling off into the slush in the gutter. "Say, Jimmie," he asked, "why don't you ever come over to Colter's Hill and go

sledding with the rest of us?"

Jimmie hacked at a piece of hard snow with his heel and watched the chunks crumble off and dissolve in the water collected before the sewer opening. "I don't know. I read a lot in the afternoons."

Billy looked at him with a puzzled expression. "You spend pretty much of your time reading, don't you? I should think you'd get tired of it. Don't you ever do anything else?"

"I guess not," Jimmie answered shyly.

Billy swept up a fistfull of snow, packed it into a firm snowball, and tossed it at the rear wheel of a passing car. There was an opening in the traffic now, and the two boys skirted their way between the bumpers of the halted cars. At the corner where they were to separate, Billy stopped. "Is it something real important that you have to do this afternoon?"

Jimmie was confused. "No. No, I guess it isn't. I was going to read this book I got from the library."

"Well, look." Billy spoke quickly. "Why don't you go home and get a

sled and then stop by for me, and we'll go over to Colter's Hill and go sledding? It's really lots of fun."

"I guess it is," Jimmie mumbled. "Who all's going to be there?"

"Oh, just me and Betty Jane." He paused. "Mary Lou Norman's going to be there too."

"I don't know her," Jimmie said and frowned. "Is she the Mary Lou those sixth grade girls are always yelling at me about?"

Billy smiled. "She's sort of sweet on you," he confided. "Made Betty Jane get me to promise to bring you over this afternoon." He kicked a loose chunk of ice down the pavement. "I told her you'd rather read, but she wouldn't listen. I wish you'd come. If you don't, Betty Jane'll be mad and say I didn't try."

Jimmie flushed. "I'd really like to come," he said quietly. "I really would. I'll bring my sled—it's a new one I got for Christmas."

When Jimmie and Billy finally trudged up toward the level stretch along the top of Colter's Hill, Betty Jane was the first to spy them. "Hey

# THE SLED

By FRED R. WAGNER



there," she called. "Glad you got here at last." She and the other girl, Mary Lou Norman, probably, were sitting on top of an old stone wall. Jimmie dropped a little behind Billy as they approached the girls, pretending to have difficulty with the rope by which he pulled the sled. The sled was big, large enough to hold three or four people. He wrapped the rope around his wrist several times and then caught up with Billy after he had finished greeting the others. Almost immediately, Billy and Betty Jane had started to quarrel.

"You're not at all fair, Billy Weatherby," Betty Jane said. "You know you promised me you'd come over to the house tomorrow afternoon. Nobody's going to be home, and we can have the living room all to ourselves."

Billy shifted uncomfortably. "Sure enough, Betty Jane, I didn't know Mom was going to drag me off to Philadelphia for shopping tomorrow."

Betty Jane turned her back to him, pouting. "I don't care." Her voice

sat up on the wall? There's a real nice view out over Pine Hill Valley."

Jimmie leaned against the wall beside her, following the direction of her gaze. "It is beautiful, isn't it?" he said.

---

ILLUSTRATED BY  
CLARENCE BROWN

---

Mary Lou smiled as she looked across the Valley. "You'll have to come out earlier in the afternoons after this."

"Sure," Jimmie said after a moment. "Sure, I will. That'll be swell."

"Say Jimmie," Billy called over, "why don't we get on your sled and take a couple of rides down the Hill? You can steer."

Jimmie looked at the sled, flustered. "I don't know how to steer very well," he stammered. "I've never used the sled before. It's a new one I got for Christmas."

"Well, I'll be darned." Billy walked over to the sled and sat down, propping his feet against the steering bar. "Here he has a swell sled and never even used

pushed the sled along until it began to move smoothly through the snow. Still holding on with his hands, he took a little jump onto the rear, kneeling behind Mary Lou. At first the motion of the sled was sluggish as it bumped in the frozen ruts left by the cars that had gone down the Hill; and Jimmie could feel the cold in the air but not the air itself. Then, as if someone had given the sled a final shove, it picked up speed; and they raced down the icy belt of snow, tilting up first on one side and then on the other as Mary Lou struggled to steer a straight course. The houses and one or two parked cars and the cluster of tall evergreens partway down the Hill were telescoped into each other. Jimmie's mouth was partly open with the excitement; and he breathed in, filling his lungs, smiling as the cold air rushed down into his throat with a new, clean feeling. It was strange and wonderful and made him wistful for all the afternoons he had missed.

Halfway down Colter's Hill, Jim-

---

## *Jimmie Had A New Sled, But He Used It Only Once*

---

quavered. "You know you could get out of it if you wanted to."

Standing a short distance from them, Jimmie wound the sled rope tighter around his wrist. He could see that the girls had been sliding down the Hill before he and Billy had arrived, for lumps of snow had become wedged in the metalwork supporting the runners of the sleds. Jimmie glanced over toward Mary Lou, who was curled up, her back resting against the incline of the wall and her hands clasped about her knees. He recognized her immediately; several times already he had noticed her in the library, watching him from one of the tables on the other side of the room.

Jimmie dropped the rope from his wrist and walked over to the girl. "Hello," he said slowly. "I guess you're Mary Lou. I've seen you around."

Mary Lou swung about, letting her legs touch the ground. "Why don't you

it. Sit down behind me, Betty Jane. We'll show him how to steer." In an instant they were off down the Hill, shrieking with laughter at the new experience of riding down on a large sled.

Jimmie leaned back once more against the wall, looking away from Mary Lou and tracing with his finger the lines where the mortar of the wall showed dark through the snow. "Didn't you want to go down with them?" he asked miserably. "There would have been room for one more person." He paused and swallowed.

Mary Lou scrambled down from the wall. "I think Billy's just awful," she said. "If it weren't for Betty Jane, he'd be terribly bossy." She sat down on one of the other sleds at the curb. "Let's us go down on my sled," she remarked. "It's really much more fun with just two."

Jimmie hunched himself over and

mie could see Billy and Betty Jane walking up from the bottom with his sled. He waved to them. "Some fun," he called. And then they were past, and the sled was skimming down the last stretch of the slide, rushing toward the shadows at the end of the road. Jimmie could feel little splinters of ice, snapped up by the runners as they swerved over the ridges, striking against his socks. It would be fun to go sledding every afternoon, he thought, now that he knew Mary Lou.

"That certainly was fun," Jimmie said as they walked back up the Hill again. "I never did anything like that before." He was starting to speak again when a snowball struck him on the shoulder, splattering into his face. Betty Jane shrieked; she had scored a direct hit. "Come on, Jimmie, hurry up!" Billy yelled. "Help me out. It's a war of the men against the women."

*(Continued on Page 18)*

# FOOTBALL AND THE TEAM

By HARRY E. BEAUDOUIN

Now that the returned service veteran has had ample time in which to shake off the memories and effects of Spam, 4 on and 8 off, jungle rot, and flak, perhaps our Blue Devils can get back to the natural order of things and once again win more games than they lose in a season of football.

Many pre-war and wartime stars, as you know, turned out to be complete duds in '46. Not one of the four "All-Americans" in Trinity's lineup in the N. C. State opener last September ever performed during the campaign as an All-American should. Principal factor responsible for this deplorable situation was sad playing conditions. The lads around now, however, seem primed and ready to go.

This is not to say that the outlook is blindingly bright. No sooner had the

moleskins been packed away at the conclusion of the '46 season when the storm clouds began to assemble for '47. And just when things were beginning to look up, too.

First, Frank Sinkovitz, ex-marine officer and one of the finest center prospects to enroll here in years, resigned from school because he was married and could not make ends meet with the G. I. allowance. Soon after that minor catastrophe, Moon Mullins, a rugged Kentuckian who had been one of Dumpy Hagler's up and coming tackles, left college for the same reason.

Added to these disappointments is the fact that Colonel Wallace Wade was utterly unable, in spring practice, to turn up a fullback capable of running over people in a manner at least describable as vulgar. Finding a spin-bucker

worthy of carrying one of Winston Siegfried's soiled T-shirts is going to be the Old Man's biggest headache this year.

There you have it—a fearfully weakened line and no fullback.

But before you all head for the wailing wall, remember one thing. It's not exactly a tradition here to crawl around on the floor before you've been knocked down. Wallace Wade is still swinging from the hip, and—adversities not withstanding—in 1947 he will produce a team of which even the most jaded senior among you will be reasonably proud. My last buck rides on that statement.

Let's stop crying and look at what we do have. First of all, we have back in the fold Old Bailin' Wire himself—Ace Parker. Duke All-American in '36

During a Practice Session They Plan a Little Strategy in Advance





and one of the greatest pro stars ever since, Ace has signed on as a backfield coach and will prove mighty valuable to the cause. No question there.

The Dukes will have to get by with the men who were on hand last year. There isn't a freshman on the squad, as far as I can see, who will be of much help. Dan Hill, Trinity's ivory hunter and ambassador of good will, did his best but it seems that an offer of room-board-tuition, plus exposure to a first-rate education, is not what the average schoolboy satellite is looking for these days. In short, the prime prep school beef is heading elsewhere.

During spring practice, I looked over the freshmen who entered last January. With the exception of two fullback candidates, there wasn't a back who looked big enough to play in the Epworth League.

What have we got? Let's start with the line.

The end strength is good. Captain Benny Citadino is a sturdy gentleman who can hold up his side admirably, and is a gifted receiver. Furthermore, he shakes a mean hip on end-around plays. Ed "Ligaments" Austin, out of action last fall because of assorted ailments ranging from a busted jaw to cracked ribs, is all in one piece (at this writing) and will handle one of the starting posts. Wade calls him one of the best flankmen he's ever coached—which is a mouthful.

We advise you, however, to keep your eyes on John Karmazin, younger brother of Mike, All-American tackle here in '41. Ex-AAF Sergeant John, a married sophomore, packs 205 pounds into a 6-2 frame and is built something like an attack bomber. The kid has endurance, flash, and aggressiveness, and I don't see how he can miss being a magnificent end. It is possible that ultimately he may relegate Austin to the sidelines.

Dumpy Hagler's tackle squad, now



Cittadino and Wade

that Mullins has departed, is spearheaded by Al DeRogatis, Louis Allen, Dick Gardiner, John Reese, and Bob Oenbrink—all of whom accumulated considerable battle-savvy last season. Sugar Bowler Ike Eisenberg is back, too.

Twenty-year-old DeRogatis (an amiable citizen of Newark, New Jersey), is a strapping young giant who held his own with the best in '46 and drew his share of post-season honors. Reese, if his damaged knee holds up, will disgrace no one.

Three fraternity brothers — Bill Davis, Tom Chambers, and Jim Groome—are waging a tooth-and-nail scrap to see who will win the first-string guard assignments. Davis, kid brother of Duke backfield immortals Jap and Tom, is a cinch for one of them. Jimmy Knotts, young brother of the recently graduated Bear, is making a strong bid, too. All four boys are home-staters.

Fletcher Wall, although susceptible to injury now and then, will start at center and has plenty of experience behind him. He will be ably supported by durable Carl Perkinson, an energetic Asheville resident who will get the nod if Wall's trick knee collapses. Jack Gleason, former end, is right up there also, along with Jim Gibson.

So much for the line. In the backfield, a few position switches may be made before the campaign gets underway but at the moment—except for fullback—the situation is generally wholesome.

Wingback Buddy Mulligan, who wouldn't scale 165 with a bucket of cement in each hand, won plaudits for his '46 play, especially against the Army. A streak on reverse plays, he is a brilliant pass snagger, a splendid kicker, and simply murder on defense. A lightweight, to boot.

Mulligan will be spelled by Fred Folger, Mount Airy junior, likewise a fine punter. A man to watch in the wingback department, however, is bouncing Bettis Herlong, a 6'-1", 180-pounder who labored for the Junior Varsity in '46 but who is slated for action this fall.

The blocking back slot seems adequately manned with John Montgomery, Jack Eslick, George Swalchik, and Fred Palladino returning for duty. Ed Perini, a dynamic guard in '45, was shifted to this position in spring sessions and showed up well. All are rugged young men.

Montgomery started in '46, Eslick came along fast, Palladino was laid up with sundry afflictions, and Swalchik excelled as a J. V. quarterback.

Tailbacks Howard Hartley and George Clark, both game-wise, present a valuable and respected one-two punch. Hartley was miscast as a wingback part of last season, and Clark, a sensation in '44, never did get going.

Hard-plugging George, now doing graduate work but serving out his remaining year of Conference eligibility, is determined to redeem himself in '47, and I for one wish him best luck.

These two lads are being hand-groomed by Ace Parker and should benefit. Hartley's a stepper, a driving halfback who wriggles for the last inch he can make before going down. Clark, no slouch when sprung, runs well to either side and passes commendably. Both would have looked infinitely better in '46 had their interference been able to resemble something more impressive than a crumbling bridge.

Another agent to watch is little Roland Hodges, a Florida native, who did great things as a freshman in '45 but who became discouraged and lost his self-confidence when he was crowded out of the picture last fall by returning luminaries. Rollo gained a new lease on life last spring, however, and made eyes pop with his clever, wraith-like running.

North Carolinians Bob Frye and Herb Hipps are tailbacks with something to offer, too.

At fullback, all is not darkness, despite our earlier sober reference. Palladino, who did well there in '45, might be reconverted if the new candidates don't deliver. Ben Williams is on hand too, and might carry fire. Best bet right now seems to be towering Lee Hoshall, a Baltimore freshman who entered college in January and performed prodigious feats on the lacrosse squad. Another prospect is John Copley, a squat 220-pounder who belts hard.

That's about the size of it, friends. You can deduce for yourselves that this is a squad generally experienced, but deep only in spots. Draw your own conclusions as to its degree of promise. Personally, I believe it will turn in a creditable job, perhaps earning no bowl bids but certainly finishing up with more than the four games it captured in '46.

The opposition, as strong as ever, offers few if any soft touches. Our chaps face nine violent Saturdays, from start to finish.

Leading off is N. C. State, a pre-

war breather but now a contender for national honors. Beattie Feathers has obtained fine results in Raleigh, and State alumni have helped out by furnishing him with top-bracket material.

Howard Turner has left the premises, but from what I hear his absence will be more than made up for by the entrance on the scene of one Johnny Huzvar. The most sought after school-by star in the State of Pennsylvania last year, Huzvar by the merest chance happened to enroll at State this autumn. He is heralded as another Justice—as if one were not enough in this league!

Next on the slate is Tennessee, the outfit that gained a 12-7 triumph over the Dukes last October, thanks to a pass play later proven illegal by movies of the game.

General Bob Neyland's Orange Bowl squad entertains the Devils in Knoxville, and the tradition is that neither team ever loses to the other on its home grounds. In Duke's case, that tradition was shattered in '46, and in 1947 I think that Volunteer adherents will see it go by the board, too. Neyland has lost too much talent.

Navy, 21-6 victim last year, is one of the toughest in the East. Tom Hamilton's willing but clumsy crew won only one game in 1946, but developed so rapidly that it almost licked the Army juggernaut in the finale. This season the same squad is back and loaded for bear.

The first-string Middie backfield is intact, consisting of "Pistol Pete" Williams, Reeves Baysinger, Bill Hawkins, and Al McCully, Duke fullback in '45. The line is sparked by All-American center Dick Scott, finest in the land.

Maryland, met here on October 18th, has a new coach, Jim Tatum, but not much else. Trinity should prevail.

Wake Forest, playing host to the Dukes the following week end, will be formidable but will miss Red Cochran and Nick Sacrinity in the worst way. Bear in mind the fact that the Deacons have never defeated a Wade team.

The Georgia Tech-Duke tea party in Atlanta on November 1st rates as a toss-up. Coach Bobby Dodd has lost

the services of Frank Broyles, who made his T tick, and stellar center Paul Duke. Backs George Matthews, Dinky Bowen, and Pat McHugh are still around, but Broyles' all-around play made the difference in last year's muddy scrap.

The Missouri engagement on the 8th should provide the alumni with an interesting Homecoming. Don Faurot's Big Six club had a 5-4-1 record in '46, but Faurot is reported to have obtained several energizing influences since. There is a rumor, by the way, that a Missouri boy-who-made-good will be on hand to see the game in Duke Stadium. Name's Harry Truman.

South Carolina invades these parts on the 15th, and although halfback Bo Hagen is the Gamecock's sole major threat, the visitors will not go down under another 39-0 onslaught.

Carl Snavelly's Tar Heels, featuring Charging Charley Justice and his Ten Men of Muscle, descend upon us the next week end, and, like a swarm of locusts, will endeavor to return home with that fat and happy feeling. Having beaten Duke exactly 6 times in the last 20 years, Chapel Hill is going all out. On the other hand, Wallace Wade is going all out, too—for Carolina.

If there is one team on the Duke schedule due to receive the full treatment, it is U. N. C. The Old Man doesn't care if his kids drop every other game this year, as long as Snavelly's eleven gets the business. Wade is "pointing" for this one, and take it from me—that means something.

I am not claiming that the Dukes will stop their 22-7 conquerors of last fall, but most assuredly they will make one hell of an effort. Carolinians, fed up with the face-stomping they have had to take in recent years, will be mighty rough company to keep for the next couple of seasons. They will be, anyway, until (a) Wallace Wade gets his system rolling again, and (b) Choo-Choo Justice departs for greater glory in professional football, which—in his case—should not involve too much of a jump.

***The End***



# PINK SILK

By  
THOMAS YOUNG



Jim tilted the squeaky cane-bottomed chair against the wall and hooked his heels over one of the scratched rungs. He locked his hands over his barely perceptible sixteen-year-old belly and looked gravely about the store. In the rear, behind his basket-work brass cage, Mr. Eagles hunched over his books. The light from the single bulb which hung on its long cord above his head filtered through a green eyeshade and gave to his face a strange pallor.

In front of the cage and opposite Jim was the dry goods department that was Pop's pride. To hear him talk it was the finest in the County; and, indeed, this afternoon as he exercised brief dominion over its colorful stacks, Jim was willing to agree with him. On one heavy, black table a dozen bolts of gingham made crazy patterns of stripes and checks. Near them, gay calico prints with unreal pink and blue flowers lay beside broad strips of sheeting that looked like the cotton which was yesterday piled on the Ames' front porch. Beyond, farther from the front, creamy

pongee and red taffeta awaited the eager farmwives who would come soon with reluctant, temporarily cotton-rich husbands. Then among all this Jim's eyes chose to rest for a moment on the single bolt of soft magenta velvet that Pop had ordered all the way from France for old Mrs. Simmons before she died. Beside the velvet, on the high shelf in the shadows, was a bolt of smooth pink silk that made Jim's stomach squirm and his nerves quiver because it made him remember Jane McKay and a cloudy Sunday afternoon on the River.

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ILLUSTRATED BY  
GUY DAVENPORT

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Jim squinched his eyes and shivered. Mr. Eagles began to mumble softly, and a determined fly drilled with a buzzing whine against the front window. Outside someone shouted at an ill-tempered, ragged mule, and Jim's pink reverie was broken. He looked up angrily to see the Morris' nigger pass by, teetering atop a bale of cotton on

his rickety two-wheeled wagon. From the blacksmith's shop across the Square came the pulsing clang of iron on the anvil, and the town was awake again after two o'clock slumber.

With a squeak and a thump, Jim sat up. He had forgotten Jane McKay and the smooth silk. He stretched, yawned, walked slowly to the door, and looked up and down the street. There was hardly anyone around. Baxter, the paunchy sheriff, sat in front of his office. With him was Luke Green, the town cop and brother-in-law of the mayor. From the way Baxter kept slapping his seersuckered thighs and guffawing soundlessly, Jim thought they must be telling dirty stories. They were a Punch-and-Judy pair, and their gestures were exaggerated like those he had seen in the movie house in Columbia.

He turned away bored, but he wondered if the sheriff knew the one Ray Donkel had told last night. Remembering the adolescent joke, he snickered.

(Continued on Page 16)

It all started about four o'clock that afternoon. As I was sprawled out in the middle of the living room floor, reading "The Ancient Mariner" for English and trying to decide which dress to drape myself in for the dance next Saturday night, Mother burst in the front door, her face wearing the look she put on when she was worried and mad at the same time. Out of the

She ignored me completely and jumped up out of the chair.

"I suppose I'd better go upstairs and see what I can donate. Everything's got to be over there by six tonight."

She started for the stairs and smashed head-on into Aunt Sadie, who was patting in from the kitchen.

"Edith," she ventured shamefacedly, "I forgot to get the roast for dinner."

# RUMMAGING AROUND

corner of my eye, I saw her stomp the snow off her shoes, whip into the living room, and heave herself into the big chair in the corner. She sat there for fully a minute, waiting for me to ask her what the matter was. I finished reading the second line, decided the red one with the gold sequins would look best, then obliged.

"Well? What's the WBA of Maple Grove done now?" WBA stands for Women's Benefit Association and Maple Grove is where we live. Mother is what her fellow WBAers would probably label "one of their most enthusiastic workers." But it was obvious that the meeting of the association she had just been to had upset her no end.

"Maudie, the most terrible thing has happened!" She sat on the edge of the chair and glowered at me. "Remember the meeting I missed last month?"

I did. Very well. Mother had had the flu and it had taken four of us to keep her from climbing out of bed and going.

"Well, they decided to have a rummage sale. It's to be tonight and no one—not a living soul—told me about it until an hour ago."

I gave her my blankest expression, which was supposed to convey the idea that I didn't understand what was so terrible about that, and she continued.

"I've got to contribute something. I can't sit back and let everyone else assume the responsibility."

"Well, why don't you then? There's a lot of stuff around here that would go over big at a rummage sale!"

Mother moaned. Aunt Sadie was always forgetting things. And if she wasn't forgetting them, she was mislaying them. I snickered.

"Well," Mother said, "open a can of beans then. I haven't time to worry about it now." And she steamed up the stairs.

I started on the third line of "The Ancient Mariner." Should I wear my gold bracelet or my rhinestone one?

It was about half an hour later when Mother struggled back down the stairs, her arms piled high with multi-colored articles of clothing. She tossed them in a heap, whisked out some wrapping paper, wound the contribution up in it, and tied the bundle with a string.

"There," she mumbled, "that will have to do."

At that moment, Daddy strode in the front door, beaming like a jack o' lantern.

"Edith!" he shouted, flipping his hat on the rack. "Drop everything! We're going to a banquet tonight!"

Mother promptly let the bundle fall in the middle of the floor and shrieked, "What?"

"The United Oil Concern was having Dr. Anthers as guest speaker at their banquet tonight, but he's got an attack of asthma, so they asked me to substitute for him."

Mother's mouth opened two inches and hung there. She was surprised.

"But the WBA is having a rummage sale tonight!"

"This is more important," Daddy asserted. "Don't just stand there. We

have to get ready and be there by six-thirty!"

Mother, having weighed the two and made her decision, immediately whipped into action.

"Maudie," she wheedled, saccharine oozing from her voice, "you'll take this bundle over to the rummage sale for me, won't you?"

I stopped right in the middle of the fourth line, decided on the gold bracelet, then groaned.

"Oh, Mother, I'm studying!"

Just then, Aunt Sadie pattered in from the kitchen.

"I'll take it over, Edith. I have to drop some things at the corner cleaner's and it's only a few steps farther."

"Sadie, you're a dear." Mother thrust the bundle into her arms. Then, she hesitated. "But, Sadie, don't get halfway over there and forget what you're supposed to do with it! Remember, take it to the rummage sale!"

Aunt Sadie bobbed her head up and down. She went upstairs and returned with her coat half on, her hat cocked rakishly on the side of her head, and cleaning draped over her arms. She started for the front door.

"What'll I do with the beans?" she asked.

"Maudie can eat them." And, with that, Mother rushed upstairs with Daddy at her heels. I started on the fifth line. Would gold slippers or black slippers look best?

By JOAN ANGEVINE

For the next five minutes, there was comparative calm in the house. I heard the shower splattering upstairs and the clack-clack of Mother's heels on the floor. There was a moment of silence, and then:

"Where in tarnation is my tuxedo?" Daddy's voice boomed like a bass drum and I involuntarily leaped six inches off the floor.

"Why, Edward, isn't it hanging in the closet?"

"No!"

I heard Mother exclaim something

(Continued on Page 19)





*THESE ARE FRESHMEN. But they are not just our Freshmen. They are like men and women all over the country who, when the leaves are changing yellow and the wind becomes September-crisp, turn their eyes and expectations toward the nation's colleges. In their vast numbers, they comprise a large part of the near two-and-a-half million total college enrollment of the country. With the first postwar boom in higher education behind us, still they come, helping to swell enrollments to an average of ten per cent above last year. Still they come: the boy with the shy smile who was valedictorian of his class when he graduated from high school in June; the girl who used to be a cheerleader and now wants to major in sociology; the veteran with a wife, a six-months-old baby, and three years' experience in flying an FM-2, who couldn't get in last year. Still they come, and they find the colleges they come to, although more crowded than ever before, used to such conditions now. They find, not the rush and confusion and not-knowing-where-you're-goingness of last year, but an attitude more like that of peacetime. Yes, these Freshmen come, and perhaps in a red brick class building in Vermont or on a pine-strewn campus in North Carolina, they will learn something more important than the life of Byron and the Amendments to the Constitution. Perhaps they will learn the ways of peace and how to live them.*



# BOOKS



THE ICEMAN COMETH, EUGENE O'NEILL, RANDOM HOUSE.

REVIEWED BY ROBERT D. LOOMIS

Take three bartenders, one former circus man, one ousted police lieutenant, one Harvard Law School alumnus, three fugitives from the Boer War, one proprietor of a Negro gambling house, three former Anarchists, and three prostitutes. Stir them well with a self-deceived hardware salesman. Set the mixture on a stage and warm gently for three hours. Then suddenly turn up the heat for a short time until some of it is burned, some done nicely, and some is left just as it was when you started. Call it *The Iceman Cometh* and serve daily to theater audiences. But be sure to sift out about thirteen pages of objectionable words before introducing to Boston. . . .

*The Iceman Cometh* is the first new play of Eugene O'Neill's to be produced in twelve years. This fact alone would be enough to elicit the attention of every theater lover and critic. But there is a lot more than this to draw their interest and comments. In the first place, it is a play full of rich implications, being one of the few recent Broadway productions that can be called *intellectual*. In the second place, the play is long enough to allow the audience to go to dinner between the first and second acts. And lastly, the title alone leaves itself wide open for all sorts of puns and wisecracks.

*The Iceman Cometh* only reaffirms the opinion that O'Neill is a master dramatist. It is amazing to see how he has molded what might have been a very poor play into something that is as good as it is. For about two-and-a-half hours one has the sinking feeling that he is not going to pull the thing out of the fire in time, but he does, and with remarkable craftsmanship.

The scene throughout the play is

Harry Hope's Saloon. "What is it?" says Larry Slade, who pretends that he awaits death without remorse and that he is completely disinterested in his fellow men. "It's the No Chance Saloon. . . . The End of the Line Cafe. . . . Don't you notice the beautiful calm in the atmosphere? That's because it's the last harbor. No one has to worry about where they're going next, because there is no farther they can go. It's a great comfort to them. Although even here they keep up the appearance of life with a few harmless pipe dreams about their yesterdays and tomorrows. . . ." Hope's is the Mecca for a wide variety of abnormal characters, one or two of which might be found in a place like his but, in real life, hardly so many.

It seems to take no little effort on O'Neill's part to get the action rolling. The first hour or so of conversation merely conveys the complete history of each of the main characters. It's a little unnatural for people to tell so much about themselves in so short a time and on such slight provocation, but what they tell is interesting enough so that one does not mind. (There are, however, two old soldiers from the

Boer War—perhaps more rightly spelled Bore—whose private quarrel never interests anyone and who labor the plot considerably.) Why the term *psychological* has not been tacked on *The Iceman* is difficult to understand; for the basic issues are psychological, even though O'Neill apparently tries desperately to accent the philosophical.

Reality is a concept that is almost unknown at Hope's Saloon. James Cameron ("Jimmy Tomorrow") lives on his plans for the future. Willie Oban, the Harvard graduate, talks constantly about getting back into practice but never does anything about it. Larry Slade has rejected the world and its troubles and awaits death with a bottle in each hand. The whole atmosphere is one of gradiose self-deception.

Into this setting comes Theodore Hickman ("Hickey"), who starts a one-man crusade to help show his friends the light of reality and the way out of their problems, problems that were once his also.

But what Hickey does not realize is that he has deceived himself too. For a short time Hickey does jar his friends out of their own private worlds, but not

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for long. In showing them their faults he does more harm than good; and for a little while the only result is dis-sentation.

At first Hickey lets no one know the cause of his new-found happiness. But gradually the characters at Hope's discover that it has something to do with Hickey's wife, Evelyn. Evelyn, like the heroine of *Rebecca*, never appears on the stage, but her presence is felt as much as those who do. George Jean Nathan wrote that O'Neill had created "the most pitifully affecting picture of a woman [though unseen] encountered in years of playgoing." Hickey finally admits that he killed his wife in order to free her from the burden of having to take care of him (he was a drunkard), not realizing, except for a brief moment which he quickly rationalizes, that he really killed her to free himself.

Don Parritt's story runs parallel with Hickey's, except that Don, through his own strong conscience and Hickey's probing, comes to admit that he betrayed the Anarchist movement for money, thus sending his mother, who was its

leader, to jail. Parritt serves roughly the same purpose in *The Iceman* as does Gloster in *King Lear*.

In the end, Parritt has committed suicide, Hickey has been arrested, and Larry, the only real convert Hickey has made, realizes that he has been a "weak fool looking with pity at two sides of everything," but he knows that it is too late to do anything about it. The rest of the characters sink back into their semi-schizophrenic life. Let the Iceman come. He is the only answer.

The Iceman, of course, is Death, brought by Hickey. But he is kept waiting so long that by the time he is let in he only has about two-and-a-half hours of merchandise. Unfortunately, O'Neill stretches it to over four.



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## -Pink Silk-

(Continued from Page 11)

Mr. Eagles raised his green face, and Jim returned to the door.

Sudden negroid laughter jerked his head toward Rosine's Drug Store, and he watched two girls as they lazed toward him across the Square. When they noticed his stare their copper faces stopped smiling; their undulations increased. They were twins, and each reflected the mulatto grace of the other.

Four handfuls of unsupported breasts rose and fell together; four smooth arms glittered in the sun; two gingham dresses clung to a pair of firm rumps. They drew closer, and Jim remembered the pink silk. He swallowed hard.

"I don't care what he say; you stay away from that boy."

"I ain't foolin' with him. He jest ast me."

Jim moved away from the door and, as they came in, wiped his hands on

his cotton pants. The store filled up with their sorghum voices. Jim walked toward them. A fly buzzed the sticky paper that hung from the ceiling and stuck there, struggling. Mr. Eagles looked up.

The girls lowered their voices in deference to Jim's white presence.

"Lookit dat taffy, Dohis!"

"Uh-huh! I sho would like some of that."

Their voices clung to Jim's ears and oozed into his brain, exciting him.

Doris spoke: "Mr. Jim, I wants me some goods to make me a skirt."

Delicate pink. He moved to the counter where lay the magenta velvet. Smooth pink.

"Now, Mr. Jim, you knows I cain't make me no skirt outa that. Hit ud be scanlous!" A giggle bubbled on her lips. "Perhaps some of this with flowers on it."

"Now, Dohis, dis heah is better."

Jim had jerked his hand off the silk. He felt the sweat trickle down his ribs. He was embarrassed as he watched them caress the cheap cloth. They chattered inanely over the pile of calico, and ten slender fingers picked at the unreal blue flowers.

He dropped his hands to the counter and leaned forward. His uneasiness was drowned in a mist of ten-cent perfume. Doris looked up suddenly, and he saw that her eyes were black. His stomach squirmed again.

"Huh up, Dohis; hit's gittin' late." The girl dropped a bolt of cloth, and the thud was like a period on the end of her sentence. She backed off a step, looked quickly at Mr. Eagle's bent head, stared into the street, and waited.

A white-palmed hand crawled over the table. Jim felt cool fingers on his tight fist. He pressed hard against the counter and opened his damp hand. He tried to speak, but his tongue was dusty and thick, his throat crowded with pulsing blood. He had hovered too close to her sorghum sweetness; his soul had flown to his fingertips, and she held it fast.

Slowly she released him. Now he could speak, but now he didn't know how to say it. He could only look at

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her. Doris' eyes were quizzical.

At last she smiled. Decisively, slowly she spoke: "I don't believe I want this after all, . . . Jim. I speck that stuff there is better." She indicated it with a nod of her head.

Mechanically Jim reached a trembling hand to the shelf and pulled down the bolt of smooth pink silk. He measured off three yards and silently handed her the brown bag. Their eyes met again.

He questioned, "Where?"

Without an answer she turned and walked out the door. But, she had forgot to pay him.

### ***The End***

### **-Archie-**

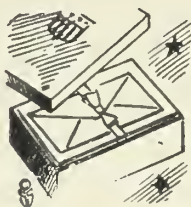
*(Continued from Page 5)*

after a moment of deep concentration, they would place the glass either to the right or to the left. Inquiring from the man standing on our foot what the procedure was all about, he informed us the men were "tasters," well-educated in the strength of alcoholic fumes and hired especially for the convention to sort the drinks accordingly. "You see," he said, edging his way along the bar, "a few years back we almost had an international situation when an American full of these things clipped a Canadian smack on the jaw." He paused reminiscently, obviously enjoying the memory of the Canadian's mangled jaw. "The committee in charge decided the drinks should be weaker," he went on reaching his hand out, "but then, everyone complained they weren't getting their money's worth. So now we have them both ways. The ones on the right are the strong ones and the ones on the left are the weak ones. Help yourself," he said, and picking up a Manhattan from the dwindling group on the right, walked away. Noting carefully that the glasses on the left outnumbered those on the right ten to one and hearing also the beginning strains of "Sweet Adeline," off key, in the background, we decided to leave. We didn't want anyone to find out about our Russian ancestors!

### ***The End***

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## -The Sled-

(Continued from Page 7)

Mary Lou dropped the rope and rushed over to the stone wall, where Betty Jane had fortified herself. Billy had barricaded himself behind the sleds, now piled up on the opposite curb. Jimmie dragged the sled over and propped it up against the others. He dropped to the ground beside Billy and started to make snowballs.

"If we're clever," Billy said, "we can make them capitulate in a hurry."

"Why do we want to do that?" Jimmie asked. "I always thought the point of a snowball fight was to drag it out as long as we could."

Billy's face showed his scorn. "You don't know what the score is, do you, Jimmie?"

Jimmie did not answer, but scooped up more snow, cupping his hands and pressing the snow firm. Then, at a signal from Billy, he followed him across the street, bending low so that he would not be seen by the girls, who were whispering with excitement behind the wall while they made a supply of snowballs. With a yell, they leaped upon the girls.

Jimmie did not watch what Billy was doing; he had said that they were to make the girls give up as quickly as possible. Jimmie grabbed Mary Lou and buried her face in the snow. She struggled to get free, but he held her face down, straddling her body. "Give

up?" he asked. Mary Lou squirmed fiercely. Jimmie laughed. "I've got you now. No matter how hard you wriggle, you're not going to get away." He took a handful of snow and pushed it down her neck, cramming it in under the collar of her leather jacket. "Give up yet?" he said.

He picked up another handful of snow, but Mary Lou started to beat at him with her fists, blindly, furiously. "Hey, don't get mad," Jimmie said. He couldn't tell whether she was really angry or not. Suddenly he felt an arm lock about his neck, and he was jerked backwards, pulled over from his knees onto his back. He closed his eyes as the grip became tighter, making him gag, and he clawed at the arm with his hands. "Let me go," he gasped. "What's the matter?" He realized that it was Billy who was holding him. Mary Lou had risen to her feet. Her face was red from the snow, and she was crying. "What's the matter?" Jimmie repeated in a daze.

Billy loosened his grip and pushed him away. "You fool," he snarled. "Don't you know how to treat a girl?"

Jimmie stumbled to his feet, brushing the snow from his mackinaw and knickers. He glanced helplessly at Betty Jane, who was standing with her arms about Mary Lou. "Why don't you go back to your books?" Betty Jane snapped.

Billy pushed him again. "Yeh," he

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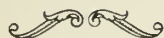
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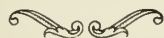
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said, contempt strong in his voice, "go on back to your books. That's where you belong."

Jimmie looked around at them. "Sure," he choked. "Sure, I'll go." He glanced at Mary Lou, hoping that she would say something or look at him, anything to show that she knew he hadn't really meant to hurt her. "I'll go," he repeated. "I didn't know there was anything wrong in what I was doing." Turning his back to them, he stumbled toward the pavement and walked down the long hill toward town, slowly, swinging his arms self-consciously, then letting them hang down at his side, stiff and rigid, making sure to walk slowly, but wanting to run, wanting to run away as quickly as he could. Part of the way down the hill he remembered the sled. They were staring after him in the dusk, he knew, and he couldn't go back to face them again to get the sled; he just couldn't. He walked on, a trifle faster now that they could not see. Billy would probably leave the sled in front of his house when they got through using it, anyway. He didn't really care about the sled, though; he wouldn't be using it again.

### ***The End***

## **-Rummaging-**

*(Continued from Page 12)*

about her heavens. She whipped down the stairs and planted herself in front of me.

"Maudie, has Aunt Sadie gone?"

"Yeah."

She moaned and collapsed on the davenport. Daddy burst into the room, puffing like a steam-engine.

"Edith, what have you done with my tuxedo?"

Mother, whimpering a little, confessed that Daddy's tuxedo must've gotten mixed up with the stuff she grabbed out of the closet to donate to the rummage sale. Daddy looked as though he were going to have a convulsion, but he dropped into a chair and controlled himself.

I thought of something I should say,

*(Continued on Next Page)*



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so I finished the sixth line, made a snap decision on the gold slippers, and offered:

"She'll forget."

"Who'll forget what?" they asked in unison.

"Aunt Sadie will forget to leave the bundle at the rummage sale."

Daddy's face lit up like a neon sign, and he sat on the edge of the chair. "That's it! She'll forget! Of course she'll forget!"

"Yes! She always does!" That was Mother, bouncing excitedly on the davenport. "She'll be back in a few minutes with the bundle safe in her arms. All we have to do is wait."

The minutes ticked by slowly. Daddy squirmed uncomfortably in his chair, then, groping in his pocket for a cigar, he pulled one out, chewed the end off, and lit it. Mother twitched on the davenport and glanced nervously out the window. I couldn't see any point in getting all worked up just because Aunt Sadie was wandering around outside with Daddy's tuxedo, so I plowed into the seventh line and tried to make up my mind between my black

evening wrap and my bunny-fur one.

Suddenly steps pattered on the front porch. Mother and Daddy leaped to their feet, and, rushing to the door, threw it open. Aunt Sadie paraded in, her arms empty.

"You haven't got it!" Mother groaned. Then to Daddy: "It's too late now. She's left it at the rummage sale and we can't get it back."

Aunt Sadie gasped and shriveled up against the wall. "Oh, Edith! I forgot!"

"You did?" Daddy did a broad jump across the floor and landed in front of her. Aunt Sadie sniffled.

"That's wonderful!" Mother exclaimed. Aunt Sadie stopped sniffling and put a puzzled expression on her face. Their eyes roving wildly around the room, Mother and Daddy looked again for signs of the bundle. Convinced that it wasn't there, they cast suspicious glances at Aunt Sadie.

"Sadie!" Mother shrieked. "If you forgot to leave it at the rummage sale, what did you do with it?"

Aunt Sadie's face puckered up and she answered hesitantly. "I--I think I

left it at the cleaner's."

Daddy groaned. But Mother is a woman of action. She whirled around, planting her right foot solidly in the middle of "The Ancient Mariner."

"Maudie," she snapped, "go down to the cleaner's immediately and get that bundle!"

I finished the seventh line, decided my black wrap would look better, and wearily started to unfold myself from my pretzel-like position on the floor.

Daddy stopped groaning and his face brightened. "No, Edith," he said, "don't bother Maudie. She's studying. I'll go get the blasted bundle!" With that, he snatched his coat and shot out the front door. "My tuxedo needed pressing anyhow," he added.

By seven o'clock, everything was normal again. Mother and Daddy had been gone for half an hour. Out in the kitchen, Aunt Sadie was munching happily on the last of the beans. Curled comfortably in the middle of the living room floor, I started the eighth line. Should I wear my gold earrings or my red ones?

*The End*

---

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(age 16 to 19 plus)

The next time you're holding that cute baby on your lap, whispering sweet nothings in her ear, do try and remember the sweet nothings you get in return. They may get you nothing—then again they may. Something like these:

"My Hector, aged 22, was holding me on his lap the other night when he said the absolutely cutest thing I ever heard. He said, 'boinnugg!'"

Gloria Jane Chickeuwing reports that Freddy, the fullback aged 19½, spoke his first word the other day, immediately following a seriummage. Freddy said, "Onch!"

Henry O'Henry O'Nuts of the U. of Eire says his colleen, Sadie, berated him for drinking 32 Pepsi-Colas between classes. "Henry," she said, "Careful, or you'll suffer from bottle fatigue."

*For this kind of stuff you should pay us. But we pay you—\$1 each.*

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Murgatroyd, the Moron, was busy going around town buying up all the Pepsi-Cola he could find. When his friend Hazelnut asked him why, he said, "Jones' drug store is givin' two cents back on every Pepsi bottle, so I figured if I bought enough of them, I could be rich."

*\$2.00 for these—You should be ashamed to accept it.*

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At the end of the year we're going to review all the stuff we buy, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

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She: I guess that's because he's such a good mixer.

Bottle He: Who is that tall, good-looking bottle over there?

Bottle She: Oh, that's Pepsi-Cola . . . drunk everywhere you know.

She: If you were any kind of a boy friend, you'd say those three little words that make me thrill.

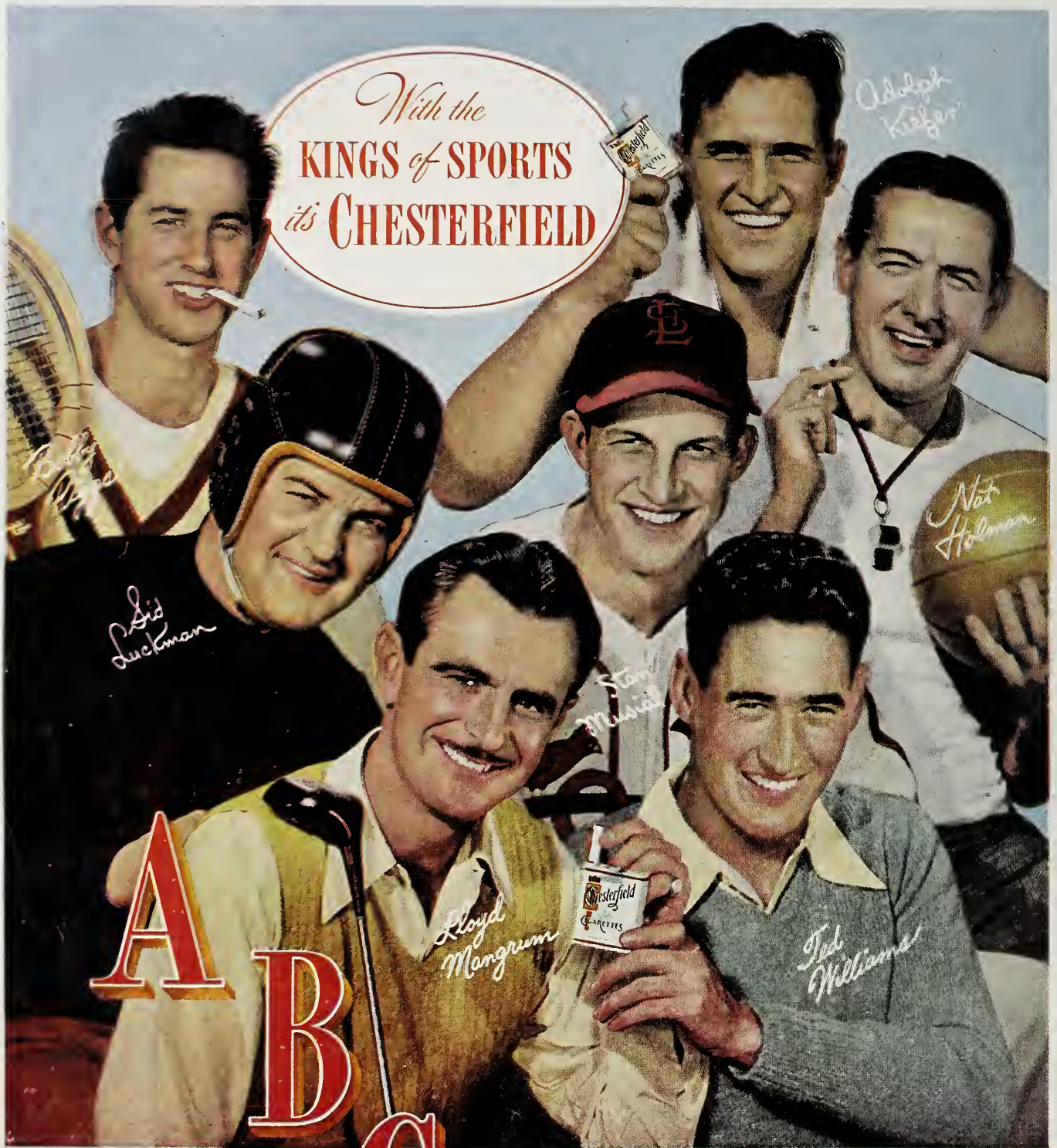
He: O. K. "Have a Pepsi!"

He: I can't think of any more He-She gags.

She: Then it's time for a Pepsi.

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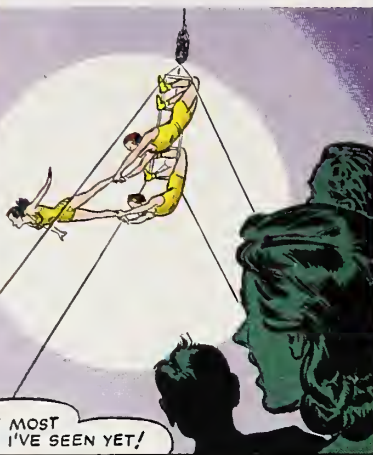
OCTOBER

1947



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STUNT THAT MAKES EVEN VETERAN  
CIRCUS HANDS BLINK!



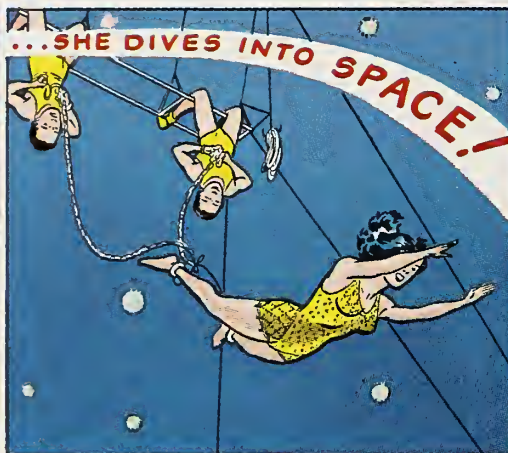
SHE'S 75 FEET  
UP — WITH NO  
NET BELOW! IT'S THE MOST  
DARING AERIAL ACT I'VE SEEN YET!



YES, SHE FELL ONCE —  
CABLE BROKE — THIS  
IS HER FIRST  
APPEARANCE  
SINCE

SHE'S  
GETTING  
READY FOR  
THE DIVE  
NOW

FROM 75  
FEET UP —  
WITH NO  
NET...



...SHE DIVES INTO SPACE!!



— STOPPED BY THE ROPES  
AROUND HER ANKLES —  
ONLY THREE FEET  
FROM THE GROUND!



I'VE SEEN THRILLING  
PERFORMANCES, MISS  
GOULD — BUT NOTHING  
TO MATCH YOURS

HAVE A CAMEL —  
AND TELL US HOW  
YOU DEVELOPED  
THOSE STUNTS

I LEARNED FROM  
EXPERIENCE... JUST AS I  
LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE  
THAT CAMEL IS THE  
CIGARETTE FOR ME

I SMOKED  
MANY BRANDS DURING  
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## THIS MONTH

Autumn and falling leaves, Hallowe'en and witches, a warm fire and something good to read—that's what most of us think of when it's October. And that's just what **THE ARCHIVE** thought of too.

For instance, there's the cover. (That's where the autumn and the falling leaves come in.) In case you haven't noticed, Frank Trechsel is back with us as Art Editor again. Having had lots of experience in doing many of the covers last year, Trex agreed to do the one for this issue too. And he did it pretty well, we think.

If it's Hallowe'en and witches you're interested in, then turn to pages 12 and 13 and you'll find enough to keep you occupied for quite awhile. Margaret Meeker is the capable artist. Since you're well acquainted with all of them, you should have no trouble identifying them.

Now for a warm fire and something good to read. We're afraid **THE ARCHIVE** can't supply the former, but we have lots of the latter. First of all, Ginny Jones has written "The Leopard," a story about a fur coat, a dead man, and a woman and her daughters. Although Ginny is a newcomer to **THE ARCHIVE**, her writing shows ability for the present and promise for the future. The illustration is by Pat Wimberly.

Another newcomer is Marcia Norcross. Her "A Million Women" is on page 8 and the agility with which she handles this sophisticated story makes it noteworthy. It concerns a man whose policy it was never to let other people know what he was thinking. Marcia Crane did the illustration.

"To Err is Human" is a deftly handled bit of irony which is guaranteed to keep the reader in suspense. The author is Motu who also is making his first appearance in **THE ARCHIVE**. George Perkinson, a new addition to our art staff, drew the illustration.

Poetry by Guy Davenport, Jo Anne Lambert, R. D. Loomis, and Norman Nelson appears on page 11. Also in this issue, we are initiating "Jazz Notes," a column on music by Norm Schnell. In addition are the usual "Scraps" and a book review.

OCTOBER, 1947

## Dad appreciates the Archive



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## THE EDITOR'S COLUMN

The library has commonly been known as a place to study, a place where all those interested in doing what should have been done yesterday or what has to be done for tomorrow can go to escape the noise and clatter characteristic of the dormitory. And yet the dormitory possesses unusual peace and quiet compared with the confusion which is becoming common to the East Campus Library.

Conditions in this library are far from being conducive to studying. Perhaps you have spent several minutes weaving in and out among the stacks in search of a much-in-demand history, religion, or ec book. Greatly relieved in finally locating it, you take it to what appears to be a quiet corner of the reading room. But, as is often the case, appearances are deceiving. The person sitting next to you or across the table from you has a friend with whom he or she must have a lengthy conversation at precisely that moment, said conversation being in a pseudo-whisper which could be heard in the reference room. Or perhaps somebody at the other end of the room is a lover of Wrigley's and proceeds to make noises like the report of a pistol with the wad in his mouth. The *Charlotte Observer* rattles endlessly, somebody taps out an intricate rhythm with a pencil on the table, and people lounge on the steps outside and talk, with no thought of those trying to study only a few feet away from them on the other side of an open window. However, it is not only the students who disturb the peace. The librarians themselves talk to each other or over the telephone in a normal, unlowered voice.

Since we are people of college age and apparently of college mentality, we should also possess the appropriate amount of consideration for others. It would be treating us as juveniles to post signs reminding us to be quiet in the library. On the other hand, it is embarrassing to ask the student verbally to observe a rule which is supposed to be understood. If we each took the responsibility as individuals to be considerate of others, perhaps the annoying situation could be corrected.



# BOOKS



## IN A YELLOW WOOD GORE VIDAL

REVIEWED BY GUY DAVENPORT

Among the painfully young writers whose works are seeing publication at present, Mr. Gore Vidal seems quite naturally to stand out as Ernest Hemingway stood out among the last post-war generation. He has written two small novels: *Williwaw* and *In a Yellow Wood*. Not ambitious books but exciting books. They are as exciting and as promising performances as Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises* with its simplicity, honesty, and seriousness. *Life* has already said Mr. Vidal writes like Hemingway. He doesn't and it is hard to say if Hemingway has influenced him very much at all. Mr. Vidal's prose is restrained and fresh and *In a Yellow Wood* has a good integrity to its construction which is not what happens with Calder Willingham's *End as a Man*. Calder Willingham is by far a better author than Gore Vidal but Mr. Willingham has thrown his excellent material into a furious book which is very much like some of James T. Farrell and something like George Washington Cable. Although he uses precious little material Mr. Vidal is a better artificer than Calder

Willingham. *In a Yellow Wood* is not a work of much imagination. Its story runs through one day and that is to say that the author is working in detail. Which is good. But he is no Virginia Woolf and his small frame means simply that he has little to write about. He takes what is given to us for a young American ex-GI and runs him through three significant adventures: a sharp realization of what his society is, a girl, and a decision. The hero has to decide if he is to run off to several Rivas with an artist's wife or to take a job. The hero decides that he must continue as a sad young man as a brokerage somethingorother which is to say that similar young men prefer a solid basis for living rather than an unstable one. Mr. Vidal writes of hero's society realistically finding it emotionally unclear.

Mr. Vidal's prose carries simple action well and it is finer than that of most novels being written today. What makes Mr. Vidal important is that his work is subdued, exact, and honest. He is also a nonromantic. Rash and gaudy romanticism has gone rotten. And with romanticism has come sentimentality and disregard for art form. It is pleasing then to see a good artist aloft from

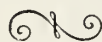
the literature of the slicks obviously conscientious and with a sense of responsibility for what he is saying.

As a work of art Mr. Vidal's *In a Yellow Wood* is more short story than novel. Its plot is a clear and vigorous pattern for the action. Action is highly discriminated and kept clear of even related detail. Character portrayal is perhaps sophisticated and loftily undidactic so much so that there is little chance of a reader's ever knowing a character as one knows say, Ma Joad or Huck Finn. Hero's moral sense and aesthetic sense is that of the idealistic American young man but he is believable and probable and is candidly given. He is if anything Senlin.

Mr. Vidal's purpose and theme being lucidly defined as a story of a serious young man coming upon an unsympathetic even hostile world making a hardguttled, economically and emotionally sensible decision, this small book is a fine handling of the novel form and good modern writing. It will of course sell few copies in comparison to sloppier bigger novels. But *In a Yellow Wood* is a novel which will be respected and appreciated. It is a fine beginning for Mr. Vidal's career. Mr. Vidal is of great promise.

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# The ARCHIVE

*A Monthly Magazine Published by the Students at Duke University,  
Durham, North Carolina*

Vol. 61

No. 2

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*Cover by Frank Trechsel*

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Notice of entry: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized December 4, 1924." Entered as second-class mail matter at the Post Office at Durham, N. C.

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OCTOBER, 1947

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# SCRAPS FOR THE LITERATI

By R. D. LOOMIS

## DR. BLACKBURN'S ROUNDS . . .

It's a rare day indeed when a student calls on his professor concerning his work, but it's an even rarer day when a professor visits the student—and especially when the time is midsummer and the distance to be traveled many, many miles. But that's exactly what Dr. William Blackburn did. Dr. Blackburn has for a long time taught English 103, the creative writing class here at Duke (this year capably taken over by Mrs. Helen Bevington while Dr. Blackburn is on sabbatical leave).

Starting his trip by visiting Mac Hyman for a few days at Cordele, Georgia, he then continued on to Greenville, South Carolina, where he had arranged to meet Guy Davenport and Tom Greet. Dr. Blackburn reports that all three are busily engaged in their writing, Greet having the additional duty of fulfilling his new assignment as instructor of English at Davidson college.

These three writers were highlights in last year's 103, and this is to note that they will pay watching in the future.

## ATMOSPHERE . . .

Last August, Carl Sandburg left his farm here in North Carolina and journeyed to Chicago to appear on the University of Chicago Round Table. In the second edition of the pamphletized version of the program (called *The People, Yes*), T. V. Smith welcomed the author by saying that Sandburg brought with him "a breath from the country and his poetry and his intelligence to this program."

But over the air and in the first edition of the pamphlet, Mr. Smith said that Sandburg brought "a breath from the country and the clean, fresh smell

of goats and their intelligence, also, to this program. . . ."

## FIRST DAY, FALL, 103 . . .

There's always plenty of interest on the first day in any class, but it seems to me that there's a little added something on the first day in 103. I looked around at the group and only saw one that was a member of last year's class. All the rest were new. That's when you begin to wonder. You wonder if maybe there among those unknown faces will be another Styron, Snitger, Buck, Davenport, or Greet. And, of course, the only way to tell is to wait until the stuff starts coming in.

There are certain requirements for the course, but they are relatively unimportant because most of the members would write anyway, regardless of rules or wordage minimums—or, indeed, even if there were no 103. In the next month or so we hope to have some stories from some of these new writers printed in the ARCHIVE.

## POETS, ET CETERA . . .

Almost everyone knows that William Morris, the English poet, invented the

Morris chair; but who remembers a very important invention of Sir John Harington, the Elizabethan poet and translator of *Orlando Furioso*?

Lytton Strachey reports the following in his *Portraits in Miniature*:

"The translation was well received, and the gay young man looked about for new worlds to conquer. Not to be talked of was his only fear. A curious notion struck him . . . Suddenly inspired, he invented the water-closet."

## ANOTHER DUKE NOVELIST . . .

Although it has had little fanfare, a novel called *The Other Room* by Worth Tuttle Hedden is selling very well. It's all about a white girl who goes to teach in a Negro college which she thinks is for white students. It was first written as a play.

I mention the novel because Mrs. Hedden was born in Raleigh and was educated in Virginia and here at Duke when it was called Trinity College.

## PROWLING DUKESTERS . . .

R. De Witt Miller has just written a book called *Forgotten Mysteries* in which, among other things, is the story of how Dr. J. B. Rhine and Dr. McDougall of Duke University investigated a three-year old mare named Lady which could follow directions given mentally solve cube-root problems, and spell by pointing with her nose.

## RECENT SCRAPS . . .

David Cornel DeJong has a short story in an anthology of American writings called *Crosssection 1947* . . . Frances Grey Patton's latest short story appeared in the *New Yorker* for September sixth. It's called "In a Philadelphia Park" and should interest Durhamites. . . .



MISS CRISWELL inhaled deeply on the cigarette that Mr. Fisher had just lighted for her, blew the smoke out in a gust, and smiled up at him. She put her hand to the back of her neck, where her dark hair was severely lacquered into a sleek upsweep. Her pointed fingernails discovered several stiff strands of hair which had given in to the law of gravity and were hanging lifelessly on her neck. "Well, damn it to hell," Miss Criswell said, "I spent almost an hour this morning fixing my hair with that damn lacquer and now it's falling down. You can't trust your own father these days."

Mr. Fisher laughed. "That's the way it goes, Cris," he said. "Why don't you give it all up and shave your head?"

"Yeah, sure," answered Miss Criswell, "tomorrow. I'd make a fine nun, I know . . ." She turned her head and peeked through the curtain into the

shop. The door had opened and a woman and two children had entered. "Oh, God," moaned Miss Criswell, "more peasants. Well, here goes the Personality Kid."

Mr. Fisher laughed again. "Give 'em hell, Cris," he said, and patted her lightly on the rear.

Miss Criswell said primly, "Please keep your hands to yourself, Mr. Fisher," but she did not seem too astonished at his action. She winked at him and walked with great dignity from the stock room into the shop. Her experienced eyes quickly sized up the thin blonde woman sitting rather self-consciously in one of the squatty chairs upholstered in maroon leather. She had draped around her shoulders a silver fox stole, which she ostentatiously shifted when she saw Miss Criswell come in.

"My God, sister," thought Miss Criswell, "where did you ever find rabbits that size?" She smiled and said

pleasantly, "Good morning, Madam—may I help you?"

The woman extracted a cigarette from a large gold cigarette case, lit it with a jeweled lighter, and looked at Miss Criswell. "Yes, please," she said, "I'd like to see something for my daughter here. Something in leopard, I believe."

"Why, certainly, Madam," said Miss Criswell, "we've just gotten some exquisite leopards in . . . if you'll wait a minute, please . . ." She looked at the daughter, sizing her up as she had the older woman. The girl looked about

## THE

eighteen and was thin and pale as her mother. She was smartly dressed, but her face was already beginning to get a hard look about it.

Miss Criswell disliked both of them instinctively. In her small mind there was a special dislike reserved for the rich women who came to Ivan's Fur Shop to buy their furs. She walked across the floor to the stock room, then paused to deliver what she hoped would be a blow to the woman's pride. "We have some lovely ocelots," she said, "which are in a slightly lower price range . . ."

"Oh, no," the woman's voice was elegantly indignant. "I'd like to see a leopard coat, please. The price really has nothing to do with it. I'd like to see the best you have in leopard."

Miss Criswell was duly impressed. "Of course, Mrs. . . ."

"Rutledge," announced the woman. "Mrs. Corrington Rutledge." She said the name as if she were tasting a new sauce on her tongue, and she liked the taste.

"Why, certainly, Mrs. Rutledge," Miss Criswell said. "Just a minute, please." She walked into the back office where Mr. Fisher sat at a desk, avidly looking at a picture of Rita Hayworth in a movie magazine. "Mrs. Corrington Rutledge wants the best we have in leopard," she announced. "Who's Corrington Rutledge, Mac?"



*Miss Criswell stood in the doorway and watched Julia carefully put the coat on.*



He must be a big shot of some kind. I've heard a lot about him somewhere."

Mac Fisher threw down his magazine, picked up a key on a chain, and went to open the door of the store-room. "Why can't you look like Rita Hayworth, Cris?" he asked, as he came out with several leopard coats over his arm.

"Just because you don't look like Glenn Ford, stoop," Miss Criswell answered. "Well, haven't you ever heard of Corrington Rutledge? He must be worth a cool million at least. You oughta see the silver fox stole his wife

blonde like her mother and sister, but had curly red hair. She was wandering listlessly about the shop, absently rubbing the fur on the coats.

Miss Criswell remarked to herself that neither Mrs. Rutledge nor the older daughter had paid any attention to the younger since they had come in. That was surprising, she thought. Now she watched Mrs. Rutledge stand up and fondle the sleeve of one of the leopard coats. "You always wanted a leopard, didn't you?" Mrs. Rutledge said to her daughter. "You never cared about a mink or sable or anything else

ledge. "Here is a coat you might like," he said. "You'll notice it has the new balloon sleeves. And this coat has the tuxedo front—"

"Daddy?" cried the little Rutledge girl. Mr. Fisher stopped in confusion. Miss Criswell swung quickly around and looked at Mrs. Rutledge. There was a look of terror in her eyes which swiftly changed to one of anger. "Helen!" she said sharply. "Stop that this minute! You know very well this man isn't your father—your father is dead."

Helen began to cry and Julia looked at her mother and said, "Honestly, Mother, that child . . ."

Mrs. Rutledge looked apologetically at Miss Criswell and Mr. Fisher. "Okay, kid, talk yourself out of this one," thought Miss Criswell.

Mrs. Rutledge said, "I'm very sorry really—I must explain this unfortunate incident—you see, my first husband died some time ago, but my daughter has never been able to accept his death in her mind—she was very attached to him, you see . . . And . . . she was quite young then, and she can't remember what he looked like—except that he was red-headed—and . . . she saw your red hair—and she seems to

*(Continued on Page 18)*

has on. Gawd."

Mr. Fisher grinned. "Rich bitch, eh?" he said. He snickered and walked into the shop carrying the coats. Miss Criswell followed him. Mr. Fisher hung the coats on a rack and smiled at Mrs. Rutledge. "I hope these will be to your liking, Mrs. Rutledge," he said.

"I'm sure we can find one suitable," Mrs. Rutledge said. She looked at the coats for a moment and then simultaneously she and her daughter, who had also been looking at the coats, turned and looked at each other. They both smiled slowly, not smiles of mirth, but as though they shared a common and deep secret. "What the hell?" thought Miss Criswell.

"Will you help me bring the rest of the coats out, Miss Criswell?" asked Mr. Fisher.

"Of course, Mr. Fisher," Miss Criswell said. "Just a moment, Mrs. Rutledge, we'll be right with you." They walked back into the stock room together. Mr. Fisher picked up some more coats while Miss Criswell stood at the doorway, watching Mrs. Rutledge and her daughters through the curtain. Mrs. Rutledge's younger daughter appeared to be about five; she was not

—it was always a leopard coat. Even when you were a little girl . . . And all those years, Julia, when I couldn't get you anything you wanted . . . Here, dear, try it on."

Julia carefully took the coat off its hanger and put it on, almost reverently. Her mother stood behind her, gently touching the shoulders of the coat, smoothing the fur down. "Oh, Mother," Julia breathed, "it's so beautiful—oh, it's just heavenly—it's—"

Miss Criswell strained to hear Mrs. Rutledge's next remark. Then she turned to Mr. Fisher and shrugged. "I don't get this, Mac," she said. "The kid was drooling over the coat and Mrs. Rutledge said somethin like 'It was worth it all, wasn't it?' Then they both looked at each other, real funny."

"Ah, she's probably been hounding the life out of old man Rutledge for months to get the coat, that's all," Mr. Fisher said. "Go on out there and give her the old sales talk."

"I don't need to," Miss Criswell said. "She'd buy it if I told her it had fleas in it. Look at her stroke that fur. She looks like she almost worships it."

"Bull," Mr. Fisher scoffed. He carried the rest of the leopard coats out and held them up before Mrs. Rut-



# A MILLION WOMEN

By MARCIA NORCROSS

RANDY STEVENS caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror over the limed oak chest of drawers. He straightened himself up and took a long look. Well, I guess you're not the hot-rock operator you thought you were. He frowned at his image, which frowned back. He bent over, opened the bottom drawer, and lifted out an assortment of handkerchiefs, socks, and shorts. He crossed the room and dropped the things into an obviously new suitcase lying open on the bed. Seventy-five bucks, he thought, seventy-five bucks for a saddle-leather suitcase. You've got to look classy, Larry had said. Like you've been used to things. Never look surprised when a waiter hands you a \$200 check for dinner. Sure, it was easy. Never look surprised. Never look eager. Never look angry, happy, excited, enthusiastic, impressed. Just look blank. So nobody can tell what you're thinking. Sure, it was easy. Until you were down to your last hundred dollars. Until you have to figure out how many more days you can afford to stay in this hotel. Then a little expression creeps over your face and into your voice.

He paused to glance around the modernistic room. Very comfortable, the room clerk had said. It had looked like a movie set to Randy after the barracks he had lived in for so long. But he hadn't looked surprised or impressed or anything. He hadn't even looked. But it hadn't been worth it. He pushed the lid down on the suitcase and snapped the lock. With one hand, he set it down on the thick carpet and kicked it. You're a failure. You couldn't do it. Couldn't make the grade.

It's easy, Larry had said. Simplest thing in the world. A million women are there. All looking for one thing—romance. And are they eager! Why,

you don't have to do a thing. They pick you up.

Sure, Randy thought. There was Mrs. Parker, for example, the old hag with five strands of pearls who tried to make advances to you in the lobby. And Mrs. McMichael, who took you to dinner twice, but she cackled like an old hen until it got on your nerves. Then there was the beautiful blonde who wouldn't have anything to do with you.

He went back to the mirror to adjust his tie and took another critical look at himself. You're good looking, Larry had said. Smooth. You'll go over big. Just the right amount of boyishness and sophistication. They'll love you.

Randy was completely disgusted with himself now. Why did you listen to him? You're no gigolo, and you know it. This is really the same thing even though Larry told you it was different. More refined. Hell, he thought. Why didn't you go back to Oak Falls and sell insurance? That's what you really wanted to do, isn't it? Or maybe you wanted to team up with a lounge lizard like Larry?

He remembered the first time he had ever seen Larry. A big guy sitting in the cockpit of a B-17 with his feet propped up on the panel, idly gazing over the English country side. He had looked as if he belonged there or anywhere. Randy had climbed nervously aboard and sat down in the seat beside him.

"This your first mission?" he had asked. Randy had merely nodded, not trusting his voice. "Too bad you have to fly with a veteran like me, strickly out for thrills. Hope I don't scare you too much." Randy hadn't been scared after that. The big captain had noticed and liked him for it. "You're okay," he told him after they had landed again. "Stick with me." Randy had. He had

accompanied him to exclusive dinner parties and week ends at country estates all over England. Larry was showered with invitations for hostesses who knew him by reputation only. Randy was impressed.

"What are you going to do after the war?" Randy asked him one night after a particularly entertaining evening.

"Same thing I did before. Live off the land."

"I don't get it."

"Say, why don't you come along? Two can live as cheaply as one. First, I'm going to Miami, providing of course it's winter. There are a million women there. A million lonely women with a million lonely dollars. Looking for a good time, and someone to share it with. That's where I come in. All you have to do is find the right woman, and you're set for the season. I intend to spend the rest of my life in luxury, all expenses paid."

"Sounds good to me," Randy said. "Miami in the winter and Bar Harbor in the summer."

"You catch on quick. I'll teach you the tricks of the trade. But this is strictly a job for a lazy man."

"That's me," Randy laughed.

"Okay, it's a deal."

The deal had been broken unexpectedly by a bomb. But Randy couldn't forget about it. It sounded too good to him. A chance to live the kind of life he'd never know in Oak Falls. And never would know if he went back to his father's insurance office.

Well, now you've had it. You've seen everything there is to see, and you're sick of the whole business. He put on his tweed sport coat. He was also sick of this room. He went out into the hall, but came back for his pipe which he had left on the radio.

*Larry told Randy how to get along in Miami, but sometimes it didn't work*



The elevator boy was waiting for him. He got in and turned the pipe over in his hand. He hated to smoke pipes, but women like them. He pushed it into his mouth almost angrily. When he got out of the elevator, the lobby was full of women. Some of them looked at him with eager eyes. What a repulsive bunch, he thought. All long past the desirable age. He hoped that this was not what Larry had been talking about. He had warned him not to ignore the old ones because they often had interesting friends. Randy remembered the night he had spent with Mrs. McMichael at the Sky Club and not one interesting friend had appeared. Not one friend, in fact. There she was now, probably tight as usual.

"Oh, Mr. Stevens," she called, waving her handkerchief in his direction. He stopped and waited for her. "I've been looking all over for you. How would you like to play some bridge tonight? In my room," she added.

"I'm sorry, but I'm leaving tonight."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she pouted, letting her face sag even more than usual. "Then how about dinner—in my room."

"I have another engagement."

"Oh." She turned around and walked slowly away from him, her head drooping. He felt sorry for her, but couldn't stand another evening of her company. He went out into the garden and around the pool to the boardwalk. He walked slowly down the beach. Only a few people were on the sand now as the sun was almost gone. The tide was coming in, and bell boys and stewards were folding up the deserted umbrellas. Hotels lined the sky as far as he could see. A million rooms for a million people seeking pleasure. A million lonely people unsatisfied with the seasons. People who could afford to buy the sun in the winter. A million lonely women. He felt sorry for them all.

He took the pipe out of his mouth and put it in his pocket. He felt for his cigarettes but found only an empty pack. Hell, he thought as he turned toward the street. There was a drug store on the other side. He bought a pack, and when he was again on the



*She was sitting at a quilted satin dressing table, brushing her long straight hair.*

sidewalk, a million people jostled against him. This place is too crowded, he thought. He stopped to wait for a red light, and a long yellow convertible pulled up beside him.

"Would you like a ride?"

He would have refused, but something in those black flashing eyes made him say, "Sure." He grinned and got

into the car.

"Would you like a date tonight?" she spoke softly.

"Sure," he grinned again, looking at her out of the corner of his eye. She was watching him.

"Okay, you've got one." She was beautiful. She had the blackest hair and the whitest complexion he had ever seen.

"Don't you ever get out in the sun?"

**ILLUSTRATED BY  
MARCIA CRANE**

he asked. He had to say something besides *sure*.

"I hadn't noticed it was here."

They were driving out Collins Avenue, leaving the hotels behind. He concentrated on watching the tile or marble entrances to the villas. He was ignoring her. He was uninterested. His face was blank. Swinging the car over to the side of the road she pulled up before a circular apartment house. She waited until he jumped out and opened the door for her—rewarding him with a flashing smile. "Thanks. You'll do." He had passed the first test.

He was a gentleman. They walked across the thick green grass of the patio, past the fish pool and fountain. She opened the door to number three. "Come in."

"Thanks." It was cool and a little dark inside. She pulled one of the Venetian blinds, disclosing a picturesque view of the channel.

"I like dark places myself. Would you like a drink?"

"Sure," he repeated again, and went over to the bamboo bar in the corner of the room. "What do you want? . . . Scotch and soda?" He took a quick inventory of the row of bottles. They were all Scotch. He was lucky.

"How did you guess?" She put her elbows on the bar and watched him pour the drinks. Her eyes were very dark and shiny.

"Mixed?"

"No. Don't have time if I'm going to dress before dinner." She drank the shot quickly. "See you in a few minutes. Just make yourself at home." She went into an adjoining bedroom and closed the door.

Randy stirred his drink absently. You'd better find out what her game is. He went over to the large couch and sank into it, wondering. Two speed boats were racing in the channel. When the sound of the motors faded, he could hear her calling to him.

"Say, what's your name. We might as well be acquainted."

"Randy Stevens."

"What?"

"Randy Stevens."

"I can't hear you. Come on in."

He got up and crossed the room, pushing the door open. He leaned against the frame. Musn't be too eager. "Randy Stevens," he said.

"I like it. I'm Valerie Hamilton." She was sitting at a quilted satin dressing table, brushing her long straight hair. She had on a black strapless dress with a jeweled belt.

He looked around the satin room. It was as perfect as she was. Through the sliding closet doors, he thought he saw some suits. He crossed the room deliberately and pushed the doors open. There were two palm beaches, a sport coat, a pair of grey flannel slacks, a tux, and a white dinner jacket. She was watching him in the mirror. His face remained a complete blank.

"Those belong to my husband," she said evenly.

Larry had said that married women were the safest bets. The single ones always wanted to get married. He closed the doors and walked up behind her. "You have beautiful hair," he said, noticing the huge diamond beside a jeweled wedding band. How had he missed that pair!

"Thank you," she answered. "I haven't seen my husband in several days. But I happen to know where he can be found. That's where we're going tonight." She was a smart girl. She knew what he was. He didn't much like the idea of her knowing. But Larry had said the best way was to lay all the cards down on the table after the first deal. They were almost all down now.

"He must be crazy," Randy said. She got up and went into the other room to the bar. She put two glasses on the top, poured a generous shot into each, and filled them with soda.

"No, he's just bored. But still capable of jealousy." They each picked up a glass.

"To our success," he nodded his head toward her.

"Why not to our happiness?" she answered and then laughed. He felt that he was going to enjoy this.

They went to the Beach Club for dinner. It was very light, very large, and very noisy. "I thought you liked dark places," he said when they had finished dessert.

"Well, sometimes I like to see what's going on."

"Seen anything yet?"

"No," she smiled.

"Do you know what this place reminds me of?" he said. You have to keep them amused.

"What?" she seemed interested.

"The Artic Circle. All the walls are like snow and the bar looks as if it was carved out of an iceberg. Even the band leader looks like a polar bear."

She laughed. "What about all the people?"

"Oh, they're penguins waddling around with nothing else to do. Bobbing their heads up and down."

"There he is, there's Greg," she said suddenly nodding towards a tall man standing near the door with a tiny blonde. The man was in his late thirties and had a small mustache. A white palm beach suit emphasized his tan. The couple followed the hostess to a table on the other side of the room. He sat down with his back toward them, but Randy had a very good view of the girl. She was about twenty-five and her hair was twisted around her head in two small braids. Her features were small and delicate. She was deeply tanned and wore little lipstick. Randy couldn't understand how this man could prefer her to Valerie. She was obviously no match for her either. Valerie knew how to get what she wanted. She had conquered him easily enough.

"That girl doesn't have a chance," he said aloud.

"I know it, but he probably feels sorry for her. Her family just lost all their money. He always did like dumb blondes anyway."

*(Continued on Page 19)*





## THAT HALLELUJAH SHIFT

a several baptist cased this flesh  
some several time ago  
humiliate this christlined fish  
grew benedict and low

this oval breath bit down on sin  
ghastly paulinewise  
and vast suppose for all concerned  
it came as no surprise

a lofty coat a sermon mouthed  
an argument in question  
some grace was poised as undenied  
a matter of congestion

nice hallelujah griped some air  
more methodist than glad  
this little junior s rifled sense  
handled quickly sad

promptly crying anenst some bed  
more springtime was forgot  
many flowers flowed down in fade  
more sky was simply not

this augered child of many sin  
was guilt in muchly store  
his penitence in outly bounds  
excluded scarcely more

some trafficjam of cuss and jeer  
befell his lifely road  
per sadly then it promptly  
grew much with loud explode

nolongerthen was concrete much  
but squishy spirit laid  
out mighty thin about the heart  
no longer red but greyd

it is not meet to be unnice  
among but several men  
!but kid how swell the flowers seemed  
to this flesh once again

—Guy Davenport.

## SURCEASE BOUND

Eyes that too much have seen,  
A mouth drawn tight in pain,  
Ears that have heard Death's tread,  
A heart Youth can't regain,  
Hands that have ta'en God's gift  
And help't bury the slain;  
Shocked by shell, blind of blast,  
War's child seeks home again.

—Jo Anne Lambert.

## AUTUMN SONG

Long now, I know,  
Has gone the love  
That once so fully  
Bloomed the past,  
And restless years  
Of nights reprove  
My thoughts of things  
That did not last.  
But when the leaves  
Of yesteryear  
By Autumn's mood  
Are swirled in heart,  
When feelings that  
No words can say  
Accent the fact  
That we're apart,  
Remember then  
The past we knew  
And know that I  
Remember too.

R. D. L.

## FUGATO

little mice run playfully  
along a lofty rafter-beam

shadow-cats creep silently  
along a lofty rafter-beam

little mice run playfully  
but unaware of shadow-cats

along a rafter shadow-cats  
creep silently while playfully  
along a rafter little mice  
run unaware of shadow cats

a piece of cheese a dish of milk  
upon a lofty rafter-beam  
where little mice run playfully  
but do not see the piece of cheese  
and unaware of shadow-cats  
run playfully while shadow-cats  
creep silently but do not see  
the dish of milk upon a beam  
where little mice run playfully  
and shadow-cats creep silently  
along a lofty rafter-beam  
were little mice and shadow-cats  
run playfully creep silently  
along a lofty rafter-beam  
along a lofty rafter-beam  
along a lofty rafter-beam

—Norman Nelson.

P

O

E

T

R

Y

WHICH



"She went into an inner chamber and  
there made an apple of the most  
deep and subtle poison"



"She was a wicked Witch who waylaid  
children, and built the bread house in order  
to entice them in;"



"Double, double,  
Fire burn



WITCH



"Witches dire and witches cursed  
Appear October 31st"



and Trouble;  
cauldron bubble."

"Behold, There is a woman at  
Endor who has a divining  
Talisman"

# TO ERR IS HUMAN

By MOTU

THE WARD was still, the silence broken only by the snores of sleeping men, the moans of post-operative cases, and the hushed monotones of the corpsman and the night nurse.

In Bunk No. 23 lay a fair, clean-cut man in his early twenties. This bed, however, was different from the rest of the beds of Ward 12-Orthopedic. It had for springs a sheet of plywood and in place of the usual mattress was a sponge rubber mat. At the aisle-most end of Bunk 23, emerging from under the covers, could be seen a foot, taped to the iron bed frame, while at the other end an elaborate system of pulleys and weights kept thirty-five pounds of traction on a harness which fitted under the chin and back of the head of the inmate of Bunk 23.

The chart read: "Murden, John F., Coxswain. Diagnosis: Fracture of Odontoid Process."

Yep, that was it. "Boats" Murden had a busted neck. He was not asleep—they had taken him off morphine a couple of days before and were using Nembutal now to keep him quiet.

After they had stopped the morphine and let him stay conscious for the first time in two weeks, he found he couldn't use his right arm or leg.

"Oh, God! I'm paralyzed!" he thought. "Nurse! Nurse!! Nu-u-rurse! Oh, God! I'll never walk again! I am a cripple Me — a cripple — OH, GOD!!"

"Easy, fellow, easy," the nurse's voice had broken in from over his head. "The doctor will be here in just a few minutes. Now—just let me give you this—it'll calm you."

"Take that goddamned needle and stick . . .," He broke it off as he looked up into a very plain but very gentle face. It was not, however, the plainness or gentleness of the face that choked off his words—there were wet lashes on the eyes that kept blinking and refused to look into his, and the chin

quivered ever so slightly.

As she hesitated at his outburst, he said more gently, "I'm sorry, baby, but I gotta find out what's wrong with my arm—my leg! How long will I be in here!? What the hell goes on!? I got a right to know!"

"Sure, sure," she soothed. "Here comes Dr. Hall now. You talk to him."

*Dr. -Hall—he'd sure been a good Joe—had three stripes, but he was a man anyway.*

"Son," he had said, "I'm not going to pad this one bit. When you hit that steel deck on that destroyer, you did the same thing to your neck that an expert hangman would have done to it.

"You're mighty lucky to be alive—ah—depending on how you look at it.

"I've looked at your X-rays, and they show a broken odontoid. Now, I'm not going to explain it to you because you wouldn't know any more then than you do now. Anyway, it's kind of tough. I never heard of a man living with one . . ."

"Never mind, Doc! Why can't I move my arm and leg?! I'm paralyzed, aren't I? I'm—"

"I'm coming to that if you'll only give me time. When you landed on your neck, your vertebrae slipped and pinched your spinal cord. It so happened that it must have been partially severed or so injured as to render useless the motor and sensory nerves to your right arm and leg. I'm sorry, my boy, but there's nothing that we can do.

"We know the nerves are cut because of a dark spot on your X-ray pictures that indicates a line of severage. We can fix the neck, but we're only doctors, not gods. The injury is right where

your neck joins your head and we couldn't possibly get to it to mend the nerves."

"Then I'm through, huh?"

"Not by any means, my boy! Yes, this will be the most trying test you've ever had to endure, but there are lots of things that you can do just as well now as . . ."

The doctor's voice had gone on, unheard—just a lot of hobly-gobly about needing courage, finding things with a handicap that he couldn't find whole—

*Yeah! That's great! Everybody oughta be a cripple—It's such a god-damned big advantage!*

He thought about the things he'd planned to do after he got out—go back to school—hmpf—school would be a lot of fun now!

He could learn to write left-handed—play a bang-up game of checkers, maybe even get his letter. Checkers are a lot more fun than football or dancing.

He wouldn't have to be bothered by a lot of people trying to be his friends now, either—not by any, for that matter. Oh—they'd be sympathetic, and bend backwards to be nice, but he wouldn't have to go to any parties or have any week-ends of good times with them.

He'd planned to major in medicine—well, he could still do that—only now he'd be taking it instead of prescribing it.

And Mom—ah, she'd love it . . . having to dress and wetnurse a pile of flesh she'd sent away as a strapping six-foot boy, who'd promised to come back and make her queen someday . . .

*Yeah, he sure got the breaks.*

He thought of Judy. She'd loved him once, or had said she did. Then he'd fouled things up a little, and things had changed between them, on her part anyway. He'd promised himself he'd make that up to her. He'd show her

ILLUSTRATED BY  
GEORGE PERKINSON



that he was worthwhile, that he did love her and he'd make her love him again.

Now, he could really wow her—she could come to see him and hold his hand—the one that wasn't cold and lifeless—and talk to him about what fun she'd had at the dance with so-and-so, and tell him how much better he was looking today; and one day she could hope awful hard he'd be able to come to the wedding—oh, they could have such a wonderful time together!

He thought about the poor guys that he'd seen begging on street corners, and wondered if they thought the same things he was thinking—or whether they got numbed and hardened to it.

He tried to move his arm again—no soap. Just wouldn't budge.

"Oh, Lord, I know I haven't been exactly what You wanted me to be," he had prayed. "But don't just let me live like this! Why couldn't You have gone all the way? Why—"

"Murden? — You awake?" The night nurse's voice broke in on his prayer.

"Huh? Oh—yeah, I'm awake." he replied.

"Are you warm enough?"

"Yeah."

"I'm sending the corpsman down

with another sleeping pill. Try to get some sleep, won't you?"

"Yeah, sure," he answered. Then, it hit him . . .

*That other sleeping pill is still on the table by the bed. Enough of those things ought to put a guy out for keeps.*

"Ah-h, Nurse."

"Yes," she answered.

"What's in those pills? What makes you go to sleep?"

"Now, 'Boats,' you know we're not allowed to tell patients things like that," she scolded, teasingly.

"But why—oh, never mind. But they must be pretty potent, huh? I'll bet a lot of those things could kill a man, couldn't they?"

"I should say so," said the nurse. "A lot of the Austrian big shots committed suicide with them when the Germans took over. You see, they're a lot easier than cyanide, prussic acid, arsenic, and so on, 'cause you just go to sleep and—don't wake up."

"Oh, yeah," said Murden. "You hospital people have to be awful careful not to give anybody—say, two, then, don't you?"

"Oh, it takes more than that. About twenty is fatal in most cases. But you're right—all the narcotics are kept under lock and key, and the nurse on the ward

is responsible for every grain or drop of anything used.

"I've got some work to do now, so you just lie still and when the corpsman brings you your pill, try and sleep. Goodnight."

"G'night, nurse," answered Murden, as she left.

*She said twenty, didn't she? Damn, that's a lotta pills. It'd take me weeks to get that many. Besides, they might take me off sleeping pills before I got enough. How'm I gonna work this? Hmm, lock and key, huh? That makes it tough. Hmph! They could be lying out on her desk and be as safe from me as if they were in the C.O.'s vault. Can't even get to the bathroom, Damnation! I gotta think fast—here comes that "mechanic" now.*

"Hey, 'Boats,' you still awake?" asked the corpsman in a loud whisper.

"Naw—I'm sound asleep."

"I brought you a sleeping pill. Miss Howard says for you to relax and try to get some sleep."

"Thanks, 'Jack.' How about handing me that glass of water on the table," said Murden, as he accepted the pill from the corpsman, who had taken it from a large jar marked, NEM-BUTAL.

*(Continued on Next Page)*

**"Here, hold this, while I go up and get a flashlight."**



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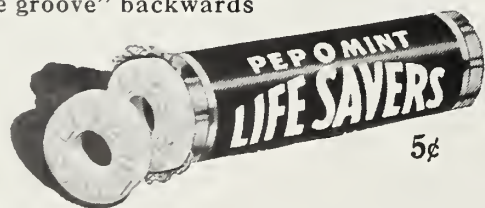
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## Are you EVOORG EHT NI\*



You might be—if you love onions *and* men too! They just don't go together, Honey! Unless, that is, you keep your breath sweet with yummy Life Savers. Then, you're *in the groove* right. You can go on loving onions, men, and of course you'll love Life Savers, too.

\* "In the groove" backwards



## TO ERR

(Continued from Page 15)

"Sure thing," answered the corpsman, handing the glass to Murden.

"Oh, Christ—this stuff is warm. How's to get me some fresh water?" pleaded the sick man.

"You're getting to be a damned bother," complained the corpsman, taking the pitcher *and* the jar of pills up to the fountain.

Murden's hopes sank.

*What the hell am I gonna do now? Gotta get those pills!*

"There you go, 'Boats.' Where's that pill I gave you?"

"I—ah—dropped it. Yeah, that's it—I dropped it—reaching for a cigarette."

"Boy, it must take a negative I. Q. to be a Boatswain's Mate. You know you're not supposed to smoke after the lights go out! Now I gotta find that pill or go on report!"

"O.K.! Admiral! Put me on extra duty—I didn't mean to drop it."

"Here, hold this, while I go up and get a flashlight, and for Christsakes, don't drop *it*," begged the corpsman, handing the bottle of pills to Murden.

Murden waited until he had gotten halfway up the aisle, then quickly, as best he could, one-handed, unscrewed the top, and spilled a handful of the red capsules under the sheet.

*I better make sure I got about twenty-five or more. That nurse said twenty would do it, normally. I don't want any slip-ups.*

Clumsily he got the cap back on the bottle, took it from beneath the sheet, and set it beside him on the bed. He lit a cigarette, one-handed, burning his finger in the process, swore softly, then grabbed the bottle.

"What'd I tell you about smokin'? Gimme that!" demanded the corpsman, coming up with the flashlight. He snatched the cigarette from between Murden's lips and ground it out in the ashtray.

"What the hell are you striking for—Secretary of the Navy?" asked Murden.

"Never mind, bright boy. Now where'd you drop that pill?" He took the bottle from Murden and placed it on the bedside stand.

"I don't see it—you sure you dropped it?" he complained from under the bed.

"Look, 'Jack,' I can't see anything but this damned ceiling, remember? I reached for a cigarette, and the pill slipped out of my hand."

The corpsman arose.

"Here it is—on the table! I'd like to put you under for a week! You're more trouble than the rest of these guys put together." He gathered up the bottle of pills, gave one to Murden, handed him the water, picked up his flashlight and left.

"Bos 'n's Mates—humph!" he muttered.

"I won't bother you anymore—promise!" breathed Murden. He slid his hand under the sheet and started counting the pills he had stolen.

*Thirty-one! Thirty-two, counting the one on the table. No, that "bedpan commando" took that one. Oh, well—*

We will award a carton of Life Savers each month for the best joke submitted to the ARCHIVE Office, Box 4665, Duke Station. You have until the fifth of the month, but why wait, send it in today. The joke chosen this month is—

"Who was that woman I saw you outwit last night?"

Submitted by

Pepper Mullenix  
Box 4838



thirty-one's enough. What'd that nurse say?—twenty? Yeah, that's what she said—twenty.

I wonder how Mom'll take this—and Dad—and Judy? Nah, I don't suppose it'll hurt Judy any—but I do wish I could explain it to you, Mom. Maybe I AM yellow—I just can't see living like this. The Doc said there was no hope. He said sometimes guys get paralyzed right after something like this and get over it, but he said my spinal cord was cut.

Why—why, this is an adventure! I know what life would be like the way I am now, but I don't know what it'll be like after I eat these pills. Yeah, that's it! — That makes it simple! An adventure!

He placed three of the pills in his mouth and swallowed them with a sip of water.

Finally, he finished. He had swallowed all thirty-one of the pills.

Wonder how long it takes this stuff to put you under? he thought.

H-e-ey—come to think of it—I wonder if there's a Hell! I haven't been a saint and I don't know whether I'm ready to die! What the hell have I done! I don't—wait a minute. That's being kind of stupid. Anything would be better than living like this.

Whew! My lips are gettin' numb—my fingers, too! Why, this is jus' like a good drunk! I think I'll sing—nope, nope—can't do that. They might get this stuff out of me some way. Better jus' lie here. Hah—as if I could do anything else.

At least Mom and Dad'll get that ten thousan' dollars. Mos' insurance policies don't pay off on suicides—or do they? -I dunno - anyway, they'll get it. Wonder what Judy'll say when she hears? She's kin' of dramatic anyway.

Wh-o-o! Boy, I can hardly hol' my eyes open. I'm so damn sle-e-epy . . .

His voice trailed off as his eyes closed. He felt as if he were spinning—spinning—spinning—a slight nausea seized him—a sensation of falling—falling—and then—oblivion.

A few days later, a board meeting was called at the hospital, and among those present were Dr. Hall, Murden's

doctor, and a young colleague of his.

After the meeting was over, they left together and the young doctor was heard to inquire,

"I wonder, Commander Hall, how Murden over on Ward 12 managed to get that Nembutal?"

"I don't know," answered the commander, "but it's a damned shame. Oh, by the way, do you remember that last consignment of X-ray film we got? Well, it was defective. Every damned plate had a dark spot on it.

**The End**

*Hats Off . . .*

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# THE LEOPARD

(Continued from Page 7)

think that all men with red hair are her father—I'm terribly sorry, really."

"Oh, Mrs. Rutledge, that's perfectly all right," Mr. Fisher said soothingly. "I'm just sorry that you and your daughters had to suffer such a tragic experience."

"Thank you," Mrs. Rutledge said graciously. "I do appreciate it."

"Mother," Julia said, "I guess we better take the little brat home. She's on another of her crying jags."

"Oh, all right, of course," Mrs. Rutledge said. "You want the coat, dear?" She looked at her daughter and Miss Criswell saw their glances meet as they had before. "Yes, we'll take it," Mrs.

Rutledge said.

"Splendid, Mrs. Rutledge," Mr. Fisher said. "You'll want to pay by check, I imagine. If you'll come over to the desk with me we can make the arrangements there. I don't believe the coat needs any alterations, does it?"

"No, I don't think so," Julia answered. "It fits beautifully." She and her mother smiled at each other again, and they walked over to the desk with Mr. Fisher. Miss Criswell started to take the other coats back when she noticed Helen standing against a chair by herself, still sniffing.

"You poor baby," Miss Criswell said quietly. She stooped down before Helen and said, "Here, honey, I think you need a handkerchief." She gave Helen her chiffon handkerchief which Helen took gravely and said, "Thank you."

Helen wiped her eyes and nose on the handkerchief and gave it back to Miss Criswell. "I'm sorry if I made that man mad," she said. "I thought he might be my Daddy, but he wasn't. They never let me talk about my Daddy any more."

For once Miss Criswell was at a loss for words. "It's all right, honey," she said awkwardly.

Helen looked at Miss Criswell trustingly. "I have a new daddy now," she said, "but I don't think—"

She was interrupted by Mrs. Rutledge. "Come on, Helen, take Julia's hand; we've got to go. I'm sorry if she's bothered you, Miss. I shouldn't

have brought her along."

Miss Criswell walked with the three to the door. "Thank you very much, Mrs. Rutledge," she said politely. "It's been a pleasure to wait on you. Please remember us when you need more furs."

"I'll be sure to," Mrs. Rutledge smiled. She was gripping the box containing the fur coat under her arm. Julia opened the door for her and she looked out into the street. Mrs. Rutledge breathed in quickly and turned back to Miss Criswell. "I adore this autumn air, don't you? It fills me somehow with the joy of living." She smiled blithely. "Well, goodbye."

"Goodbye, Mrs. Rutledge," smiled Miss Criswell, "do come back." She closed the door after her and, still facing the door, spoke aloud. "And the day you get filled with the joy of living, you old bat, I'll be Mary, Queen of Scots."

"What did you say, Cris?" Mr. Fisher asked.

"I said I wished I had a nice strong man like Mr. Macdonald Fisher to take me to lunch."

"Go eat at a drug store," Mac said. "I've got an important business engagement."

"The hell you say," Miss Criswell answered firmly. "I'll spread nasty rumors about you if you don't take me."

"You win," Mac laughed. "Go get your hat and coat."

Miss Criswell walked back into the

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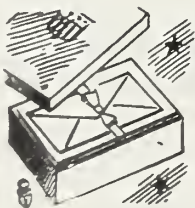


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stock room. "You know there was something funny about those three females," she called to Mr. Fisher. "Especially that Mrs. Rutledge—You know who she reminded me of, sort of?"

"Who—Tokyo Rose?"

"No, stoop, that woman that was in all the papers a couple of years ago—you remember—her husband kicked off, and they never knew if he committed suicide, or was murdered, or just died of his own free will. It was all fouled up. Anyway, she was a real pale blonde like Mrs. Rutledge—"

"Don't be dumb, Cris!" Mr. Fisher said sharply.

"Oh, well, I knew that couldn't be her, naturally! I was just saying there was something damned peculiar about her!"

Mac snickered. "She bought a thousand dollar coat, kid—there's nothing peculiar about her."

Miss Criswell came out of the store room with her coat on. She was laughing. "You kill me, Mac," she said; "Let's go—I'm hungry as all hell."

**The End**

## WOMEN

(Continued from Page 10)

They ignored the couple for the rest of the evening. They tried to dance, but the old people on the floor were so awkward and rude that they soon gave it up. They both agreed that the drinks were wonderful, the music was wonderful, the evening was wonderful, and then she handed him a hundred dollar bill under the table to pay the check.

"Keep the change so you can take me out again sometime." She drove him back to his hotel. He got out of the car and took her hand.

"You're wonderful," he said with a blank face and a blank voice.

"I like you, too. In fact, I like you so much that I think I'll ask you to play tennis with me tomorrow morning, go swimming with me tomorrow afternoon, and go to dinner with me tomorrow night." He could see her eyes shining in the dark.

"It's a date," he said with a grin. She started the motor, and he walked up the steps to the lobby with fifty extra dollars in his pocket. Going straight

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to his room, he unpacked his bag . . . "I'll stay," he thought.

She beat him three straight sets, and then they stopped for lunch in the patio of the hotel. They sat down at a green iron table shaded by a multicolored umbrella.

"You're terrific," he said lighting his pipe. She didn't answer. "I'll bet you're sunburned, too," he looked up at her.

"I think I've been missing something. This sun is all right. Not half so bad as I imagined."

"Do you come to Miami every year?"

"No, we make the rounds. These places are only good for one season, as far as I'm concerned."

He was curious about her, but she would never tell him anything. Larry had said that they were all eager to tell you the story of their *tragic* lives; this girl didn't follow the pattern. Larry had also told him not to get involved in other people's pasts. After all, you're only interested in what they are now and how much money they have.

After finishing lunch, they went to

her cabaña to change into bathing suits. "Shall we try the ocean or the pool?" she asked. They tried both.

That night they drove several miles down the beach to the Martinique. Inside, the walls were panelled with rustic wood, and it was very dark. They went upstairs to the balcony and sat overlooking the large dance floor. Only one couple was swaying leisurely to the eerie music from an ornate juke box.

"Are we in Key West?" he asked.

"No, not quite. Do you like this place?"

"Yes, it's different, dark too," he smiled.

"They have wonderful sea food. Why don't we get shrimp creole?"

Randy gave their order to an old Indian woman, whose dress matched the checkered table cloth.

"Would you like to dance? It's not so crowded tonight." They climbed down the rickety steps and went under the rope that encircled the floor. "I'll bet these records haven't been changed in twenty years," he said as they started to waltz slowly. She was silent, and he saw that her eyes were closed. Her lashes made dark shadows on her cheeks in the light of the green lanterns that hung above them. She began to hum the strange tune and he couldn't resist kissing her lightly on the forehead. She didn't move, so he didn't know whether she knew what he had done. When the song ended, they went back to their dinner. He didn't want to

disturb her mood, so made no effort at conversation. She was ignoring him now. Finally he had to say something so that she wouldn't think him dull company. "Does your husband come here often," he blurted out, realizing that it was wrong. But he had to know. The cards weren't all on the table yet—hers weren't anyway.

"Why, no," she said and smiled. "I doubt if he's ever heard of this place."

He was a little surprised, but his face remained a blank. He smiled back at her and put his hand over hers.

"I thought you might like to make love to me," she laughed.

He didn't know whether she was kidding or not. "Who wouldn't?" he raised one eyebrow. Larry had told him never to make love to a girl until after two weeks at least. He wasn't going to make any mistakes in this deal. Not while she was letting him keep the change anyway. He squeezed her hand and let it drop to the table. That ought to give her a shock, he thought.

"Are you smooth," she said, and he felt that she was laughing at him. He wasn't fooling her any. "Why don't we dance again so that you can put your arms around me?"

He was a little angry but didn't show it. "Can I hold your hand on the way downstairs," he whispered in her ear. She gave him her hand, and they were friends again. After a few dances, she decided they had better start back for Miami. She gave him the money for

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the check as before.

He drove the car along the dark ocean highway. There was a strong breeze from the ocean, and the waves were hitting the shore hard. Sometimes he could feel the spray as the top was down. He felt her head sink to his shoulder and saw by the light on the dashboard that she was asleep. All the vivacity had left her face, and she looked like any other girl. He drove faster.

When he pulled up before her apartment, she woke up. She pushed her hair out of her face. "I'm sorry about the way I acted this evening."

He pushed the stray lock back into her eyes. "Forget it."

"It's just that I . . . well, sometimes I wish I'd lived my life so differently." She didn't look at him, so he got out of the car and opened the door for her. They walked through the patio to her door, and she handed him the key. He unlocked the door. "Good night. You can take the car," she said. "Call me in the morning." She went inside and closed the door behind her.

He walked back to the car feeling triumphant. It was easy, after all. Aren't you glad you didn't give up and take the train yesterday? You can make good at this business. Valerie is a good example, poor kid. Probably madly in love with you right now. You're a smooth operator, all right.

Randy called Valerie at noon the next day. He picked her up, and, at her

suggestion, they went to the cabana club to sun-bathe. "I've decided I might as well get a Florida suntan while I'm here," she explained. She was unusually quiet all afternoon. He felt good all over; he was a success.

That night they went back to the Beach Club. Soon after they were seated Valerie's husband came in with the same blonde. She had on a pale blue dress which accentuated her helplessness. "Who is that girl?" Randy asked.

Valerie looked at him strangely as if she were studying him, sizing him up. "Tanya Pembroke. Her family is Swedish. They just lost all of their money. Had it tied up in foreign bonds

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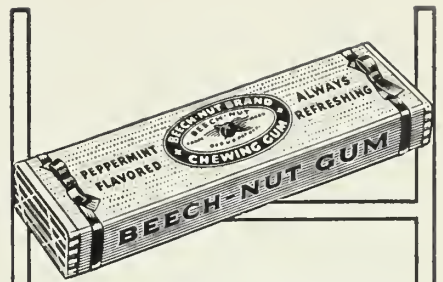
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or something. I don't really know her."

The couple was coming toward their table. Valerie ignored them completely until they were very near. "Well, hello," she said. She and her husband made the introductions. Randy invited them to sit down and Greg Hamilton hastily accepted the invitation. He immediately monopolized the conversation with the story of his day's fishing trip. He had hooked a giant barracuda, but the line had broken. "It was a beautiful fish," he had looked beyond them, and Randy could picture the silver and blue fish leaping out of the sea, trying to free itself.

Valerie had let her mood of the afternoon slip away and now was very gay and amusing. She followed the fish story with interest. The blonde girl just watched Greg Hamilton with wistful eyes. Randy watched her. Then Greg asked Valerie to dance, and they left the table. Randy turned to Miss Pembroke, who surprised him by asking, "Who is that girl?"

"That's his wife."

"Really!" her eyes widened. "He never told me about her." She looked

as if she couldn't believe it. Randy saw the couple leave the dance floor and walk toward the door. He kept his eyes on them until the girl turned her head and saw them leave.

"I guess that kind never do," he said. She was staring into her drink like a bewildered child. He felt sorry for her. "You should go out with some nice young man like me," he told her, laughing. She looked up and smiled. "Would you like another drink?"

"No thanks. I don't like this one. I'm just being sociable."

"How would you like to be sociable tomorrow night, too?" He asked.

"I'd like it."

This is really easy, he thought. They talked for a long time. She told him of the farm she lived on in upper New York State and that she had come here with her father who had rheumatism. When they left, Randy found to his delight and relief that the check had already been taken care of. Good old Valerie, he thought, what a pal.

Once outside, Tanya suggested that they walk, as her hotel was only a few blocks down the beach. They went down on the sand, and she took off her high heels and carried them. "I love to walk barefoot in the sand. Especially at night when the air is so cool, and the sand so warm. Why don't you take off your shoes?"

"All right, I'll try it." He sat down on the sand and began untying his shoe laces. She sat down beside him.

"Here, let me do it." She pulled off his shoes and socks and handed them to him. They sat there for a few minutes watching the waves roll in. "Doesn't it scare you to sit here?"

"No, why?"

"To watch the big waves coming toward you, and then suddenly they break and splatter all over the sand. I'm always afraid that they won't break until they get up to me, and then they'll pull me out with them."

He smiled in the dark. She was a funny girl. He got up and pulled her to her feet. "Come on. It's past your bedtime."

He left her in the lobby of her hotel and decided to walk the rest of the way to his hotel on the beach. The sand did feel good. He whistled to himself. Well, you certainly changed your tactics tonight. Have you forgotten what Larry told you? Do you realize that you asked her for a date? Why didn't you wait for her to bring up the subject? She would have. She's eager enough. You've really fouled up the deal now. She'll think you're too eager. Maybe you are. But she's not the girl you've been looking for . . . for any reason. She doesn't have a cent, and you know it. He kept remembering her blonde hair and her brown skin, her chiseled face and slim hands. She'd be a sensation in Oak Falls. You'd better take it easy. Don't be eager. Remember that, regardless.

He walked into the lobby still whis-



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ting. Mrs. McMichael got into the elevator with him. She was a little tight. "Well, you're getting in a little late tonight, Mr. Stevens." She winked. The elevator stopped at the tenth floor. "Like to come in for a night-cap?"

"No thanks."

She got off murmuring, "You told me you were leaving . . ."

Randy picked Tanya up at seven o'clock. He had rented a convertible and looked forward to the night with anticipation. He composed his features with difficulty. He called her from the lobby, and she came down in a few minutes. She wore a dark brown linen dress which emphasized her slimness. They drove up the beach toward Holly-wood and stopped at the Lighthouse for dinner. They sat out on the terrace, and while waiting for their steaks, walked over to the stone basins to watch the turtles.

"What monsters," she said. "They scare me."

"They do look pretty awful," he agreed. "But wonderful to eat." He had never even tasted turtle soup.

"I wouldn't eat one of them for any-thing. They just don't look clean to me."

"You should see them when they first come out of the ocean." He never had. "Do you want to look at the lobsters?" He had spotted them just a few feet away.

"Yes, but they don't look much bet-ter. I'll probably have horrible dreams tonight."

After dinner they drove slowly back to the Beach. "Where would you like to go?"

"How about the Marine Room?"

"Okay, show me where it is."

She directed him into the driveway of one of the largest hotels, and they went downstairs to a tiny room which had low ceilings and leather benches around the wall. The waiter spoke to her, "Good evening, Miss Pembroke." She ordered a Tom Collins, and he took a Scotch and soda. He leaned back against the soft leather. "Miami is a great place."

"Yes," she agreed. "There are so many strange people here. Just look



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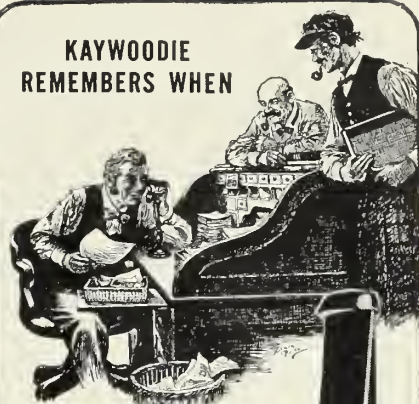
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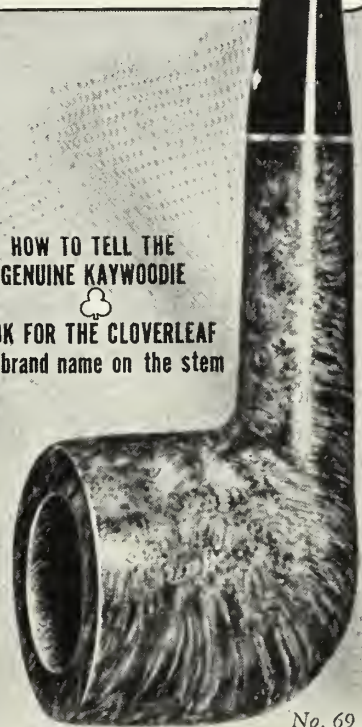


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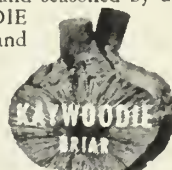


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around this room, for example."

He surveyed the room quickly. They sure are a bunch of characters. And each one of them is here for a different reason.

He laughed, at himself and all the other people. He couldn't think of anything to say which wouldn't sound eager. He decided that he had better just keep quiet and let her do the talking. But she didn't. She just sat there sipping her drink. He was going to have to say something. Something like, "You're wonderful, will you go out with me again?" Before he had a chance, he noticed a medium-sized man standing at the table looking down at Tanya. He wore thick glasses and had a rather firm expression on his face. He took Tanya by the arm. "Come on," he growled. Tanya's face lost all expression. She got up and followed the man out the door. Her head was bowed like an unruly child's.

Randy was stunned. He sat there motionless until they were out of sight. Then he recovered and motioned to the waiter who had spoken to Tanya. "Who is that man Miss Pembroke just went out with?"

"Oh, that's Mr. Pembroke, her husband," he said casually. "Must have just gotten in town."

Randy couldn't believe it. He saw the saddle leather suitcase in a flash. Then he caught himself. Look blank. So no one will know what you're thinking.

*The End*

# JAZZ NOTES

By Norm Schnell

While listening to the radio a few days ago I happened to hear Paul Whiteman's record program. The most significant disappointment was his selection of music. How a man of Mr. Whiteman's reputation can play such trash as "Smoke, Smoke, Smoke," "Feudin', Fussin' and Fightin'," and other tunes equally as bad is beyond me. Still, I guess it's merely a reflection of the American public's taste in music. The reversion toward music of the "Twenties," begun by Ted Weems with his "Heartaches," has progressed so far that today the radio is constantly blaring "Peg o' My Heart," "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," and other tunes which take us back to another age. Frankly, ladies and gentlemen, jazz is in a hell of a state. Enough of this.

A new singer, after struggling along for about twelve years, has finally succeeded in becoming recognized for the true artist that I think she is. She is Nellie Lutcher, whose unique style, once heard, is hard to forget. She records for Capitol. Nellie's ballad style is sultry and throaty, and she manages to inject a personal touch through subtle innuendoes of her voice. Definitely not hackneyed, she, on the contrary, has a flair for the unexpected. Her jazz singing on the other hand, is a little

barrel house, but nevertheless entertaining. She accompanies herself on piano, and during her piano solos she riffs much like Slam Stewart does on his bass solos.

Also out is a new album of the "Jazz at the Philharmonic" series. This one, number six, features a tenor sax battle between Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young. Personally, I think that Lester walks away with the laurels. This, incidentally, is the best album in the series since number one, which was the famous "How High the Moon" set of solos.

Station WPTF in Raleigh broadcasts a network show each Sunday night from 11:30 until midnight. The program features Dave Garraway, a disc jockey in Chicago and one of the best in the nation; This show, however, is a live one, using a studio band, and having each week a special guest star. These soloists are the finest in the country, including, at various times, Sarah Vaughn, Louis Armstrong and June Christy. As for Mr. Garraway himself, he has an interesting manner of presentation, but occasionally becomes verbose, thereby gaining his nickname of "Fountainface." In spite of this latter though, it's still a fine jazz musical program.

*The End*

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The very next day you may receive a de-luxe radio-phonograph combination and a nine-room prefabricated house. It won't be from us. We'll just send you money if we feel like it. Easy Money, too.

## Little Moron Corner

Mohair Moron, the upholsterer's son, was found huddled up and shivering in his refrigerator one day. He explained by saying, "I was th-thirsty for a P-pepsi-C-cola and was t-told it should be d-drunk when cold. Now I can drink it. I'm e-e-cold!"

*You don't have to be a moron to write these . . . but it helps. \$2 for each accepted we'll pay you, and not a penny more.*

## EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year we're going to review all the stuff we buy, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

**\$100.00**

## —HE-SHE GAGS—

If you're a "he" or a "she" (as we suspect) writing HE-SHE jokes should be a cinch for you. If you're not a "he" or a "she" don't bother. Anyway, if you're crazy enough to give us gags like these, we might be crazy enough to pay you a few bucks for them.

\* \* \*

He: Give me a kiss and I'll buy you a Pepsi-Cola . . . or something.

She: Correction. Either you'll buy me a Pepsi . . . or nothing!

\* \* \*

He: When a man leans forward eagerly, lips parted, thirsting for loveliness, don't you know what to do?

She: Sure, give him a Pepsi-Cola.

\* \* \*

He ghost: I'm thirsty. Let's go haunt the Pepsi-Cola plant.

She ghost: That's the spirit!

\* \* \*

*\$3.09 (three bucks) we pay for stuff like this, if printed. We are not ashamed of ourselves, either!*

## CUTE SAYINGS of KIDDIES

(age 16 to 19 plus)

A famous sage has said that people are funnier than anybody. If that were true, all you'd have to do would be listen to what the kiddies are saying, write it down, send it in, and we'd buy it. If that were true, it might be, for all we know. We haven't the slightest idea what we'll ac-

## GET FUNNY... WIN MONEY... WRITE A TITLE



This is easier than taking candy away from a baby. And less squawking. Maybe you don't want to be rich, but just force yourself. You'll like it. And, if we like the title you write for this cartoon we'll force *ourselves* to give you \$5. Or if you send us your own cartoon idea we'll up it to \$10. For a cartoon that you draw yourself, we'll float a loan and send you \$15 if we print it. Could you expect any more? Yes, you could expect.

cept. Chances are it would be things like these unless we get some sense.

"My George, who will just be 17 on next Guy Fawkes Day, had his appendix removed last month. When the doctor asked him what kind of stitching he'd like to

have, George said, 'suture self, doctor!'"

"Elmer Treestump says his girl Sagebrush, only 22 $\frac{1}{4}$ , brings a bottle of Pepsi-Cola along on every date for protection. She tells everybody, 'that's my Pop!'"

*\$1 each for acceptable stuff like this.*



CHESTERFIELD IS MY FAVORITE  
CIGARETTE AND ALWAYS TOPS  
WITH MY GUESTS

*Dorothy Lamour*

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S GREAT PICTURE  
"WILD HARVEST"

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1947



# "EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!"

Clear That Jump! "Pat" Hackett (in the saddle) has had years of experience in riding and training jumpers. She knows her cigarettes too (see below).

— in jumping a horse or choosing a cigarette,

says NOTED SPORTSWOMAN

"Pat" Hackett

The wartime cigarette shortage was a real experience. Of all the brands I smoked, CAMELS suit me best!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

## More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!

Your "T-Zone" will tell you

● Not many women can match "Pat" Hackett's experience with horses, but millions can match her experience with *cigarettes*!

Remember the many brands you smoked during the wartime cigarette shortage? Whether you

intended to or not, you *compared* brand against brand...for Taste...for Throat. That's how millions learned from experience that there are big differences...in taste, mildness, coolness...in *quality*.

Try Camels. Compare them in your "T-Zone." Let your own Taste and Throat...your own *experience*...tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!

...T for Taste...T for Throat... that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."



According to a recent Nationwide survey:

## MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS than any other cigarette

When 113,597 doctors from coast to coast—in every field of medicine—were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!



## FORMER FORMERS . . .

Unless you know something of the past writers who have appeared in the *ARCHIVE*, the names of George Zabriskie, Kiffin Hayes, Richard Austin Smith, Ed Post, and R. P. Harriss will doubtless be unfamiliar to you. Suffice it to say that since this issue commemorates the Sixtieth Anniversary of the *ARCHIVE*, we thought it would be a good idea to publish some recent work of its past contributors.

Kiffin Hayes, Richard Austin Smith, Ed Post, and R. P. Harriss were past editors, and George Zabriskie, while he never held that position, is certainly one of the most well-known writers ever to appear in the pages of the *ARCHIVE*. Zabriskie writes us that the poem he submitted is to be part of a column of poetry he is now working on.

## ON UNDERSTANDING KAFKA . . .

As we say in college, Kafka is fast becoming a wheel in literary circles. Unfortunately, however, he is not a simple writer. Guy Davenport has interpreted for us the underlying themes and allegory in Kafka's *Amerika*. We're sure you'll agree it's a fine piece of critical work.

## THE RARE AND BEAUTIFUL . . .

We suspect that very few of the many students who have walked by those doors in the Library marked "Rare Book Room" know what's in there. In fact most people seem to think that some sort of direct permission from President Flowers is necessary to gain admittance. So, we got Mary Jane Simpson to write us an article about it. It's certainly one of the most important places in our library and more students ought to know about it.



## EDITOR'S COLUMN

The growth and progress of a university is perhaps best reflected in the editorials which appear in its publications. Of course, much of the content of these editorials depends necessarily upon the interests of the editor at that time and the policy he is endeavoring to establish for his magazine or newspaper, but nevertheless, it is interesting to trace the effect of outside influences on a school as well as internal agitation within, as depicted in editorials. Since *THE ARCHIVE* is one of the oldest college magazines in the country, celebrating, at this time, its sixtieth anniversary, it would perhaps be best to trace trends here in the editorials which have appeared between its covers.

For instance, back in November, 1897, when Duke University was still Trinity College, the following appeared in *THE ARCHIVE*. It was written after a football game between the University of Virginia and the University of Georgia resulted in the death of one of the Georgia players:

"Several years ago the trustees of Trinity decided to allow no further inter-collegiate games, and the law has been strictly observed ever since. At that time enthusiasm over the game among the students was quite high, and the sentiment at first was opposed to the action of the trustees, but in a short time the wisdom of the action was plainly seen, and no attempt has been made to revive the inter-collegiate contests. With regard to other institutions, our trustees were among the pioneers in the movement, but we feel sure that it is only a matter of time when their action will receive the general commendation which we believe it so justly deserves."

These changing times!

And then, in January, 1912, *THE ARCHIVE* published an editorial advocating an honor system. The fact that dishonesty on exams was present was admitted, and the need for some corrective measure was said to be obvious. The mechanics of a working honor system were outlined as follows:

"There is no need of demanding that a student be honor bound to report every case to the faculty. There is no need of sending a man away for his first offense. If the idea of a committee for each class is adopted, it would be best perhaps to ask that each student who has clear testimony against another should hand that testimony over to that committee which shall privately give the accused the facts and warn him. If he, in the face of this admonishment, is caught again, he must be ready to incur the punishments decided upon by the faculty. This committee should not be so much a judicial body as a counsel which acts as a representative body of the class."

These unchanging times!

Finally, in November, 1916, an editorial appeared expostulating on that old topic, college spirit. As one of the illustrations of a lack of spirit at Trinity, the case of publications was used:

"They are handicapped at present, it seems by a lack of support from the student body. A few students are always criticizing. Some occasionally complain that a certain publication is not well edited or well-managed, that the whole business is not up to standard. If not, whose fault is it? It certainly cannot be the fault of the managers when they are doing their best and the students refuse to help them. Editors are not, and do not claim to be, superhuman or infallible. They cannot themselves produce all the literature for their publications. They cannot with justice to their task publish everything submitted to them. They, of course, make mistakes; sometimes, perhaps, wrongly judge a manuscript. But it may be said of them that in doing the best they can with what they have they are certainly manifesting the true college spirit."

Yes, these never changing times!

## OUR FICTION . . .

Three stories, one by Alan Burdick, who has never graced these pages before, represent this month's fictional endeavors.

Guy Davenport is undoubtedly one of the best writers now on campus and we advise you urgently not to miss his "The Lonesome Road to Macon." The story has real depth and feeling and shows tremendous insight into the mind and motivations of his protagonist.

R. D. Loomis' story, "the won and only" ought to ring a familiar bell in many ears. He says he got the idea from watching similar scenes in our library. The unusual technique almost doubles the power of the story. In the past few issues we printed some experimental poetry, and now we are happy that we can give you a piece of experimental writing in the prose field.

And there's Richard Austin Smith's (one of the past editors previously mentioned, remember?) "My Life Among the Sergeants," which gives an amusing portrayal of a different side of army life.

## HISTORY AS WRIT . . .

As regards the above, we would advise you not to skip the article on the history of the *ARCHIVE* by Ted Furber. He did a pretty thorough piece of research and it's interesting to see just how this magazine has developed in sixty years.

## THE ART . . .

We will call your attention especially to our cover, which Pat Wimberly has ably done, representing our time theme for this anniversary issue.

Note too the fine drawing Davenport did for his own story and Trex's excellent surrealist drawing for Loomis'. Johnny Barber supplied something different also in his illustration of Smith's "My Life Among the Sergeants."

# SCRAPS FOR THE LITERATI

By R. D. LOOMIS

## THE ARCHIVE AND TRADITION

MR. ELLERY Sedgwick in the introduction to his recent anthology, *Atlantic Harvest*, wrote that one of the rules for editing a monthly magazine is never to forget "that its life lasts just thirty days. In that brief span all its vitality must be compressed. Time carefully. Don't print for eternity. Print for *now*."

That statement made me stop and think about it for a moment.

The *Atlantic* celebrates its ninetieth anniversary this November, almost one hundred years of service in reflecting the best of literary endeavor for that period. It seems to me that perhaps Mr. Sedgwick's anthology stands paradoxically against him when he says he edited for the "now" and not for "eternity." The *Atlantic* has become a tradition.

And so has the *Archive*.

Regardless of whatever the common, immediate opinion may be, the *Archive* has behind it sixty years of important and useful publication. Recently I went through all the past issues of the magazine, and when I had finished I was

convinced that here was one of the few real traditions of Duke University.

Just as the *Atlantic* (or any other publication of its type) does not pretend to mirror the whole of life, so the *Archive* does not attempt to portray or record completely university life. Its function is perhaps narrower than any other publication on this campus, but it does have a function and it may be seen in every issue of the last sixty years. Almost any past issue of this magazine, except for its physical appearance, might be taken as a present one.

The *Archive* is the only campus publication wherein a student may see his serious creative work published. There has been, is, and always will be plenty of top-notch creative work printed between its covers. Just off-hand such names occur to me as Paul Green, George Zabriskie, Newman Ivey White, R. P. Harris, David Cornel DeJong, Frances Gray Patton, Mary Gus Rodgers, John Crowe Ransom and others.

As with all things that have tradition, the *Archive's* history is filled with happenings that add to its color. I ran across

bits of Zabriskie's poetry that later found a place in his published volumes. Sometimes Zabriskie and Eitner would virtually write a whole issue of the magazine themselves by using pseudonyms (Zabriskie's favorite was Virgil White). I discovered that Peg Throne was reluctant to let her short story "How Are You, Eddie?" be published in the *Archive* because she didn't think it was good enough—and later on, you remember, it finally merited a place in *One and Twenty*. I even ran across some interesting freshman themes. I remember one in particular, "Over the Top" by A. C. Jordan, Jr. It compared entering a Latin class to going "over the top" in France during World War I.

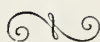
So now sixty years have passed and sixty volumes of bound *Archives* have found their places in the Treasure Room in the Library.

It must be admitted, of course, that of necessity an unfortunate amount of the copy in the magazine is of little value, either for enlightenment or entertainment. The goal of creating good serious fiction while still the age

(Continued on Page 28)

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# The ARCHIVE

*A Monthly Magazine Published by the Students at Duke University,  
Durham, North Carolina*

VOL. 61

No. 3

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*Cover by Pat Wimberly*

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them. The names and descriptions of all characters in the fiction of this magazine are fictitious. Any resemblance to any person or persons is not intended and is purely coincidental.

Notice of entry: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized December 4, 1924." Entered as second-class mail matter at the Post Office at Durham, N. C.

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NOVEMBER, 1947

" . . . . . Naked and ye clothed me . . . . . "

Give —

CLOTHING, BEDDING, SHOES

(Collection Station in Union Lobby)

*For*

OVERSEAS RELIEF



CHURCH WORLD SERVICE





## Banter

### INCIDENTALLY

A FEW WEEKS ago while trying to get from Chemistry Building to Page for a class which had already started (it starts early two times a week so that we don't have to meet on Saturday; a pretty good arrangement, it seems), we saw a couple of seedy looking characters over in front of Physics taking motion pictures. Cutting over that way, which is definitely out of the way if you want to go from Chemistry to Page, we asked what the story was. After ignoring us long enough to light a Pall Mall, the short guy behind the camera advised us that he was in the process right that particular moment of taking a movie on college life for the March of Time. It seems as if Duke, so far as the March of Time is concerned, is an average American college.

Well, not wanting to be left out of anything, we got in the picture too, walking up and down in front of the camera several times, throwing our best smile to the camera on each pass.

Guess we'll be coming to the Center any day now. (We never did get to that class.)

### QUATRAINE

Last month when Mr. Luckman was still trying to get distillers to halt whiskey production, we heard what we thought was a fairly clever epitome of his plea. It ran something like this:

Using wheat for bread instead of whiskey,

Will never give us a great name,

But hadn't you rather save a life,

Than end up in the alcohol of fame?

Guess we would, at that.

### FAME & FORTUNE

After the State game some weeks ago, local campus callers had Freddy Folger pegged as All-Southern. Then the Maryland game, and according to the same enthusiasts, he was sure All-American. None of this talk was spectacular, considering the subject. But over at the Wake Forest game, some time later, there was a fan sitting just behind us in an unpressed seersucker (or do they always look that way?) whose exaltation at Folger's performance knew no bounds.

With All-American honors far insufficient, this rabid sensationalist indulgently kept screaming that an All-

United Nations football team should be created so that Freddy could be elected to the first berth on the team.

### OUT OF SEASON?

According to the latest word from the unholy three, namely Terry-Morfit-Di Mona, "*Campus Time*" magazine, absolutely the latest in literary circles, is due to hit the newsstands sometime soon. By unanimous agreement among them, which means that Di Mona decided, there is to be a two-piece, bathingsuit-clad girl decorating the cover. She is dipping her toe with uncertainty in a small pool of water. This is supposed to be significant.

### THE LIVELY ARTS

It seems the fair community of Durham is going to be graced sometime soon with yet another radio station. It is supposed, we understand, to remain on the air full-time and be known as WSSB.

This will bring the total stations now in Durham to five, four of which have begun operation since we started at Duke. This either means that there are too many radio stations in Durham or that it is about time we graduated.

In either case, however, we're afraid that these local broadcasters might soon feel the pinch of Petrillo's ban on transcribed programs. The music czar, so the Associated Press has it, has ordered the American Federation of Musicians to stop making all recordings after this year, and with probably the majority of the local stations owing its livelihood to the singing commercial, this ban will most likely put a crimp in things.

While we are talking about radio, we would like to mention two fairly recent additions to Station WPTF's schedule which we think deserve honors. One is the 11:15 p.m. show "Our Best To You" which replaced Moon-glow. For our money, which really isn't much, it's just what that time of day calls for.

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# THAT LONESOME ROAD TO MACON

*Written and Illustrated by*  
*Guy Davenport*

IT WAS TIME for Foster Cunningham and whyont dat nigger git hisself in? You could see Foster come into St. Paul's Alley from the tracks just about sundown every day. May Cunningham stood up from her chair under the mulberrytree with her hands to her hips. May was a honey nigger with blue lips. Whyont Foster come on? He probably traipsin with some nocount Harris Street trash. Delia Brown was walking across the cinder path. She was full of all the dark poetry of religion, Delia Brown. May said she was kind and good as an angel. Delia was a birthing woman. She even pulled white chillun into the world. The red-gold sun was setting right down there at the end of St. Paul's, yellow as butter. It was a handsome thing to see. Delia Brown was moving her hands all around on her apron and commenced to talk just as she walked right before the sun.

—Ise just lookin for that Foster, May Cunningham said.

—Aint it the lonesome truth? Delia Brown said. You worry that child sick. Whyont you jest let him git home natchel like once in a while? You know he comin.

—I jest likes to see him come into the alley. He's my wonderful child.

—He birthed like a wonderful child. I bet Samuel'll show him up. Where Samuel?

—Granny nursin him. Dont you hear her bustin with the mulligrubs? Jest listen.

Granny Cunningham was doing some real hustling in the front room. Delia and May leaned to listening to her. Granny had something to fuss over.

—Who flung that blob of snot on that baby's head? You King git the washrag and swope it off. If it's anything I hate it's nastiness.

Little King come running out the front door.

—Ma where a rag? Granny say somebody done nastied up Samuel.

—Tell Granny to look on the sideboard. Granny'll let Samuel wet his wrop and skin his head without turnin a hand but she wont let that child git nasty.

—I see Foster comin, Delia Brown said.

—Dat's him, May said. He's my wonderful child.

—Let me tell you this, Delia said.

—Look at the way Foster's wearin his cap. Like he got no gumption at all.

—The Rev. Green had done said warnt nobody from the Hampton delegation of the Sisters of Jerusalem to bring de least little bit of food for the Greenwood Everybody Come. I believed his black lyn old mouth.

—Hi dere Foster!

Foster rammed his hands into his pockets and grinned handsome as a jug of sweetness.

—Now he'd done told me jest to

come and jest me and no eats a tall. I believed his lyn old ass.

Foster flung his cap sailing onto the front porch.

—Mizz Brown, he said.

That was real politeness.

—Go tell Granny to scrapple up supper, May said. Lay down on de bed if you tired, Foster.

—Yassum.

Foster slid off his shoes first of all. What a heap of relief that could be if you wanted to feel that way about it, taking off a fellow's shoes. Foster's shoes had great dignity. They were each slit at the toes for coolness and comfort. Delia Brown was telling Ma some lip erother. God Allmighty. The crap you can hear.

—Wellsuh and the tellin beez the truth, Delia Brown was saying. I sot out in the car with the Rev. Green and we took off for Greenwood. Wellsuh we got there. You never seen the fashionin aroun. Like fair day.

—Aint it the facts? Ma said.

Foster saw what the sunset was doing through the window. It was red as plums and a handsome thing to see. Foster closed his eyes. He wanted to remember the sunset just as he'd seen it. He wanted to lie on Granny's bed and just be. Just be Foster Cunningham and no fooling and no shining shoes and no ever getting up, never any stirring up again.

—Now after that lowdown nocount crackheaded ess and oh and bee done tole me lawd god Mizz Delia they got the food out there he says and I seed straightoff all them good people'd done brung their own little dojiggers er grub and warnt about to offer none of it to







me.

When the big day come when it would just somehow come. It would maybe be a spring morning with foggy dew all up and down the alley. Mattie Calloway's cat would lope across the yellow dust. Sam and Jason would be beating hoops an hollerin. Maybe it would be cold and his stomach would be wanting breakfast bad but wouldn't nobody care about that. It would be the goingaway that would count. Foster Cunningham would have his clothes doneup and his money savedup and just like him to have a new cap. He'd go away to Memphis Detroit Atlanta Charleston to real cafés and to where

you could do what you wanted to for making money. There'd be bigger lights than Hampton ever had and circuses to work in hotdog and women real yellow nigger women and he could save the money.

—I told him right to his face, now you nocount blackape scoundrel it dont make no nevermind to me if you did or if you didnt tell me I wuz or I wuznt sposed to bring any food to the Everybody Come but if you *evah* try to bang my head with your nocount halfway-foolin craziness again Im going to raise some hell you aint never seen. I told him that.

Ma did some laughing. That Delia

Brown sure do say the mouthfulls. Bells were ringing somewhere.

—Im going to raise some hell you aint never seen.

He would get a job just a little job at first. Then a bigger and bigger job. Foster Cunningham had his head set on being a big nigger a Neegro they would say then with his whiteboiled shirt oh goshamighty and shoes shined by other people (Foster was the shoe-shine nigger at Mr. Rhodes' barber-shop) and maybe gin. Once Foster and Dew Bud and Cabe chipped in on a whole halfpint of gin in a frosty bottle and strayed all over Butler Street and

(Continued on Next Page)



## FROM A POEM IN PROGRESS

By the Ohio, in a bar on Green Street, men drink  
argue and contend, without the hampering of intellect:  
Yet some, from wars they have known, will wake  
the hunted night with screams: others  
will kick small mangy dogs.

In the corner of history (our current myth for time)  
what maketh some to sing archaically, sends others  
bawling with terror to the nearest bar to prove  
the existence of God or some simpler  
fragment of their security.

Radio bellowing the baseball scores, or louder  
domestic strife, dramatized for protagonists:  
The present audience makes comments, neither  
neat nor witty: get another station  
and draw another beer.

The empty drama of the dramatists, the terror  
of being alone, with the heart's quiet beat  
with the brain's ideas, unquiet; and this perhaps  
like a hurt animal, breaking furniture  
clumsy in a dark room.

None of the drinkers will heed his unwired  
miracle of self: clustered for forgetful warmth  
like huddling sheep, radio's Walpurgis—Nirvana  
will obliterate self and alone, blaring,  
beery in a mirror.

*George Zabriskie*

*George Zabriskie, who edited THE ARCHIVE in 1940-41, was awarded the Guggenheim Memorial Fellowship and also aided Dr. White in his volumes on Shelley. He is now a member of the faculty at Marietta College in Ohio. The above poem is from a book on which he is now working.*

Rear Beauregard drinking and talking  
about the big things that they had it set  
to do. Cabe wanted to be a railroad  
man and Dew Bud a cowpuncher like  
Johnny Mack Brown. Dew Bud'd  
smack his thigh and draw and shoot  
*powwow zieng!* hotamighty that thievin  
rustlin nocount yeller dog of a crook  
come down off his horse like a sack of  
potatoes. The gin was like the inside  
smell of stumps and sewers. Foster and  
Dew and Cabe sang and ran up and  
down the streets whoophollerin and  
cussin and singin and it was a time  
that was all in the head like summer  
bees hummin or little dogs playin and  
it was in his stomach like the last hot  
clinkers in a goingout fire and the bees  
in his head went down into his chest  
with all the singing and running and  
the goingout fire came up to his chest  
and he had to lie down on the coolclay  
sidewalk and puke in the gutter.

—O you Foster! You Foster! Ma  
said. Come on here and get some sup-  
per.

Granny Cunningham was mumbling.  
The grits was watery. Foster clum off  
the bed yawning and stretching his tired  
back and arms. It wuznt a time to  
think about Clister. Clister had high  
breasts and a smile and long legs. They  
said Foster was sweet after Clister and  
that Clister was sweet after Foster but  
Foster just wished that it was all so.  
Clister lived down at the other end of  
the alley. Clister was in a play at the  
highschool once and Jubo Rose was in  
it as a fellow what was supposed to  
come right out and kiss her and Jubo  
got all heated up right there on the  
stage. It was hell. Dew Bud and Fos-  
ter got together and laughed afterwards  
til they couldnt laugh anymore and til  
they felt all hollow inside. Clister was  
that sort of a girl.

Foster pulled on his shoes and shuf-  
fled into the kitchen.

—Im going over to set at C. Lee's  
awhile, Foster said to May.

May didnt say nothing. She just sort  
(Continued on Page 20)



YESTERDAY there was a curious thing. Dogs are a universal pet and there are very few of them who walk upon two legs, but yesterday in town there was a dog walking upon two legs. No one was explaining this phenomenon to gaping witnesses, and there was no sign attached to the dog, so there was nothing to do but follow.

Since dogs commonly walk on all their four legs, one could assume that a dog walking on only two would be going somewhere in particular, but this small, nondescript animal was idling along in the manner of dogs since dogs began, except that he was walking upon two legs, canted far over to one side, and quite unaware. People stared, scratching their collective head, and there were some few who softly muttered, but the dog continued on. I followed. I might not have believed it, but I followed.

Humans walk on sidewalks and in streets, and it is easy work to follow a human, but a dog takes his own way and to follow a dog through a city is heartbreaking. This strange little dog led me through every back fence, under every wet wash, and along every dirty alley, to an eventual and attractive back door. I opened it and he went in, but here I stopped.

A middle-aged woman faced me. There was a quiet, confident distance in the way she said "Yes-s-s?"

"Ma'am, your dog—he walks on his left legs and he balances. I followed him here. Will you *please* explain?"

Her quick smile was sympathetic. "Surely. I don't wonder you ask! Most of the neighbors have been in about it, but Henry doesn't get out and around much anymore and few people inquire. It's a simple story, though strange."

"Well I'd certainly appreciate hearing it!"

"Well then sit down," with another smile, "and you shall!"

It took the rest of the afternoon, for she gave me all the details in a long, running account, of which I in-



# MISFORTUNE

By ALAN BURDICK

tend to mention only the salient points.

Henry, one of those small dogs with no apparent character, had accompanied them to Florida last winter. And while the family swam and slept in the sun, Henry was left pretty much to his own devices. Boredom soon replaced curiosity and when the time came to leave for home Henry was absent. An energetic search failing to produce him, Henry was sadly written off.

But, although the discovery of this desertion dismayed him, it didn't jar his loyalty. Henry had always loved that family.

Many people will not credit such dogs with much common sense, but they evidently have it for Henry started home, on foot and alone. According

to reconstructed accounts from gas station attendants and roadside peddlers later written to, Henry was observed calmly proceeding north on U. S. Route No. 1, and curiously enough, on the left side of the road, dutifully facing traffic.

He was walking with a slight limp, probably caused by a thorn in his paw, and appeared to be keeping his left feet in the grass along the side of the road, to ease the injured paw. But dogs, too, are creatures of habit and by the time Henry's paw was healed he had formed the habit of walking astraddle the edge of the road. This seems to be the responsible element of the story, because as those right paws began to ache from the constant padding along the harsh concrete Henry involuntarily leaned away from them, throwing more and

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ILLUSTRATED BY  
CLARENCE BROWN



AWKWARDWARYNESS COMES AS HE ENTERS. The readingroom, contrasting the halldark, appeers glaringly exposed and naked with light, and selfconscientiously he tries to picture himself as others seem him but unsatisvaguery results. (Me's and You's inhabit but only Me's view.) Slowly now, yonderpondering, hessit-downing.

. . . whos here where shall i sit how many girls are there. . .

He wanders these questions and is parsheally ansvered by a prettygirl's opposeat. The loud chairscraping of adjustment embarrasses him, not be-

cause it disturbs others, but because ittracks attention hisward. He sits, fundamentally, down and reelaxes, knowing the choice was worldviewed as being nonchalarbitrary.

. . . goodlord look at them stare you can always tell who is really here to study from who isnt by seeing who glances up at noises andsoforth and the windowgazers too but look whos talking she noticed thats good. . .

Losslucktantly and with carelessairless, he unpens his book, ought for the moment being stronger than want.

. . . now lets see where was i page 4 6 15 whoops 12 11 yes 11 boy ole

# the won

thomas more at best a bore and what line uh *There I had the occasion to no The ships that they use uhuh The shipman very expert and cunning, both in the sea and in the weather.* wait a minute what *The shipman very expert and cunning, both in the* now what the hell kind of a sentence is that my god if they want us to read stuff like this they at least ought to pick out—



Activity in girlform. Thermovements. And this is enough than More motovation to delay this and turn to that. Spyeyeing chickenlike he obserherves.

. . . she moved i wonder why restless maybe or uncomfortable but probably not shes like a cat always just right no matter how she didnt stop reading though whatever it is some kind of history i guess freshman at that ummman oh man but shes pretty probably lots of boyfriends back home and here too for that matter ohso beautifullyful and clean too so very clean she must smell nice. . . .

Pageturning, an unconsheous movement. Dark Revenge the color of her nails, and Sentimental Sue the color of her heart; and inbetween the resulting nomansland of incongruities, the logical chaos.

. . . red claws for protection or used to be but nice hands an artists hands durer couldnt have done them too young sure and graceful coollooking hands i wonder why shes alone she certainly isnt always or even mostly so but then she does seem aloof reserved almost untouchable and yet so touchable my god yes so touch touch touchable mostly that reserved type is just dying to really let go must be afraid or something they all like it just a bunch of love letters yes thats it they love love letters and say it both ways. . . .

## drawing by frank trechsel

ably not what could i say what excuse to interrupt ask the time uhuh theres a clock on the wall like a ball perhaps borrow a piece of paper nope mine shows. . . .

Humor from a longoneandead body but still verymuchalive mind grins her face, and he, sireveying her, crunchlenches his fist.

. . . ohhh i wish i were over there and not here ummm very close there her little even teeth biting gently i wonder if she opens her lips when she but hells bells ive got to get this studying done. . . .

But his skirtzophrenia accepts no substitutes and insists on the real thing as advertised. All good intent vanishes as she throws her arms back, stretching her blouse sightight, and his eyes caught by the comemotion return to her, homing. Now her own observation makes his impossible, but what's there is known and memory acts an able performance. This easily done, moreover, for it's his usually of thought, the themesong of a Caesaromeo balled into one: I came, I saw, I conquered.

. . . damn this table the lights the people she thinks shes safe and i guess she is theyll whistle at you if theyre passing by safe in a car gives em a

he does not turn away but stares back openly. She aways hurriedly from his eyesighing, not back to her book this time but at the windows, through the windows, through the passing people, through the buildings, and straight to crossing parallels. Braveher now, the quarry on the run, he appraises her merseelessly. Ideas flash like a just-switched incandescent lamp.

. . . how would she look with that lipstick off biteble she probably sleeps with her wrist curled under her chin like a kitten and how would she look when she first gets up in the morning with that now painfully neat hair all mussed and with the look of dreams and love still in her eyes ummmm hearing her say close to you i love you i love you i love you with soft low personal voice and her warm breath after a cigarette caressing like a spring breeze through burning leaves yes high on a windy hill together and then ide quote about how we had such brave strong things to say but suddenly you cried or however it goes and she would think it was wonderful. . . .

The nudging wind rocks the bush-rushes that front the window, and their leaves cut shadows from the sun that dance and fleck like the spherical scene in a paperweight making snow when turned upsidedown.

. . . brownian movement like ether for my tonsils and the false snowflake

## and only

- - - - -

by r. d. loomis

Discovered looking, he turns flurriedly away and wonderhers (terribly afraid) lest bluntness wrong what tactfulness could make right. But her blinkblank gaze passes, a vacant searchlight.

. . . i wonder if she notices me at all as i do her even a little bit she must feel me sitting here and thinking about her mental telepathy maybe but prob-

thrill just a bunch of teasers all of em but ile get to know this one somehow by god i will i wonder what her name is that D M on her pin could mean anything dot dolly doris. . . .

He drums his feelingers loudly on the table, thereby trying to attract attention and express frustration at the same time. Both atempts meet with partial success as she looks up. Now

in citizen kane really his youth makes me dizzy maybe i could mention it but how. . . .

Both look at the swirlwhirling and then, by chance, at each other, and this sunthing provides a sameness between them, a formal introduction. Silence of silences, broken at last by a noisy clamor of children rollerbawling in the

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# MY LIFE AMONG THE SERGEANTS

by RICHARD AUSTIN SMITH

*Richard Austin Smith, past member of THE ARCHIVE staff, is now writing a novel on the Confederate Navy*

days when everybody did dawn-to-dark double time—over to the CP. The Top was there all right, and most of the first-three-graders with him. He pushed me into a corner and gave me a cigarette. Just like questioning prisoners, I thought; well they won't get anything out of me but name, rank, and serial number.

"Woogle," says the First, smiling so big I saw teeth I never knew he had, "Woogle, old man, the battery clerk tells me you're a uh deployment chancellor."

"Employment counselor," the battery clerk puts in.

"Employment counselor, that's what I said," snaps the First. "Wrote a big book on all the kinds of jobs there is. Right?"

"A Dictionary of 50,000 Industrial Job Titles," I muttered, nostalgically. I wondered whether I'd fit better under EXCAVATOR, SEWAGE or the alternate job title of TECHNICIAN, PRIVY.

Sgt. Klok showed some more teeth to the assembled crowd. "See!" he said

triumphantly. Then to me: "Well, Woogle, you know us sergeants realize the war's really over, and—uh, fact is we thought you could tell us which of those 50,000 jobs we'd fit into."

I automatically fished out my notebook. I didn't smoke so I couldn't stall around with a cigarette.

"Well," I bumbled, trying not to go through three keys on that "well," "An employment counselor is sort of like a doctor. He has to be pretty frank, and scientific, and all. You might get kind of mad if—"

"We place us in your hands," said Sgt. Klok assuringly. I'd rather have had the shovel in my hands, but they all said "yes," even Sgt. Bronkovitz, who was sitting there with what I would describe as a "latrine" look on his face.

"All right, then. Suppose we take you first, Sgt. Borden," I said by way of beginning. "First of all, as supply sergeant you've developed what we call manual dexterity, some might say sleight-of-hand. Giving Courtney those two left-handed gloves yesterday showed real skill."

Sgt. Borden lowered his head modestly. One of the other sergeants offered him a piece of gum.

*Illustrated by  
Johnny Barber*

THE ARCHIVE

"HEY, WOOGLE," yelled the First Sergeant. "Take a break on that latrine pit and come over to the CP for a minute, will you?"

I looked up, wondering whether I was tuned to the right frequency. Had I heard "take a break"? Something wrong there. It didn't sound like Sgt. Klok. His specialty was waking GI's up in the middle of the night with variations on the general theme of "Here, while you're resting you can be doing this." Usually some tendon-stretcher like loading ammo or laying a dozen miles of wire. And that "will you." Sgt. Klok just never got that far in grammar.

But anyway, I dutifully dropped my shovel and trotted—it was one of those



"Then that philosophy of yours: everybody's a crook if he gets the chance. Why I'm bug-eyed at the way you make up shortages with it. Take a little thing like handkerchiefs. Count a guy out a stack of five handkerchiefs when he's supposed to get four. Does he hang around correcting your 'mistake'? He takes off like a V-2. But the thing is, two of them are folded over to look like four, so instead of nailing five, one over his due, he's stuck with three."

There was a little round of applause at this. Sgt. Borden climbed onto his feet. His face, looking normally like a chunk of top round, was fairly frying with enthusiasm.

"That's nothing, fellows," he shouted. "Wait'll you hear about the Fort." Then he sank down in his seat again, overcome.

"Ah yes, the Fort," I said, heartened. "You gentlemen know that old pile of concrete. Obsolete since the last war, but still full of tunnels and the like. Engineers was using the magazines for supply rooms. We had a lot of stuff to turn in to the Engineers then, but couldn't hope to break even on the shortages. We turned what we had in though, but in a couple days I looked at the shelves and you know there'd be some more stuff, kind of like we'd overlooked it. It was along about that time that Sgt. Borden began studying field fortifications, as a hobby. Discovered something even the Engineers didn't know—those magazines had a rear entrance as well as a front one. Sgt. Borden preferred the rear one after that. 'Course he did get lost down there once for twelve hours 'til I—"

Sgt. Borden spat sternly on the floor. In his eye was a look that said something pretty plain about 50,000 rounds of machine gun ammo still to be belted.

"No matter," I said hurriedly, "There's enough stuff for a job classification right here. Let's see—WAREHOUSEMAN— . . . mmm . . . no. CLERK, SHIPPING . . . no. . . ."

All of a sudden something exploded in my head with the abruptness of a

cancelled furlough. After the smoke had cleared away, I took another mental look at it. Not a doubt about it; it was the one and only job for Borden. But did I dare suggest it? Right then I had a little stiff-lip conversation with myself. Are you going to be Pvt. Woogle all your life, I said, or are you ready for desperate measures, are you ready to be Bottwood Woogle, Employment Counselor? After a couple of wavering moments in which my feet underwent the Birdseye treatment, I wrote down the proper job title by his name, holding the book as close to myself as I could. Fortunately he was busy sticking the battery clerk's fountain pen in a board and didn't ask any questions.

I turned next to Sgt. Delie. He was called "Combat" Delie by those allowed to speak to him.

"That Dynamite experience of yours, Sgt. Delie," I began, "Should land you something like WRECKER, HOUSE. Any man who can blow the laces out of an MP's shoes and never touch his corn plasters is in the expert class." Of course, I was thinking of CRACKSMAN, SAFE but was not desperate enough to say it. "Then the time you cut all the barbed wire aprons on the night infiltration course and came through first to win the three-day pass, that showed rare adaptability under combat conditions."

Sgt. Delie smilingly drew a pair of wire cutters from his pocket and snipped off Sgt. Rosen's glasses.

"Best of all," I went on, "Was the initiative you dished out at the IG inspection of quarters. Ten o'clock was no time to get Sgt. Delie up, before breakfast and all. But they didn't even get a chance to spot you in bed with your mask on before the tear gas hit them. After that—well, no use trying to look through Niagara Falls."

Sgt. Delie pulled out a gas grenade and was about to yank the pin when the other sergeants ganged him. After everybody was comfortably seated on

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## A SHORT CATALOGUE OF THINGS BRIGHT AND FAIR

To make a short list  
of things bright and fair:—  
at the top: Clarinda  
with her light brown hair.

Jot down a note  
of gold Summer rain,  
and colts and fillies frisking  
down a five-barred lane.

Item: a white sail  
that sparkles on the bay.  
Item: the tall smoke  
that tells a fair day.

Bright as rippling wheat,  
fairer than fair weather:  
a partridge hen and cock chicks  
sunning themselves together.

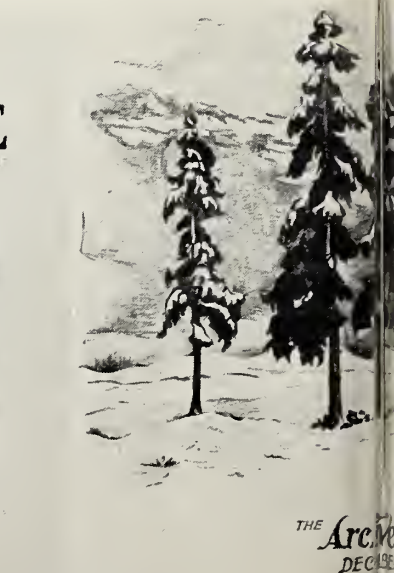
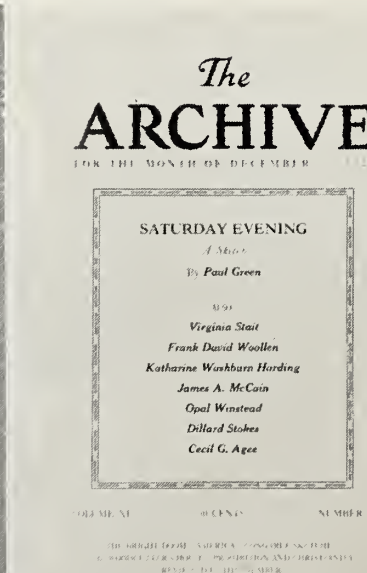
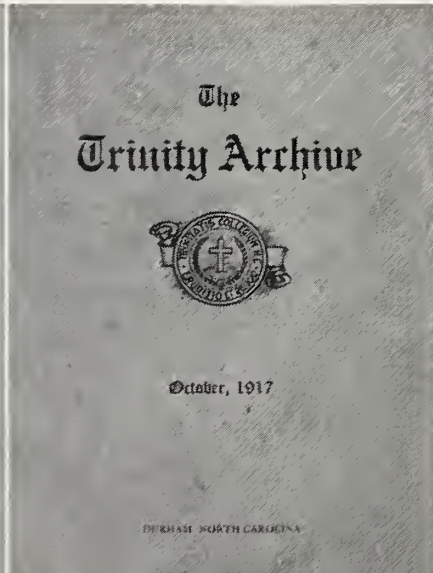
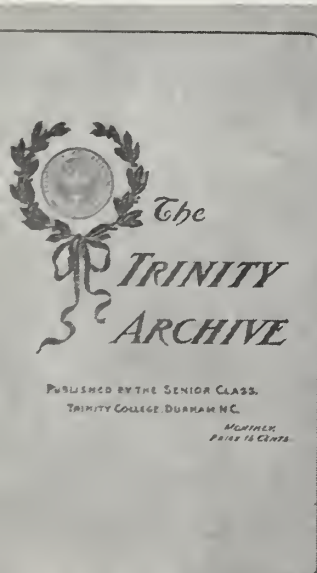
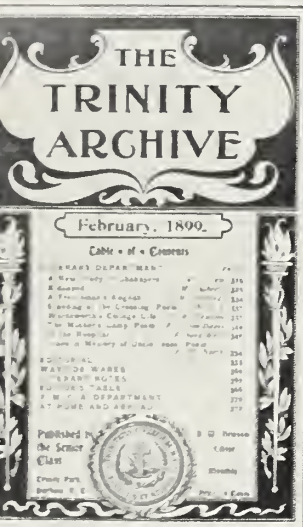
No list were complete  
lacking these:  
a sundial, and the bright green  
of willow trees.

And lest my list be long,  
fair night shall end it.  
If any heart break,  
let bright stars mend it.

*R. P. Harriss*

*R. P. Harriss, class of 1926 and former editor of THE ARCHIVE, has been a member of the Paris staff of the New York Herald and associate editor of the Baltimore Evening Sun. He is now editing his own magazine, Gardens, Houses and People.*

# THE ARCHIVE AND SIXTY YEARS



AS INTERESTING as the review of the past generation is a perusal of the volumes of *The Trinity Archive*. It has represented within its covers every form of literature dominant in this world for any extent of time since the '90's. The changes of its styles and methods of presenting material, as well as the changes in the actual construction of the magazine, are a good index of America growing up.

In 1887 Trinity College was stirring after a decision of the Board of Trustees had been made to start a movement to advance the interest of Trinity. One good way to do this was by means of a college publication reaching out to the many members of the Methodist North Carolina Conference, endeavoring to draw them closer to the college.

Thus it was that when the *Trinity Archive* was founded in 1887, one of its objectives was to extend its circulation as far as possible among members of the North Carolina Conference. Trinity news, interests, announcements—anything which could be of use or interest to its varied audience of readers—were thrown into the magazine. Under these conditions there came into existence the "South's oldest college literary magazine," comparable to the *Yale Literary Magazine* (oldest in the country) and the *Harvard Advocate*.

The responsibility of the publication had been undertaken by two literary societies, the Hesperian and the Columbian, under the guidance of the professor of English, who had agreed to accept not only the best efforts of literary endeavors, but also statements of original investigation in any department. Later there was also included all news or bulletins that could be of any use to the reader.

The first decade saw little change in the styles of the magazine, which approached the shape, size and semblance of a large handbook in appearance rather than any magazine as we know it. Indeed this appearance was retained until after the World War, and the style varied as little too in this period.

Some of the constantly recurring columns were: "The Bulletin Board," "Correspondence"—a letters-to-the-editor column; "Alumni Notes"; "Book Reviews"; and "Exchanges."

After the advent of *The Chronicle* in 1905, there was a decided change in the material used in the *Trinity Archive*. No longer was there need to be a bulle-



. . . . .  
*By Ted Furber*

IN 1887, THE STUDENTS AT TRINITY COLLEGE INITIATED A NEW PUBLICATION AND CALLED IT THE ARCHIVE. HERE IS HOW IT HAS DEVELOPED AND CHANGED IN SIXTY YEARS.

tin board for everything: now it could, and did, concentrate its efforts almost entirely upon matters purely literary in interest.

Thoughts in the 1890's and early 1900's were turned more to a meta-physical world than they are now and this was reflected clearly in the *Archive* of that period. Given a few recognized objects of beauty, such as a rippling brook, fragrant rose, or still palm, anyone could construct a poem. Nature herself was beautified thoroughly and garnished with a complete assortment of second-hand mythological beings who disported themselves elegantly, like plaster dwarfs in a Victorian garden.

Besides these frivolities there was much earnest poetry about the mysteries of life. Metaphysics was delved into constantly, and pedantic thoughts expressed often. A certain enthusiasm clung to the cloistered fragments of art appearing in the *Archive*, amid the lingering unstilled bitterness of a defeated Southland. Articles such as "Echo of Sixties" (1902) and stories such as "War Times" (1893) showed this clearly.

Literary output during and for many years after the Civil War was small indeed and the gradual improvement

of style in the stories found in the *Archive* portrayed closely the gradual return of the South to the finer arts. The *Archive* began to combine almost every type of literary efforts—from licensed essays of the literary coterie to delightful fantasies of the mind. Even horror stories made their appearance in articles such as "Nameless Beast" (1891).

D. W. Newsom (1898), Chesly M. Hutchings and Louis I. Jaffe (1909) and N. I. White (1911) stand out in the years preceding the first World War. Their contributions led the field with a range from the more poignant expressions, romantical style and emphasis on art rather than actual experience of Hutchings and Jaffe, to the accent on articles with fewer stories of the period of Newsom. Throughout this entire period, however, there could be seen the awakening and growth of the *Archive* from the first stumbling attempts at artistry to bright imagery of abstractions of real subjects and an occasional assessment of the world's value.

This period was also characterized by careless, youthful thoughts, with a scattered few musings on the mystical but not realistic side of life. Still many

articles were learned, and stilted with the difficult thoughts of the philosopher and theologian, as there was many a contribution from the faculty and even from visitors.

Some of the quips and quotes placed in the *Archive* at this time are applicable to the present, such as: "The commodity of which every man has the least and wants the most is time."

Advertisers were treated in a most cordial and friendly manner, and actions of the *Archive* in general, although of a more assured or permanent nature, still retained the aura of the uninitiated to the journalistic world. The magazine was still in a naive state. A sense of security pervaded the atmosphere, and there were few words lost on discourse of districts and localities beyond this. Only the classical areas held interest, and that only in a reflective fashion.

In the early 1920's the cover was changed from the unchanging, lusterless, handbook-type to a colorful one upon which were pictures of Trinity College and a fanciful picture of the blue devil-cat. It appeared much as an early version of the *New Yorker* might have, had it but been a college production.

The style was changed with the make-up of the magazine. There was the gradual conversion to the realism of the 1920's concerning life in its everyday manifestations as compared with the philosophical realisms and romantical wishfulness of the pre-World War years. Humor was combined with realistic creative efforts. A typical joke from the many sponsored at that time is: "Watch the butterfly," said the cow as the train hit her."

The magazine also had become overly  
(Continued on Next Page)



At the southwest corner of the ruined city  
While the winter creeps up until early morning  
And sleepy voices guard the waiting night,  
Sits by the cracked chart and starts to write.

Life is as empty as inter-stellar space,  
And in its infinite the few specks burning  
Are lonely as bombed-out blocks, where pity  
Mews starvedly and finds no friendly place.

What thoughts put cigarette butts in my gutter?  
Whose door-bell jangles? What worn stair tread creaks?  
What visitor calls on fear? . . . the pitted streets  
Are undisturbed as files of forgotten papers.  
What to do when the power fails? . . . when speakers utter  
No longer cheering jazz?

Now on the dial

The minute hand sneaks toward the hour of trial.

Stanza on stanza, rows of fallen men,  
Who do not deny the living, do what? Decay.

Bodies at long last imitate the soul.  
Houses go down to the graves. The telephone  
Lines lie like hair-combings a while, are cut away  
To bind the tacky bundles of wanderess. Their goal  
Is only another hole, to shiver for one more day.

And it does not matter at all.

*Kiffin Hayes*

*Kiffin Hayes, former staff member of THE ARCHIVE, is now with the Army in Germany.*

sophisticated as the general rush to realism overtook its authors.

The name was changed from the *Trinity Archive* to the *Archive* on Jan. 1925 after the announcement sometime in Nov. or Dec. 1924 by Mr. Duke of his endowment and desire for a change in name of the college.

When R. P. Harriss became editor for the 1925-26 *Archive*, he created a style which permeated the *Archive* for a long time. The *Archive* became a very near likeness of the *Atlantic Monthly* even to the sketches used in it, and, for the first time, authors entirely foreign to the school were solicited—authors who had already obtained fame and whose works showed the smooth polished finish of a professional's work.

Harriss' own style may be given as a fair example of the magazine's best. He wrote with a light touch of giftedness, as if contemplating placidly the modes of life—nothing fiery—as if he were dropping pebbles upon a pool one at a time and observing the waves as they gradually ripple themselves outwards. Just so, he dropped his lines upon a subject, one at a time, and followed each ripple of thought to its quiet, but grand conclusion.

His tradition of accepting and even of supplicating for the often paid efforts of accomplished and already proven writers conflicted with the *Archive* tradition of accepting and encouraging only those writers on the campus. Thus the *Distaff* was formed in 1930 by the Woman's College, since it had become to be believed that the *Archive* was not interested in student's work. The name "Distaff," which is an implement used and where sway is held only by women, dramatically points this out.

In 1934 the *Distaff* died an early death. R. A. Smith, then editor of the *Archive*, had decided to re-adopt the original *Archive* tradition, and the grand attempt of Harriss was over. Upon the resumption of interests in student contributions from the entire

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# Ah, What Is So Rare—

By MARY JANE SIMPSON

A HERD OF bewildered freshmen being initiated into the mysteries of the Dewey Decimal System and the location of the anthropology reserve shelves tramped past the closed doors marked "Rare Book Room—Trent Collection." Suzy Slater visualized moldy tomes stacked on cobwebby shelves within four gloomy walls, and hurried past.

Little did Suzy know that the room was attractively furnished, with an Oriental rug on the floor, bright drapes at the windows. Pictures of the poet Walt Whitman decorated the walls, and within the grilled cases were books of every size and description, bound in morocco, old calf and vellum. No dust, no cobwebs, no mold.

Here, in a small room on the first floor of the West Campus library are shelved many of the most important, rare, and unusual editions owned by the University Library. The Coleridge volumes, several annotated in the author's own hand, and books in original bindings, such as the 1729 edition of Pope's *Dunciad*, delight the bibliomaniac.

In size, the books range from the huge twenty-volume limited edition of Edward Curtis' *The North American Indian*, with twenty supplementary portfolios of large plates, to a tiny volume of selections from Abraham Lincoln's speeches, measuring  $\frac{7}{8} \times \frac{5}{8}$  inches.

In content also there is much variety. Witchcraft, military science, exploration, gardening and medicine, women and murder are among the subjects touched upon. Topsel's *History of Four-Footed Beasts*, printed in 1658, contains anecdotes on animals (including the unicorn) and is illustrated with many quaint woodcuts. Rare books

from the George Washington Flowers Collection of Southern Americana include many items from early American literature: first editions of *Uncle Remus: His Songs and Sayings* and John Smith's *True Travels, Adventures and Observations*; a humorous Georgia pamphlet, possibly unique, entitled *Kups of Kauphy*; and Confederate imprints, including an edition of *Silas Marner*, printed in Mobile in 1863 and bound in wallpaper. Shelved near these is a group of books on the history of tobacco, presented to the library by the famous collector, George Arents.

Contemporary American authors are represented in first editions of Robert Frost, John Steinbeck, Carl Sandburg, and others. In the Frost collection appear many autographed volumes, as well as a number of Christmas cards written by the poet and sent to his friends.

The most notable collection in the Room is the Trent Collection of Walt Whitman materials. Established by Dr. and Mrs. Josiah C. Trent in 1943 in honor of their four young daughters, the collection includes many original manuscripts by Whitman, both literary papers and letters, also numerous letters from his mother and other members of his family, first editions of Whitman's writings, and many books on his life and work.



Additions to the Rare Book Room are made by purchase and through gifts from patrons of the Library. Sometimes worthy volumes are found in the library stacks and are elevated to a position on the Rare Book Room shelves. Recent purchases include first editions of Boswell's life of Johnson, Lord Chesterfield's *Letters*, and the *Spectator* papers. Persons who make contributions to the library, whether of books, money, or services, automatically become members of the Friends of Duke University Library. This organization has in the past brought to the campus such well-known speakers as Robert Frost, Douglas S. Freeman, and Christopher Morley. It also sponsors a recently organized group of student book-collectors.

The Rare Book Room has had many distinguished visitors since its opening in April of 1943, and its Guest Book contains a number of interesting autographs. Carl Sandburg, who was guest speaker at the opening ceremony contributed a manuscript copy of his poem "Fog" and a typescript of an unpublished poem, "Number Man." Other authors who have been visitors are Robert Frost, R. P. Tristram Coffin, and George R. Stewart. Visiting scholars have included Professor Chauncey B. Tinker of Yale, Charles J. Sterling of the Louvre Museum, and Professor Robert H. Pfeiffer of Harvard.

If our library neophyte had not shuddered and run the other way, she would have found the Rare Book Room open to inquisitive students and an attendant ready to show her the collections. She would have found the interior not as forbidding as its outward appearance might suggest.

# BOOKS

AMERIKA, Franz Kafka,  
*New Directions*

REVIEWED BY GUY DAVENPORT

FRANZ KAFKA'S last novel *Amerika* (fragmentary) is an allegory. His intention was to elucidate in an understandable set of symbols the disturbing presence of stupidity and guilt-fear among modern men. This paper is an analysis of both the machinery and the validity of Kafka's allegory. As in the cases of James Joyce and William Blake, Kafka's symbolism must be taken as complete and meaningful in its entirety; that is to say that Kafka's story does not become allegorical in selected moments, but remains on the allegorical level from the first page to the last.

This allegory does no damage to realism. If it does anything at all, it gives a sharpness to Kafka's realism, making it almost surrealistic. For instance, Kafka's realism in describing America is naively unauthentic. Hotels sit on wide plains. House interiors resemble those of mediaeval castles. It is almost fantasy. But so broad an essence of fantasy never lets us forget that every paragraph of *Amerika* is loaded with allegory. The allegory in *Amerika* seems to say this: Unless the seed die first, it cannot live. Karl Rossmann must be immersed in experience before he can impose himself upon experience.

We may take Karl Rossmann as any person with a sensitive waking-consciousness. He diverges from Every-

man in having a morbid sense of guilt which is constantly being riled by his hypersensitive conscience. Thus Karl is the sympathetic character, the definitive entity against which the allegory-loaded characters will flare out in their utmost brilliance of meaning.

In chapter 1 we find the three dominant themes of the book—guilt, indignation, and triumph—presented together. (Later we will find whole chapters devoted to each of these themes and to combinations of them.) We find the satirical Mock Authority appearing early as a sea captain. His stupid rage is directed toward a stoker whose innocence is left dubious. Karl begins his nightmare of adventures in America by entering into the guilt and persecution of the stoker. Irony: the stoker has no sense of guilt but Karl, an innocent sympathiser, does. Theme two is Karl's righteous indignation against the sea captain. Theme three is Karl's triumph as he meets his uncle, an American senator, and is delivered from his trial. The trial itself is an allegorical motif, sort of a portable Judgment Day which establishes itself everywhere Karl meets up with anything that can give him a sense of guilt.

*Amerika* seems to lack only one hunk of prose, a transitional chapter that would connect chapters 1-7 which are consecutive and have a unity with chapter 8. Karl visits a country house in New York and gets lost in its long halls. He is confronted with seduction which he finds disgusting. Karl had been seduced the year before when he was fourteen by a German servant girl and the shock of the involved guilt was still with him. Karl's guilt sharpens into a painful self-torture as he imagines that he is being ungrateful to his uncle by



*There's a Mr. Winchell at the door, mum.*



visiting the country house, an action that necessitated his missing an English lesson. And his uncle had advised him never to miss a lesson. Karl wishes to return to his uncle in the middle of the night, creating an embarrassing situation for his perturbed spirits. We might look at the pattern of the book as being built on either *La Divina Commedia* or on the Gospels, without assuming, of course, that Karl is a Dante—or a Christ-figure. Then the first three chapters would correspond to Hell or the agony in the garden, for we have for a character so far only a guilt-stricken, highly disturbed young man. But these chapters contain the seed of redemption, for Karl's troubles dissolve their immediacy when a mysterious Mr. Green brings Karl his lost box and cap and tells him that his uncle will no longer look after him in the great land of America.

Chapters 4-7 represent a purgatory or a crucifixion. Unlike chapters 1-3, this section of the book involves two friends, Robinson (Sloth) and Delamarche (Cunning) who both help Karl to find a job and later ruin him. As the two tramps lead Karl astray, we see again the righteous indignation he used in chapter 1 to defend his friend the stoker. Inevitably this indignation leads to an unstable triumph, always an ideological or psychological triumph for Karl, rather than an actual triumph over the corroding presence of Delamarche and Robinson. Being an immigrant, Karl sticks with these men, gives them his money, and, in the end, lets them rob him. Chapter 5 is entirely triumph. But it is a weak triumph with no promise of endurance. Karl gets work at a fabulously large hotel. He works hard, but his job is undermined when Robinson gets drunk and solicits his help. Because he leaves his elevator post for the ridiculously short time of three or four seconds, Karl loses his job. But it is not an ordinary dismissal. The petty crime leads to hints and suspicions of larger crimes. The trial-reality of chap-

ter 1 builds itself up once again and every official in the hotel vents his rage on Karl. Karl's crimes become innumerable and unspeakable. He flees the hotel with Robinson in a taxi. The scene of the trial merely changes. When Karl tries to escape Robinson, he is caught by Delamarche and is shut up in a large house. The house is that of a slovenly woman who loves Delamarche. For extremely vague reasons Karl is kept prisoner here. He is beaten and insulted. As the story breaks, Karl is still a prisoner.

Between this seventh chapter and the eighth there is a break. Chapter 8 begins with Karl on the streets, looking for a job. He comes upon a sign which advertises "The Great Nature Theatre of Oklahoma—Everyone is welcome." Then he comes upon a travelling recruiting company, "a long low platform . . . on which hundreds of women dressed as angels in white robes with great wings on their shoulders were blowing on long trumpets that glittered like gold." This is not, I think, an obvious symbol of religion, but rather a suggestive symbol for the oratory of religion. Karl recognizes a girl, Fanny, he knew at the hotel on the platform dressed as an angel. The outlandish figure of the Great Nature Theatre of Oklahoma begins to unfold as something of a Blakean Jerusalem—an embodiment of Karl's every wish. It is indeed a symbol for the resurrection of the spirit, a Paradiso to the preceding Inferno and Purgatorio. Kafka plays with christian pageantry: "We play for two hours"; says Fanny, "then we're relieved by men who are dressed as devils. Half of them blow, the other half beat on drums. It's very fine, but the whole outfit is just as lavish."

The nature theatre is a wonderful place, but the recruiting is always evangelistic. "This display of angels and devils frightens people off more than it attracts them."

Karl finds that he can get a job as

(Continued on Page 27)

The almighty passed this way  
and did not tarry  
even for a sigh.

We who expect a brawny myth to carry  
some respite, some mercy, some fitful  
hope,  
must weep to see the span of time to  
death,  
of death to pale oblivion.

The month stretches every tentacle of  
ill.

Days slough slowly like disease.

Night falls like a curtain of uncertainty.

Noon burns brightly like a bullet in my  
eyes.

And the battle blankets all my life  
like an interminable necessity . . .

Who is the deceiver?

Who is recipient of pain?

Who fell upon my quiet life with  
talons

ripping the roots of custom from my  
days?

Whose is the profit?

Whose the salty loss?

that I should this day die in this dry  
sand

or that day die or never die in this, O!  
alien land.

Edward Post

# LONESOME ROAD

(Continued from Page 8)

of looked at Foster. He was her wonderful child.

After supper Foster walked up the hill to C. Lee's. It was dark and the streetlights all came on at once. A pussycat scrambled up a tree and looked down on a little dog that didnt want the cat anyhow. The little dog sat down with nonchalance and tried to root out a flea on his belly. He decided he didnt want the flea either and trotted after Foster.

The little tin triangle on the screen-door of C. Lee the Cowboy's said Drink Seven Up You Like It It Likes You. Two men sat on a bench just outside. One of them was diddling a walking-stick into the dirt and Foster heard him say:

—Whyont dat Smithfield nigger git to work an do sumpin bout dem little raggedy chillun er hisn? Hit's a spankin shame.

—Huh! the other nigger said.

—Hit de truth.

C. Lee the Cowboy's is just a room of a place. There are three round tables with white tops. Men sit on benches and orange crates. C. Lee keeps the beer in an old Coca-Cola cooler. C. Lee is fat and he's got eyes like soft-boiled eggs. He sucks a cigar plenty of the time. C. Lee buys his cigars two for a nickel. A sign says Cash On The Line and flies sit on the sign and enjoy the sun. Foster said hiyah to Jubo Rose and sat on a barreltop and leaned with his elbows on the long counter.

PC tasted his beer, just a sip, and laughed at nothing and shook his head to show astonishment.

—It beat all, PC said. It beat all.

—An den whut come off? C. Lee asked.

—It beat all, PC said. The damndest ting.

—Whut all did she take off?

—O she kep on her brazelle and dat skirt dat fitted right where you wanted

it to fit and she sung a heap more songs.

—PC been tellin bout Macon, Jubo Rose said to Foster. He been down dere a week er so. Hit de shonuff stuff.

—Yeah, PC said. Dat's a damn fine place fo a nigger to go to. You cn pick up a job most anywheres. And de women, o man! It's like heaven on earth.

—I gwine down dere I spec soon I git a little pocket, Jubo Rose said. Hampton aint no place fo a nigger wid sense to be in.

—It sho aint, C. Lee said. It aint a tall.

—Lord God no, PC said. Dat sho opened my eyes to a plenty sumthin.

Foster sat on his barreltop and watched PC sip his beer. Foster couldnt drink beer cause May would raise simple hell. He did take a cigaret off Jubo and light it up. He blew out his smoke like a man and listened to PC tell about Macon. It was a whopping big place with an Army camp and more cafés than you can shake a stick at. He was telling about The Watermelon Rind when Foster had come in. There was finer women there than in Hampton. There was more jobs. A nigger had a better chanct. It was a pretty town too, lots of little trees along the streets and things like that.

—Wudntya lak ta go down to Ma-



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con, man?

—Man! Man! Foster popped his lips and rubbed his hands on his hips. Man alive! Wudnt I lak dat though? Gawd in heben.

—Boy you git in a town lak dat. It aint nothin lak Hampton.

—Nothin a tall.

—Not a goddamn bit.

—Nah. Nah. Nah. Not a bit. Think of the things you could do. Jest think! My God! My God!

—Yeeaah man!

Foster got all excited listening to PC. He wanted to talk and to ask questions but he was just a boy and his talk wouldnt fit in. At least he was gittin to be a man. He had a job. He was a shoeshine boy. But it was a different thing being a boy and being a man. His talk wouldnt fit in. Then PC got to telling about a woman he took up with and everybody had to gather around close to hear the special parts. Foster got an earfull and C. Lee started telling about a crapgame with the Johnson nigger who worked at the lumber company.

Jubo said he wanted to go to the Criterion and didnt Foster want to come along? Wild Bill Eliot was on in a new picture. Jubo slapped his hand to his hip and gave Hickock's famous line:

—Im a peaceable man!

Foster said he wasnt going but he would walk some way with him. Foster left Jubo at Towers Street.

St. Paul's Alley was stacked with black houses along the C. & W.C. tracks. Every shack had a light on. Hampton was a big flush of pink light beyond the warehouses and Foster walked down the hill from C. Lee's. It was a lonesome thing to think about Macon and going away and long trains in the night and laughing women in cafés. It hurt like walking in a fog with the sidewalks wet. His feet crunched into the clinkercovered sidewalk and he hocked and spit into the street. Whyont things make a little

sense? Whyont an whycaint a fellow if he's got the mind to just pick up and leave and strike out fo a big town like Macon strike out across a heap of cottonfields and cornfields and topsoil roads and hitch rides but wont a stinkin soul pick up no nigger and strike out across over to Wilson and Athens and Salton and leave the whole gawdm mess er mas and aunts an uncles and grumblin ol granmas? What's it take fo a fellow to do that? Heh?

Every house had its light. They were flimsy, unpainted, weathered clapboard houses. Their insides smelled of tallow and kerosene and human flesh. Every house had its black washpot in the

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backyard and its flowerpots of geraniums and ferns on the frontporch. A V-8 Ford jangled its fenders as it cut into the roughsurface rut of a road that went through St. Paul's Alley with its length of dust and clay. Foster's hands curled up into fists and he breathed with deep inhaling because he liked to feel himself breathe. God! Why cant a fellow pick up and pull out of this? What the hell makes it so hard? It's yours and it's not yours. You grew up into it (rolling hoops and teasing girls and putting pins on the railroad track for Number Ten to flatten out). You got your first job at the fishmarket and rode your bicycle through St. Paul's on your first delivery with all the pride a boy can have.

Foster got to thinking of the high-breasted girl, Clister. He got to thinking about her from thinking about what a man had said in the barbershop, something about a negro boy he had had to turn away off his place, his dairy farm.

Foster had a good tired hurting around his kidneys from stooping and shining, dabbing on the oily, waxy mess, a big dab on the shoe and then work it, spread it around on the shoes, careful not to get any on the socks, and then a brisk brushing, the men liked you to put a little swishing rhythm into it (That nigger's got spunk—look at the way he gits after them shoes. Hot damn! Lay it on, boy!) and then the little time for drying and then the rag. Foster did that all day, shine shoes, that and just that. And this fellow was talking. He was a coarse, heavyfaced dairyfarmer and he had hightopped shoes like most men dont wear nowadays. He wore a corduroy coat and his hands were spotted with pink and red splotches. He was saying:

—Hell yes, I had to tell this nigger to git off my place and stay off. Hell yes.

—That right? Cliff Rhodes said.

The dairyman shook a cigaret from a wadded pack of Camels and stuck it unlit in his lips. He bent forward in the barberchair and dug down into his pocket for a match.

—Yeah, he went on to say. Yeah. You never would guess what I caught him at.

—What's that? Rhodes said.

—Well Id knowed for a good little bit that he was sweet on this little yellow bitch around the place but I figgered he was gittin what he wanted and that's none er *my* business. I figgered they could handle each other.

—What happened? Sumpin funny goin on?

—Funny? Hell! She was makin him pay her. And he didnt have money to git out of Hampton if a trip to Canaan cost a nickel. He was stealin stuff for her. Everything he could lay his hands on.

—Is that right?

—I didnt know it for some little bit.

I caught on soon enough though. I felt like bootin his ass all over Hampton County. I cussed him til he bolted from



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right there where I was layin it to him. And do you know what? That yellow bitch run off after him that night. Niggers do any way. Any damned way.

She musta loved him or else she wouldna run off after him. It must be something for a girl to run after a fellow like that. That's why Foster as he walked down the hill to St Paul's come to think about Clister. She got wonderful long legs. She got mighty fine lips and a funny way er fixin her hair that makes her setoff from other girls. If, Lawd God, he coulda got in wif Clister when he had a chanct, or if he could git in wif her now in the summer, that'd sho change things. Maybe it was some use to tryin that and maybe it wuzznt. Maybe it was and maybe it wuzznt. He wanted that, wouldnt he be somethin with Clister? but, Lord! he wanted Macon. He wanted to lie on top of a boxcar with the wind blowin against his head and the clickin wheels and rumblin jumpin-movin car shakin his body, his head full of cafés and goodbye to Hampton and even goodbye to a girl *he'd* steal for if he knew she wanted him, if he knew she would love Foster Foster (hear the engine up ahead?) Cunningham the shoeshine boy at Mr. Rhodes the wonderful child of May the lonesome son of St Paul's Alley by the great boll-weevil spur of the Charleston and West

Carolina Number Ten and Forty and Thirtythree that lay out their galloping moaning engines across the cotton corn and sorghumfields of Piedmont Carolina and stretch in longing toward Macon and Atlanta.

It must be fun to go to Macon where the women all are achin for the boys come from Hampton and the boys come from Atlanta from Greenville and Savannah the lights are bright in Macon eating ham and streaklean bacon come on legs let's go to Macon come on legs let's walk to buslines trains and achin over Macon where the streets are mighty fine.

On that morning the sun would be a splendid yellow and the sidewalks would be wet with a rain that had dashed the stinktrees and the little cherrytree against the window and against the woodshed before morning. He would have his belongings under his bed and, with May sleeping in the next room and Grandma not likely to wake up, he would stand and look at May's door like he was sayin I got to leave you and thisere's the time done come I really got to go you got to break away sometime and go away and he would leave out the backway (goodbye to the washpot and to the redbrick heatbanged whitefolks' town of Hampton, goodbye to Clister he could have had and to softmouthed May who had another

—

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wonderful child: someday *he* would go off to Macon).

Foster walked down the hill and watched the Hampton Lumber Company (great leaning orange stacks of dressed planks) and the Towers Street High School and the watertank up the tracks. Clister was walking up St. Paul's in a yellow dress in sticky April and crabapple trees were in blossom and the air reeked of boiling clothes and was shot through with the clacking of battlingsticks and loud laughter. Dew Bud said he wisht she had on an Xray dress and Foster grinned sillylike and said hello to Clister and she laughed and said hello. All that was in April.

Clister was standing on the other side of a fence another month and it was really the only time Foster had talked with her. It was fun to be in school and to walk down the street with a lot of people. She might go off to Baltimore and study to be a singing mission-

ary and she wanted to surely get married and drop children. He remembered she said she specked Floe and Chales Lee loved each other. That was at the first of the summer. Foster turned into St. Paul's Alley. May would be after him to know where he'd been. Lord God.

He would sit in a traincar and see most all of South Carolina and Georgia and the wheels would carry him through places he had never seen and to people who would not know him and to people who would give him a good job and to girls who would love him and to a city where he would get to start all over and be Foster Cunningham in a new way.

But Foster somehow got to feeling sad when he walked down the alley. He wondered why the trees seemed to be his and why he knew he would be happy to go to bed in the only room he had ever known (the chairs he could

almost talk to and the picture of the colored Jesus on the wall the details of which he knew by heart: the lamb and the splendid halo).

Some chillun was playin kick-the-can in the alley. A little fellow whopped the can with all his might and the can clattered clean up against a house.

—Now you done assed things up, somebody said.

—You niggers quit dat fuss, somebody said.

He wondered why he felt that the alley was all such a goinhome feeling when he knew that most of all what he wanted was to get up some fine green morning and slip across the wet backyard and catch the Charleston and West Carolina Number Thirtythree and ride across the good round hills and flat black fields to the great city of Macon where he could start to be a man.

## The End

## MY LIFE

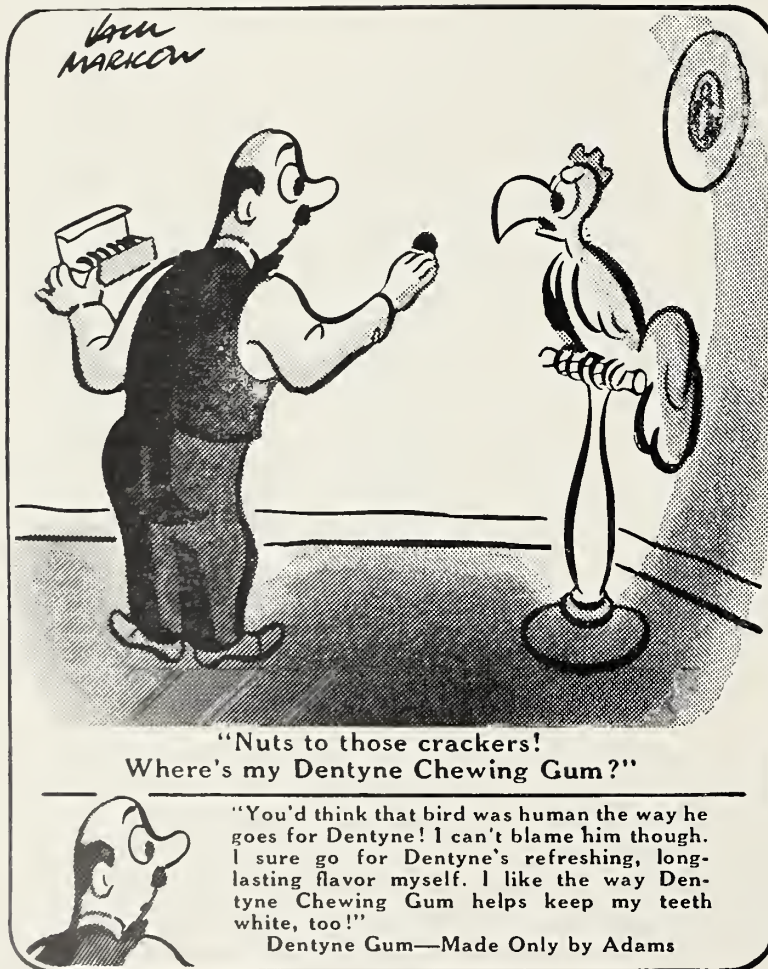
(Continued from Page 13)

Sgt. Delie, I went on with the consultation.

"You are also the developer of the emplacements. If visiting 'bird dogs' say the gun is dug in too deep, a few simple turns of the Delie Elevator brings it up to required depth. Next day, when they change their minds, it can be lowered to the original level without even looking at a shovel. Then there was Delie's Jitney Ladder, built into the camouflage of the shack back at Mitchel Field. MP's never did discover how the men were getting over the fence and it saved a three-mile walk to the Main Gate. 'Royalties' on these must have brought your pay to more than the Colonel's."

There were immediate cries of "Strike Delie for beer." These ended only after the sergeant had managed to swallow his last quarter.

When it came to the point of figuring out just what job Delie'd fit into, I had the same struggle all over again.





At last, however, I broke an arm-lock on the old Woogle will power and put down a job title by his name too. Along about that time my sweat glands were producing like artesian wells. It was bad enough to put down the job titles, but where was I going to get the guts to tell them what they were.

I finally drew the old stomach back into place and concentrated on Sgt. Bronkovitz. He still had that "latrine" look on his face.

"Sgt. Bronkovitz," I said, using the straight-from-the-shoulder approach, "Your classification presents something of a problem."

"You better not make no mistakes, Bub," said Sgt. Bronkovitz, also using the straight-from-the-shoulder approach, only straighter.

"Of course, it's an interesting problem," I said with some speed. Sgt. Bronkovitz was reputed to have beaten his mother to death with a bottle at the age of fourteen months.

"Now let's see. You made quite a name for yourself as motor sergeant. Only yesterday someone was telling me you inspected vehicles the way the OD inspects the boys at OCS. Only you put the white gloves on a stick and poke them through chassis and around the motor. If they get dirty, then the driver has to have them washed and since the laundry won't take just a pair of gloves, you throw in a few fatigues on the same ticket. That inspecting jeeps along the road was another splendid idea. If everything wasn't just so, then you'd make the boys pick it up and carry it back to camp. Figured the battalion saved a hundred gallons of gas per week on that little innovation alone. Those two ideas shoved you into the

EXPERT, EFFICIENCY class"—or DRIVER, SLAVE I muttered very far under my breath. Then gathering courage again, I put down the title of the civilian job I thought he should have.

I don't know what it was; maybe my hand trembled a bit, but all of a sudden Bronkovitz was on his feet shouting.

"Hold on there! Let's see what you put down!"

He reached over and snatched the paper.

"Sgt. Borden," he read, "Recommended peacetime job—SERGEANT! Sgt. Delie, recommended peacetime job—SERGEANT! Sgt.

Bronkovitz, recommended peacetime job—SERGEANT!"

Sgt. Bronkovitz went for me. I went for the wide open spaces. Behind me, baying like the Belvedere hounds, came the sergeants.

It was noon before I got the brambles out of my clothes and returned to the latrine. I felt pretty safe in that latrine pit. It smelled so bad even the skunks went by with their tails at half mast.

Along toward four o'clock though, the battery clerk came by with a piece of paper on a long pole. He poked the paper down to me. Here's what it said:

PVT. BOTWOOD WOOGLE

ARMY JOB FOR THE

DURATION—

EXCAVATOR, SEWAGE

ALTERNATE TITLE,

TECHNICIAN, PRIVY.

Well, anyway, at least they'd read my Dictionary.

**The End**



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## WON AND ONLY

(Continued from Page 11)

street. Return. A quick trip, neither party hardly remembering he'd been away.

... should have said pretty isn't it or something anything but then that might have spoiled it all by returning us to separate her and me but anyway i should have at least. . . .

She, watchwatching, methodically gathers her books into a neat pile and her looks into an unassailable composure, and, with an air of youmaylookifyouwantbutidontcare, starts sidestepping along the aisle. He wideyes good-lord!ly. Prettygirl bobbs on.

... hey now wait a minute no no no you cant just leave like that oh damn do something what. . . .

He collects hurriedly and follows, not directly, of course, but glancing now and again to be sure of her general direction, speed, *et cetera*.

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... what the hell am i doing this for its stupid you cant just walk up and say ime me who are you especially with a girl like this. . . .

### SONNET

Today the sky is clear enough to see  
Almost to heaven. The Chapel shadow  
falls

Upon me with a welcome sympathy  
And cloaks the newness of the Gothic  
walls.

The Chapel ivy stirs with whispered  
sighs:

Wave after wave of darkening green  
appears

To vanish quickly as the warm breeze  
dies

And carries with it my unspoken fears.  
I wandered here this noon in quietness  
To seek the peace no man can under-  
stand

Who has not felt the sting of loneliness  
And worn upon his heart its burning  
brand.

Such is the peace that friendship would  
have brought,

A friendship never found, although  
long sought.

—Fred R. Wagner.

The girl explores the darkened hall  
with expectant sight and then, flutter-  
ing, sidles up to another boy who props  
the wall. They meet, prettygirl and

prop, and cling together like two wet  
leaves. Both smile, she wrinklenose  
he kissblow, and turn to walk away,  
amo in amo.

... well thats a goddamn hell of a  
thing whos that guy and how does he  
rate got there fustus with the mostus  
thats all feel like ive been stood up  
its always like this though. . . .

The hitherto wonderfilledful day be-  
comes doomgloomy. The bird's song  
is chatter and the gentle rushtle of  
leaves recalls rats in a wall.

... might as well go back and study  
oh hell i can just see myself studying  
now why do these things always hap-  
pen to me why couldnt i have known  
her first met her before but thats it  
i guess more women than men around  
anyway. . . .

Footfalls coming outcrunch those  
going and he twists by reflex so not to  
miss. Newgirl. Eyes widen with suck-  
ed breath.

... hey now where did she come  
from how beautiful legs hair walk  
everything and yes ownable i wonder  
who she is and if. . . .

The newgirl passes, and, moonylike,  
into orbit he swings. Her dress sways  
with hypnotic rhythm and her bobby-  
socks flicker in the sun like two white  
moths.

**The End**



**The University Dining Halls**



## MISFORTUNE

(Continued from Page 9)

more of his weight upon his left legs. Aided unknowingly by the steady breeze off the Atlantic, he was soon carrying almost his entire weight on the left legs. Though his progress began to slow as he assumed the new, inchworm-like gait, he managed remarkably well. Reports from further up the highway mentioned him as swaying from front to rear, and closer observation must have noted the strange manner of his walk. Without that steady starboard breeze he would have been lost.

Many, many weeks later, when Henry struggled into his home town, tired but happy, the muscles of his right legs were atrophied to the point of uselessness, yet he was more than competent with the remaining two. He has continued in the exclusive use of them ever since.

I thanked the woman, credulously, and left the house. There had to be an explanation and it was as I have set it down. What Henry's altered circumstances mean to him I can only guess, but his attitude is one of indifference. Henry's situation appears peculiar only in that I think his love life has come to an end.

*The End*

## BOOKS

(Continued from Page 15)

a technician in the theatre and his hopes run high. *Amerika* ends with Karl on a train—something comparable to the Gospel Train of negro mythology—headed for the fabulous land of Oklahoma where every man can be himself.

What has Kafka accomplished? What he intended to accomplish is very much akin to what Blake accomplished in his later poetry. Blake took his heroes (all allegorical emanations of the Complete Man Albion) through five progressive stages of spiritual growth: innocence, experience (the Fall), revolution (conviction), "the dark night," and Jerusalem. We find Kafka modifying these steps to four, or really two, as the first three are treated as one: the Trial (innocence, unjust accusation pervaded by a sense of guilt, indignation resulting in false triumph) and Redemption (in allegory as the Nature Theatre of Oklahoma).

As I understand it, *Amerika* is Kafka's first hint at redemption for man. He maintained in *The Castle* that God is alien and unknowable; his fables are various delineations of the havoc stupidity wracks when it is thrust on human affairs.

*The End*

*Hats Off . . .*

## TO DUKE STUDENTS


In past years we have been proud to serve the Duke Students. In doing so we feel we have had a small part in aiding you to realize your high hopes for the future.

It is our desire to continue to serve you now and in the years to come.

**DUKE POWER CO.**

NOVEMBER, 1947


**KAYWOODIE  
REMEMBERS  
WHEN —**



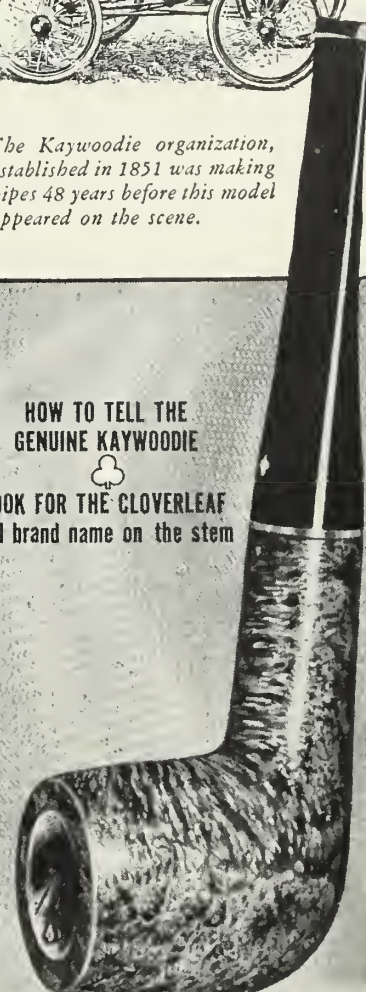
1899

*The Kaywoodie organization, established in 1851 was making pipes 48 years before this model appeared on the scene.*

**HOW TO TELL THE  
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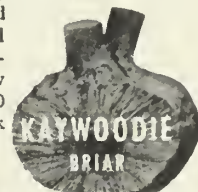


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SILHOUETTE \$10, MEERSCHAUM-LINED \$12.50  
CONNOISSEUR \$15, NINETY-FIVER \$20, CENTENNIAL \$25.

## THE ARCHIVE

(Continued from Page 19)

student body, the reason for the "Dis-taff" ceased to exist, and the two joined a common destiny together.

During this time the contributions of David Cornel DeJong, now devoting his entire time to writing, raised the quality of the styles present in the *Archive* immensely.

The second great style-former in the *Archive's* existence was Lorenz Eitner, 1939-41 *Archive* editor. Since he favored dramaticism, the stories predominant in the *Archive* during this period leaned towards pathos. Not a few plays also were introduced as an added feature. Between the lines often there lay thoughts of dynamic tension, and Eitner's drawings well depicted this. He supplied most of the art used that year.

The magazine now had come to use glossy covers and pages. It had become sophisticated—but not overly so. In fact it closely approached the prototype of "The New Yorker."

In 1943, due to paper shortage, the *Archive* and the *D'n'D* were combined



to make again of the *Archive* a humor and serious literary magazine. This lasted until 1946 when the two re-emerged again as two separate publications.

As the *Archive* goes into its 61st year, it has by no means become embellished with cumbersome traditions. As truly youthful in outlook, and as representative of student literary efforts as ever, the magazine continued to keep alive Duke's literary heritage as one of the older college publications.

**The End**

## BANTER

(Continued from Page 5)

The other program comes on at 11:30 p.m. on Sunday nights. It's called the "Dave Garroway Show" and, besides doing without commercials, sports some pretty fine music and food for thought. This fellow Garroway who m.c.'s the show in sort of an oily voice, seems to us to anaesthetize a nebulous time of day . . . that half-hour on Sunday night when the week-end has passed and Monday and its resumption of classes still seems unreal.

But maybe we ought to be in bed by that time of day. We don't know.

**The End**

## SCRAPS

(Continued from Page 2)

of an undergraduate is an extremely difficult one to realize.

Nevertheless, the way to maturity of expression comes not in the effortless waiting for the passing of years to do the job but through the actual practice of writing itself. The student publications—all of them—offer this needed outlet and training ground.

**The End**

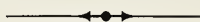
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- **Dresses Coats Suits**
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# EASY-MONEY DEPARTMENT



## DAFFY DEFINITIONS

Here's a column inspired by one of man's most fundamental motivations—his primitive urge to make a buck. And why not?—a buck's a buck. Get daffy, chums.

\* \* \*

Synonym—the word you use when you can't spell the word you want.

Pedestrian—a married man who owns a car.

Hangover—the penalty for switching from Pepsi-Cola.

Snoring—sheet music.

\* \* \*

*You're really got us to the wall when we'll pay a buck apiece for these. But that's the deal. \$1 each for those we buy.*

## GOOD DEAL ANNEX

Sharpen up those gags, gagsters! At the end of the year (if we haven't laughed ourselves to death) we're going to pick the one best item we've bought and award it a fat extra

**\$100.00**

## Little Moron Corner

Murgatroyd, our massive moron, was observed the other afternoon working out with the girls' archery team. Somewhat unconventionally, however—instead of using bow and arrow, Murgatroyd was drawing a bead on the target with a bottle of Pepsi-Cola. When asked "Why?" by our informant, who should have known better—"Duuuuuuuh," responded Murgatroyd brightly, "because Pepsi-Cola hits the spot, stupid!"

*\$2, legal tender, for any of these we buy. Brother, inflation is really here!*

Just like Social Security. Only quicker. Pepsi-Cola pays up to \$15 for jokes, gags, quips and such-like for this page. Just send your stuff to Easy Money Department, Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y., along with your name, address, school and class. All contributions become

the property of Pepsi-Cola Company. We pay only for those we print. (Working "Pepsi-Cola" into your gag, incidentally, won't hurt your chances a bit.) Dough-sly? Get dough-heavy! Or start a new hobby—collecting rejection slips. We'll help you out—one way or the other.

## HE-SHE GAGS

Know a He-She gag? If you think it's funny, send it in. If we think it's funny, we'll buy it—for three bucks. We'll even print it. Sheer altruism. Take ten—and see if you don't come up with something sharper than these soggy specimens:

She: Why don't you put out that light and come sit here beside me?

He: It's the best offer I've had today—but I'd rather have a Pepsi.

He: Darling, is there nothing I can do to make you care?

She: D. D. T.

He: D. D. T.?

She: Yeah—drop dead twice!

She: Right now I'm interested in something tall, dark and handsome.

He: Gosh! Me?

She: No, silly—Pepsi-Cola!

*Yep, we pay three bucks apiece for any of these we print. You never had it so good.*

## Get Funny . . . Win Money . . . Write a Title



What's the right caption? We don't know. You tell us. For the line we buy we'll ante \$5. Or send in a cartoon idea of your own. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.



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*Perry Como*

CHESTERFIELD SUPPER CLUB  
NBC MON. WED. & FRI. NIGHTS

"SMART SMOKERS SMOKE 'EM AND LIKE 'EM"

*Lo Stafford*

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"BUY 'EM BY THE CARTON"

*Arthur Godfrey*

ARTHUR GODFREY TIME  
CBS EVERY DAY, MON. THRU FRI.

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DURHAM N.C. 6



FEBRUARY

1948



Experience  
is the best  
teacher!



HOCKEY STAR

CAL GARDNER  
says—

EXPERIENCE? New York Ranger Cal Gardner has 15 years of hockey behind him, including two years with the junior champions of the world and "a most valuable player award."

I'VE SMOKED MANY  
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ARE THE **CHOICE**  
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● You'll read about it . . . hear about it . . . you'll see it for yourself—In sports, in business, in homes all over America, smoker after smoker who has tried and compared different brands during the wartime cigarette shortage has found Camels the "choice of experience"!

Why? Hockey Star Cal Gardner says, "Of all the brands I tried, Camels suit my 'T-Zone' best!"

And that's where *you'll* find the answer—in *your* "T-Zone." Try Camels and let your own experience tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!

According to a Nationwide survey:  
**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS  
THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

When 113,597 doctors were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!



## THIS MONTH...

"If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" . . . This is a question all of us have probably been asking ourselves for the past month. And just to make sure that when it finally does arrive you won't forget the good old days when it was snowing, we have supplied a reminder in the cover. The unusual photograph of the chapel was taken by Walt Wadlington.

First on the February roster of short stories is Clay Felker's "Luck of the Irish." Clay temporarily deserted his post as associate editor of the *Chronicle* to write us this tale about a prize-fighter who was faced with the problem of whether to throw a fight or to take the consequences. The informal style of the writing makes it both interesting and easy to read. Cile McLean is responsible for the striking illustration. Marilyn Skinner's "Discretion is Better" depicts the humorous situation arising when a temperance-minded minister is threatened with public disgrace by a brewery. Choosing a domestic scene for her setting, the author finds ample room for detailed characterization. The drawing was done by Pat Wimberly.

By this time, everyone (all the girls



at least) knows that the engineers have left East Campus and migrated West. Al Highsmith, in his article "Westward, Ho!," gives a thorough account of the new engineering school, guaranteed to enlighten any of those still left in doubt as to any details. This month's "Sketches," again well-done by Marcia Norcross, gives a life-like picture of the well-known ec professor, Dr. DeVyer.

As for the poetry in this issue, on page 15 you'll find the winner of the Chi Delta Phi prize for the best poem entered in the recent contest. *Driftwood* is the name and Doris Charrier is the author.

The rest of this issue is composed of the usual: Scraps, Book Review, and Banter.

## BY THE WAY . . .

Incidentally, although it's not to be included in February's list of activities by any means, the NCCPA (that's North Carolina Collegiate Press Association) is holding its annual three-day convention at Duke this year. On March 18, 19 and 20, representatives from college publications all over the state will meet here to discuss their respective accomplishments as well as to learn new methods of improvement. Of special literary value is the fact that our associate editor, Bob Loomis, is going to conduct a panel whose duty it will be to choose the best of five short stories which have appeared in various college magazines throughout the state. The panel will consist of Frances Gray Patton, Mrs. Bevington, and Noel Huston, all of whose work has been published in the *New Yorker*. Other special guests at the convention will include Jack Lait, editor of the *New York Daily Mirror*; Harry Martin, president of the American Newspaper Guild; Roscoe Ellard, Associate Dean of the Columbia School of Journalism; and J. G. Taylor Spink (Mr. Baseball), publisher of the *Sporting News*.

# THE SADDLE CLUB

EXCELLENT DINNERS



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# SCRAPS FOR THE LITERATI

By R. D. LOOMIS

O WHERE? O WHERE?

For a long time now I've been wondering just what the hell is wrong with the writing spirit at Duke.

Criticism is easily leveled at the writings that are published. Now I want to make a personal stab at those that aren't published; or, more correctly, those that aren't even written.

The problem is an old one. It has plagued every editor of every college magazine that ever existed. Remember that. Except for a certain fluxuation caused by a few individuals—which I do not mean to minimize because I believe it is the lack of this almost eccentric individualism that has made the last few years of publication so barren—the same situation confronts every new staff. Robert C. Wilson, who was editor in 1938, wrote an editorial which will stand today just as it did then. I quote in part:

On the one hand we've adhered to the fundamental conviction that the *Archive* is of, by, and for the students who support it, and that in all justice the *Archive* couldn't ignore the campus; yet we had to face the fact that the campus has long ignored

the *Archive*.

A year later, the next editor, Lorenz Eitner, who many think produced the best *Archive*, wrote:

It would be so easy to publish a magazine if it were not for the public. The public, alas, is a thousand-faced animal that can never be pleased completely. What edifies the YMCA may bore the football team.

And again:

. . . we are almost afraid to publish stories about things more complicated than carrots and potatoes for fear of being accused of intellectualism . .

Now these excerpts only show that the relationship between the *Archive* and the studentbody of Duke University has always been the same.

I hasten to add that the content of the magazine has not always been the same, emphasizing too that the studentbody is at once the conceiver and receiver of its publications.

What I would like to see in the *Archive*, among many other things, is a renaissance of interest in the personal essay. Not once in the *last two years* that I can remember has one been submitted to our office for publication.

Essays like the "You, Swiftly Fading" series that George Zabriskie wrote

under the pseudonym of Virgil White used to constitute the backbone of this magazine ten years ago. William Forrest was another of the personal essayists. I doubt if his "I Write as I Think" could be conceived on this campus today, much less that it would be accepted as a serious young man's attempt to express himself. Some of it ran as follows:

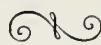
I want to tell what I have seen, and unless I can tell I become mad. I think to dream and dream to think and have moments of power, moments of healthy expression, but because my focus is wild, untutored, the result of my work self-reined is a poor thing, something beggard because the legacy of self-determination has been withdrawn by foolish adherence to foolish conventions . . . I like to show off so I take a lot of books out of the libray and never read them. I'm as glib as the poetry girls who write for the magazine and I'm as glib as the thin boys who go about with me and think they are intellectuals . . .

As gushy and as immature as these essayists sometimes tended to become, they still made interesting reading—and writing.

No one even tries today.

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LORRAINE PRICE

# The ARCHIVE

*A Monthly Magazine Published by the Students at Duke University,  
Durham, North Carolina*

VOL. 61

No. 4

## *In This Issue*

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*Cover Photograph by Walt Wadlington*

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them. The names and descriptions of all characters in the fiction of this magazine are fictitious. Any resemblance to any person or persons is not intended and is purely coincidental.

Notice of entry: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized December 4, 1924." Entered as second-class mail matter at the Post Office at Durham, N. C.

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Copyright, February, 1948, by William Jennings Bryan

FEBRUARY, 1948

## Are you EVOORG EHT NI\*

Whether, in the South, the white man is the Negro's best friend or vice versa, the dark-skinned brethren below the M-D Line used to be especially useful in taking the guesswork out of the first bite of "white-lightning" . . . an elixir peculiar to the South B. B. (Before Bourbon). An aged porter at a Birmingham hotel was an accepted connoisseur of these illicit distillations, and his classic judgment of transient's "moonshine" ran something like, "Well, suh, boss, if that 'ud been any wuss it'd kilt me, and if it 'ud been any better, you wouldn't uh gi't to me!"



You might be—if you love onions *and* men too! They just don't go together, Honey! Unless, that is, you keep your breath sweet with yummy Life Savers. Then, you're *in the groove* right. You can go on loving onions, men, and of course you'll love Life Savers, too.

Winner this month was  
AL HOWELL

Box 5108, Duke Station

Archive Illustrative Anecdote for Lifesaver Ad February 1948

\* "In the groove" backwards



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## Banter

### CONSIDERATION

Well, another semester has begun and so a continuation of the nine-month endurance test which began in such innocent high-spirits last September. Some of the warriors graduated, some were shipped, and then some just gave up and went home; but most of the crowd is returned, willing, if not resigned, to take a swing at another semester. Easy come easy go, maybe.

But the too-short intermission between semesters did provide some momentary escape. Ignoring the fact that nobody can get very far from Durham in five or six days on the old Virginia Creeper, students aplenty left town for long anticipated sprees, strengthened with the half-hearted rationalization that exam-exhaustion entitled them to cut some sort of a caper.

Although there should be enough mentionable activity at hand without having to regress, we will stop anyway long enough to let you know about a thought we think worth sharing—one committed to us by a tobacco auc-

tioner whom we happened to meet on the post-exam exodus train.

As one always does, our discussion . . . that is, between the auctioneer and ourselves . . . finally fell (or rose) to the subject of *women*, during which this crusty auctioneer pronounced his conviction that women were more and more trying to rule the world.

After a rather lengthy discourse on the subject, he rose from his seat and preparing to leave our company expressed this consolation: . . . "but thank heavens none of them will ever want my job."

"Why not?" we asked.

"Well," he explained, "can you imagine a woman standing up in front of a crowd saying 'Now gentlemen, who'll make me an offer?'"

We had to confess, we hadn't thought of that.

### CONFUSION FACTOR

Grinnell College . . . which is out in Iowa somewhere . . . has a magazine (too), in which a few weeks ago the editor ran a copy of *quiz instructions*

which he thought were typical of those being mimeographed on examination sheets. To us, still suffering from the clanks, they struck a familiar note. The instructions ran:

*"Do not write on the examination sheets. Use the special answer sheets, 82 in all. Do not use pen or pencil. Use lipstick. Tests will be graded in a special washing machine. Answer even numbered questions on odd numbered answer sheets and odd numbered questions on even numbered answer sheets."* And about half-way down, *"Now you are half-way through your test. DO NOT STOP. DO NOT DOODLE. DO NOT CARVE YOUR INITIALS IN YOUR HAND. CONTINUE WORKING. ONLY 72 HOURS LEFT. HURRY, HURRY, HURRY."*

The similarity between these instructions and the ones given recently on the Psych 91 final we think is striking.

### FAUX PAS

Standing in line a couple of weeks ago down at the dope shop book store we overheard a facetious male who was in the process of paying for a book, have one of his wise-cracks backfire.

To the salesgirl as she quoted him a price on a particular book, this joker asked, "Won't you take something off for cash?"

Unfortunately he put inflection on the wrong word . . . her response, to say the least, was more than cold.

### BOOK OF THE MONTH

We read somewhere that Sally Rand is writing a book based on her life entitled, "Life With Feather."

We'll go along with the gag by asking why Errol Flynn and Charlie Chaplin don't collaborate and do likewise. They could name theirs, "On Whom The Belles Told."

You can't say we don't try.



# DISCRETION

*By Marilyn Skinner*

FATHER swung open the door and strode in. He was red-faced, having dashed from the car at an almost running pace. The door slammed behind him. "Where's Mother, Sis? Where's—Judith! Judith! Come here! Come here immediately!" He was using his pulpit voice, a roaring one counted on to fascinate and, in some measure, intimidate his congregations.

"What on earth?" said Mother, untying her apron as she entered the parlor. Father sat down on the edge of his favorite chair. He was breathing hard and his nostrils quivered. He waited a moment to catch his breath.

"Great Scott, Judith, the most ghastly thing has happened to me." He shook his head. "Ghastly."

"Not an accident, dear?" Mother wasn't at all excited. She had a nature as undisturbed as a garden pool protected by an armor of sturdy rocks.

"Not an accident. Worse." He paused with a fine sense of dramatic timing, knowing that we awaited his explanation with undivided attention. The room was quiet—quiet and dark, for the lace curtains shut out most of the light. In the silence, the whirr and gong of the mantel clock was a rude interruption. Father's eyes flashed, but he spoke dryly. "I have been saved." His voice rose. "Saved . . . saved by Oldhaizer's Beer and Ale Company."

Mother stopped fanning herself with a handkerchief and stared at him. Her "What!" was barely audible. Father fingered the crocheted doily on the arm of his chair. Our attention was still complete. The flush on his face deepened.

"It all began with those troublesome parking meters downtown, you know.

Illustrated By





# IS BETTER

It seems that while I was talking to Mr. Miller, the time on the meter ran out. I didn't realize it was running out for quite some time, but when I did, I hurried right back—really I did!—but I was too late. Much too late. There Judith, there on the windshield of my car was stuck this huge red thing—this!" He held out a card, not really huge, but impressive enough, on which was lettered in black:

*We saw your time was up—and dropped 5c in the meter.*

*Courtesy of Oldhaizer Beer and Ale Company. Try Our Brew!*

"There's nothing so terrible about that," I ventured.

"You don't understand, Ellen." He ran a slender finger along the carving on the arm of the chair, following it with his eyes. Then he looked at me. "I was humiliated. The car sat on Main Street in full view for at least forty minutes with that monstrosity stuck on it. Right there on Main Street. And no one could mistake our car. Not our car!"

"But, Father..."

"To say nothing of the fact that," he went on, "that for the past three weeks I have been fighting this company's product in our Church Temperance Recital. I have been fighting it in my sermons and in my speeches. We are attempting to have the sale of beer and ale prohibited in this county. And now everyone will know that I, their leader, am indebted to the very company which I have fought against so laboriously."

"Now, Charles," Mother said, putting on her apron and getting up, "you know very well that you would be even more humiliated if you had to stand before a judge in court tomorrow morning, pay a fine, and have your name put on the 'Criminal Offend-

er's' list in the paper. I don't see any point in getting so excited about it."

Father followed her into the kitchen. "It's the principle of the thing, Judith. Here we've been openly fighting this company for weeks. We've gotten many young people to take the Pledge. I've said all manner of things about this local brewery and in return they save me from a fine and a morning in court. Don't you see that I can't accept a favor from them under the present circumstances? You know that I can't!" Mother simply nodded her head.

Dinner was a quiet affair. No one wished to broach the subject of Father's misdemeanor, and nothing else seemed important enough to talk about. Father spent the remainder of the evening in his study. We could hear him crumple his paper and mutter to himself, and occasionally he would pace the floor for several minutes. Then suddenly, his chair would squeak, and he would begin muttering once more. When we went to bed at eleven, there was still a strip of yellow light under his door.

He was pensive at breakfast, and he hurried into the study as soon as he had set down his empty coffee cup. The muttering and floor-pacing of the previous night, however, had given way to a complete, and, to us baffling, silence. The silence permeated the entire house, and was broken only occasionally by the swish of a dusting mop or a clatter of dishes in the kitchen. That is, it was silent until Susan began to practice her lesson. She pounded out her daily exercise every morning, pushing down on the yellowed keys on our up-right piano, and managed to force a ragged tune out of it. She was almost too short to reach the foot pedal and had to stretch for it. Her fingers were short, too, and her chin would jut out

*(Continued on Page 22)*







# WESTWARD, HO!

ON THE first two days of classes after Christmas the engineers took their last treks along the familiar walks leading from the East Campus bus stop to the five old brick buildings housing the College of Engineering on the northwest corner of East Campus. Never again will the engineers be able to slowly walk google-eyed past the Woman's College tennis courts on a hot spring day with the excuse that they are on their way to classes. The men at Duke have lost their last major daytime stronghold on East—the College of Engineering has moved West.

Without fanfare, sections of the College of Engineering began to move into the new Engineering Building

By Al Highsmith

early in December, but classes continued in their regular places until after Christmas. During the Christmas holidays, all of the equipment for the three departments of engineering was moved with the exception of some very large machinery in the mechanical engineering laboratories. This machinery will not be moved until this summer, so some laboratories will continue in the old buildings during the spring term.

When the giant new structure was begun on the drive behind the Chapel on West Campus during the summer of 1946, a storm of protest broke out because the new building was not going to conform to the traditional Gothic

architectural pattern of West Campus. Instead it was to be built of brick trimmed with limestone and was to be of a colonial design. In answer to the protests of students and friends of the university, administration officials explained that Gothic architecture is not well suited to engineering purposes since its irregular outer appearance necessitates small rooms and small windows. Those opposed to the erection of a building of other than Gothic design pointed with fear to the fact that the first building of a non-Gothic design might make the way for more to follow, and, although the building is completed, the fight still rages.

The structure was scheduled for completion during the summer of 1947,



but a late delivery of structural steel delayed completion several months. The building was erected by the J. A. Jones Construction Company, of Charlotte, and the architect was the firm of Horace Trumbauer, of Philadelphia. The Trumbauer firm was the architect for all of the West Campus.

After completion of the building, even the foes of the colonial design agreed that the building was attractive; however it was agreed that it was unfortunate that the building was designed with such large windows in the front below the front ground elevation. This design makes it impossible to have a level yard in front of the building. The floor which appears to be the basement on the front is actually the ground floor on the other three sides of the huge building.

Designed in the shape of a mammoth E, the building is 283 feet wide, with a depth of 152 feet, and actually has three floors counting the floor which appears to be the basement. The attic of the building can be converted into additional serviceable area. The building contains a volume of 1,200,000 cubic feet with a floor space of 70,000 square feet. This is more than twice the combined area of the five buildings on East Campus formerly used by the College of Engineering.

Each one of the three arms of the giant E formed by the building is used by one of the three departments of engineering, while the connecting portion of the building is occupied by administrative offices and general classrooms.

Inside the building are found the most modern facilities available for the teaching of engineering. All of the classrooms, laboratories, and offices are lighted by fluorescent lighting. Only the hallways and the auditorium are lighted by regular incandescent lights. The auditorium, which seats more than two hundred, is lighted with regular

*(Continued on Page 19)*

#### ASBURY

IN PAST YEARS, THIS BUILDING HAS HOUSED MOST OF THE ENGINEERING CLASSES.



#### MARSE JACK

UNABLE TO TAKE IT TO THEIR NEW SCHOOL, THE ENGINEERS FOUND THEY HAD TO LEAVE THEIR BELL UNDER EAST CAMPUS SUPERVISION.



#### LIBRARY IN THE NEW ENGINEERING BUILDING

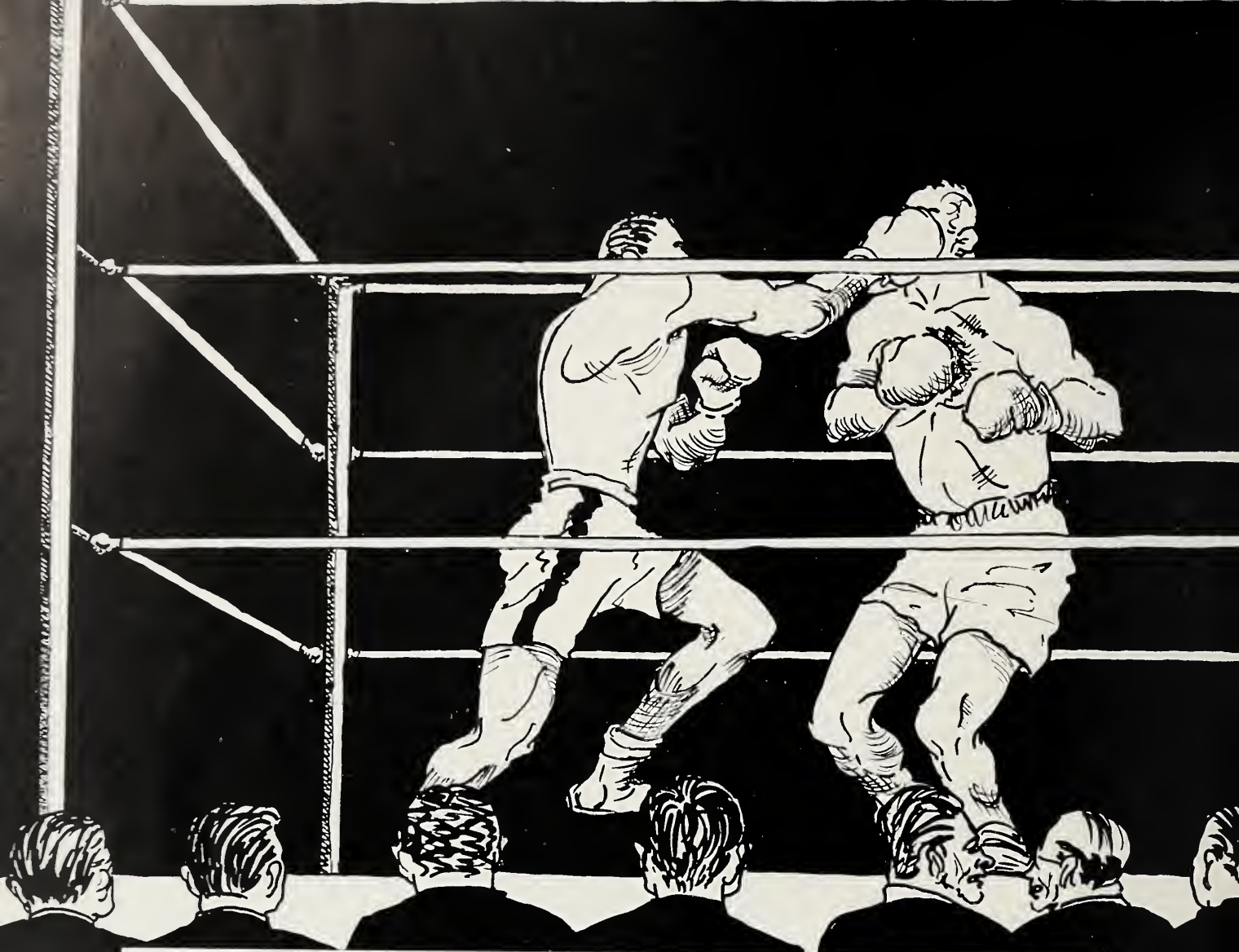
THESE ENGINEERS WASTE NO TIME IN TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE NEW FACILITIES.

#### NEW ENGINEERING SCHOOL

UNLIKE THE REST OF WEST CAMPUS, THE RECENTLY-COMPLETED BUILDING IS MADE OF BRICK AND HAS A COLONIAL DESIGN.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALT WADLINGTON



# LUCK OF THE IRISH

By CLAY FELKER

IT WAS Thursday morning about 10 o'clock when Stan Stephensi climbed into the training ring in Freeman's gymnasium. Crossing over to the opposite corner he stood still while his manager Sam Maxwell slipped in his rubber mouth piece and fastened on his "Everlast" head protector. The bell which rang automatically every three minutes at the gym sounded and Stan turned quickly and shuffled out to the center of the ring and began jabbing at the Negro sparring partner in the ring with him.

Well set-up, with heavy broad shoulders and long, rangy, lean-muscled arms, Stan had been named "Kid Socko" by a ham sportswriter in Ohio a couple of years previous when he unexpectedly flattened a well-known lightweight who was riding the crest of a comeback tour. The nickname

Illustrated By Cile McLean



caught on and Stan was on the way up. Before this Stan hadn't received much attention, having only average success, but since that time he had run up a string of 19 straight wins, 11 of them by knockouts. He was strong, ambitious, and he wanted the light heavyweight title.

Moving in quickly, jabbing, dancing out again, the Kid went through his paces with the slower-moving Negro. Just a few seconds before the end of the third round, the Kid stepped inside and began pumping both hands to his spar mate's heart and stomach, gradually working his way out of the infighting until he slammed a straight right to the Negro's jaw.

The colored boy sagged against the rope and slumped to the canvas, an inert mass of brown sweating flesh. Two trainers carried him from the ring, and the Kid stepped through the ropes and walked over to where his manager was talking with a swarthy, heavy-set man, dressed in a tightly tailored tweed topcoat, double-breasted with obviously well-padded shoulders. As the Kid came up, Sam pulled a cigar from his breast pocket, shucked the cellophane outer wrapper, bit off one end, and fumbled for a book of matches.

Reaching into his pocket, the stocky man pulled out a shiny, gold monogrammed cigar lighter, and handed it to Sam.

"Must have cost you plenty," said Sam, examining the sleek gadget before lighting his cigar.

"Solid gold. Got it at Dunhill's. You know, over on Fifth Avenue. Picked it up for a hundred and a quarter. Pretty nice, huh?" asked the man, reaching out and taking back the lighter.

"You must be rolling in bucks," said Sam. His statement sounded like a question, and his florid fleshy face revealed envy.

"There's plenty around. You just have to know where."

Sam's eyes followed the costly lighter on its path back to the man's pocket. Shifting his gaze he looked up to the Kid who was shadow boxing gracefully.

"Come over here, Stan," yelled Sam. "I want you to meet somebody!"

"This here's Frankie Lobo," said Sam as the Kid came up. "You've heard of him, ain't you?"

"Sure," said the Kid, looking closely at the man. From what he had heard of Frankie he was a known racketeer and strictly an angle man. "You're a gambler aren't you?"

"I do some betting if that's what you mean," said Frankie. "Your boy looks pretty good," Frankie said to Sam.

"Next champ," said Sam. "He won his last five fights in New York by kayo's. I lined up the main bout at Saint Nick's Arena for next Friday night. He should win easy. I'd bet my last shirt, only I've got it on now. If I can scrape up a bill or so, I'll bet it on a knockout."

"I'll get him in six," said the Kid.

"Yeah, the Kid's got a great future in the ring," said Sam.



Frankie Lobo shoved his hands down deep in his topcoat pockets. A smile began to show on his thin, colorless lips. "To tell the truth, that's just what I'd been wanting to talk about . . . the Kid's future."

"So . . ." said Sam warily.

"He's got quite a future if he plays

it smart."

"What do you mean, Mr. Lobo?" said the Kid.

"Forget the mister. I'm just Frankie to my friends, and you and I are going to be good friends. I've got an interest in you." Then turning to Sam he said, "I happen to know that you've been fighting the Kid for a flat rate since you've had him. I guess that what with all the chow he puts away every day and training expenses and all . . . ah . . . well, the old bankroll is pretty weak right now, huh?"

"It could use a transfusion," said Sam.

"Yeah . . . suppose I put a few bills on the fight for you Friday . . . say five . . . the odds are four-to-one, that would give you two thousand. How would you like that?" asked Frankie leaning close to Sam.

"I'd like it fine. Only I never heard that you were going in for good deeds, like a Boy Scout. What's the gimmick?"

"Hardly anything. The Kid here is fighting Tommy Gilligan, a fine Irish lad. Because Saint Patrick's Day comes around soon, I kind of thought it would be nice for the Irish to win. You know . . . luck of the Irish?"

"Yeah, I know . . . Saint Patrick's Day ain't till another two months, and Gilligan's going to need more than Irish luck when the Kid hits him with his right. What kind of a deal is this? Do you think I'd sell out . . . cheap?" Sam didn't even put up a good bluff, realizing that Frankie was talking for a powerful gambling combine, which evidently had bet heavily on the underdog Gilligan, in order to make a killing on the short odds. Frankie was here to make sure the combine's fighter won, and he had money and hired muscles to back him up. Sam was ready to give in.

"It's a deal," said Sam nervously chewing his cigar.

"Like hell it is!" exploded the Kid.

*(Continued on Page 16)*

# S K E T C H E S

by Martin C. Ross

THE 142 students in Prof. Frank Traver deVyver's class in Labor Problems were sitting in various degrees of attentiveness at 8:49 a.m., on the morning of December 20 last semester. Meeting in the amphitheatre of the Science building on East campus, the first 15 rows were paying pretty close attention to a deVyver yarn on settling a strike with the Erwin Cotton Mills local of the United Textile Workers of America (CIO), while the students in the nether area of the huge classroom, were busy working cross word puzzles, reading the sports page, knitting, or sleeping. (It's not that deVyver is a dull lecturer, but in a room that large, vocal sound only travels just *so* far.) Suddenly all heads turned toward the entrance of the room and what to their wondering eyes should appear, but a real live Santa Claus, sans eight tiny reindeer.

Old Santa jingled into the room, walked up to the poised and waiting deVyver ("After you've been teaching Duke Students for 13 years, you're ready for anything!"), and with his false paunch shaking like a bowl full of grapenuts, greeted him with a hearty "Merry Christmas!"

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## DOC DEVYVER --- THERE ISN'T A BLOND ON CAMPUS WHO CAN FOOL HIM!

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"I've got labor troubles," moaned old Santa. "The United Santa Claus' Union, North Pole Local No. 69 is on strike. They want to maintain the traditional wage differential between the North Pole Santa Clauses and the South Pole Santa Clauses. What'll I do?"

deVyver laughed, himself shaking like a bowl full of jelly, and laying his finger along side his nose, he leaned over and whispered to Santa how to solve his labor problems, for which the grateful old boy rewarded deVyver

with a book entitled: "Understanding Economics; A First Course."

Resembling somewhat in physical appearance the late Robert Benchley, deVyver, who is head of Undergraduate Studies in the Economics Department, and Vice President of the huge Erwin Cotton Mills chain, is a cheerful, cigar-smoking, 43 years old. He graduated from Oberlin College, Ohio, in 1926, was married two years later, received his Master's degree from Princeton in 1930, and his Doctor's in 1935. He has taught at Princeton, the University of Virginia, the University of North Carolina, and in 1935 he came to Duke. He has one daughter, 16, who is interested in play production. Like most professors, he has written the usual text books, one of which he uses in his classes.

He belongs to several economic associations (American Economic Association, Southern Economic Association, etc.) and once made the statement that the "poorest paid textile workers earn more than the teachers who teach their children."

We asked him if this statement were still true. "Probably so," he said, "but I'm not sure what the latest figures

are . . . just a minute." Flicking the switch of the complex intercommunication system on his mill office desk, he called: "Harry . . . what is the average hourly rate of our workers?" Harry replied: "Just a minute." Then he reported: "\$1.12, Chief . . . bare minimum of 87c an hour for a 40-hour week."

"Not only is that rate probably more than the teacher's pay, but it is slightly above the southern mill worker's average," claimed deVyver.

He has been known to remark in



class that there are plenty of college students who could do worse than be mill hands at Erwin Mills, and probably will.

It's not that deVyver doesn't have a high regard for the average Duke Student, but as he puts it:

"Some of the students I've had here are worse than I ever had at Princeton, while others are the smartest I've ever taught. It's just like President Few used to say . . . 'If the Lord didn't give them brains, I don't expect the professor to improve on the Lord.'"

"Of course, I've been pretty lucky," he continues. "I've never had to give a required course, and I like all the courses I teach." (Labor Problems-Ec. 155 is his favorite.)

Sometimes he gets discouraged about the average Dukester. "Every morning before class starts, there are usually a lot of students reading the newspaper . . . never the front page, always the sports page. Not that sports aren't interesting and important, but it seems to me that students here aren't quite as aware of the outside world as they are at a school like . . . say Carolina."

"Then, too, it might be a sign of the times. During the depression, everyone was interested in what was going on—it has a more direct effect on their lives. Now that no one has to worry about starving or getting a job they've lost interest."

"And if a student does get worked up about something while in college, that's the best time to go out and crusade. He might as well, after all he'll never get another chance once he goes to work."

On the subject of students' activities in class, he says: "Take a big class like my Labor Problems class with 142 people in it. It's an eight o'clock class and I get a lot of sleepers. I realize they might have been up late working . . . or something . . . but I feel sorry I can't keep 'em awake. It

hurts my pride. I don't hold it against a student if he drops off occasionally, but I get mad when they do it every day."

"I don't mind girls knitting, but I hate to see them chewing gum . . . Just a personal prejudice I guess."



Occasionally, a student or a class will try to pull something on deVyver. deVyver's classes are almost always jammed, and he has to take roll by seat numbers. This irritates him since he likes to get to know students personally and does know a great many. However, because of this system of roll-taking, some students trying to play it cagey will send substitutes to sit in their seats, to avoid using up precious cuts. This trick was attempted recently by a pert brunette coed, who sent a blonde in her place. As soon as the class was seated, deVyver spotted the imposter immediately, and pointing an accusing finger toward the spurious replacement he cried: "I may be old enough to be your father, but I can tell the difference between a blonde and a brunette any day!"

Another instance of student treach-

ery occurred several years ago, when he walked into class on a blizzardy winter day and found all the windows open. One glance at the outdoor thermometer was enough to show that the students had shot the mercury skyward with a match. "Obviously the old freeze-out trick," he thought, and then taking his coat off and remarking on the unseasonal heat, he proceeded to lecture for the rest of the hour while the students shivered and shook in their seats.

Despite these incidents with playful Dukesters, deVyver is highly enthusiastic about the subject of Duke University. "It has real possibilities for further development. The staff is as good if not better than any in the country. I believe in Duke University . . . so much so, that I never want to leave."

A member of the "informal—sugar-coat-it-with-a-corny-gag" school of lecturers, deVyver nevertheless doesn't allow a class to get out of hand, and any student who comes in late is liable to be peppered with caustic barbs of deVyver wit while finding her seat. "Girls are more often late than boys," he says.

Ranking in the ancient Sanskrit class when it comes to being a breathless, all-absorbing subject, economics as taught by deVyver takes on a practical, everyday common-sense air that keeps students interested.

"I try to personalize economics . . . by that I mean show how it applies to everyday life . . . as long as it's on that plane, economics will be interesting."

When it comes to practical application of economics, deVyver is a rarity among the ordinary OPA-schooled American economics teachers. He practices what he preaches in his role as Vice President, Personnel Manager and Director of Industrial Relations for the Erwin Cotton Mills, one of the big-

*(Continued on Page 21)*

# BOOKS

RAINTREE COUNTY By Ross Lockridge, Jr. *Houghton Mifflin Co.* 1066 pages.

MAYBE this book won't squelch all future attempts to write the Great American Novel, but it will certainly eliminate all but the strongest of heart. The jacketblurb tells the reader in no uncertain terms that Mr. Lockridge has spent six years writing and rewriting this "epic novel of heroic proportions." And it is that.

The actual setting of time and place, the springboard as it were, is July 4, 1892, in a makebelieve land called Raintree County, Indiana. Branching from this initial situation are some fifty-two flashbacks—not necessarily in order—covering forty-eight years. These flashbacks are ingeniously connected by what is known as a "pillow" word, that is, a word that exists in the present and in the past and is, therefore, a transition. For instance, an early flashback concerned with the symbolism that is connected with the protagonist's discovery of his own name and in turn with the Raintree (the Tree of Life) is fitted smoothly back into the present as follows:

Then perhaps he could recapture the word which had been from the beginning, which had awakened him from sleep and touched his ears with music and ecstasy, a word that quivered through the grove

AND CAUSED THE TREE TO  
SHIVER AND SEND DOWN  
A RAIN OF YELLOW  
AND UNUSUAL

(new chapter  
DUST bloomed and drifted from  
the President's hooves as the surrey  
drew abreast of the Old Home Place

and went by without stopping. There are over a hundred of these transitions and for the most part they are amazingly successful.

The hero of the book, John Wickliff Shawnessy, besides carrying the duties of a flesh-and-blood protagonist, is at various times connected with Adam, Time's Pilgrim, and Lost Man seeking the Golden Bough, the mystic Raintree. In fact, his whole life (and



the book) can be interpreted on three levels: the actual, the mythical, and the national. Briefly, *Raintree County* is the story of how Johnny Shawnessy grew up in a small Indiana town, how he went to school and in turn became a schoolmaster, how he tried all his life to write the Great National Epic (actually he lives it rather than writes it), how he went off to fight in the Civil

War, how he had many loves and how through them and through all his other experiences he learned to find the goal of his searching that all men strive for, the secret of existence. The place-names found in the book are alone enough to imply their triple meanings: Raintree County (named after a mysterious tree supposedly growing within its boundaries), the National Road, Paradise Lake, Freehaven, Waycross, etc.

At times the character of Johnny becomes typical, no doubt because of the necessity of keeping his figure on three planes at once. But the secondary characters always stand out strongly and clearly. "Perfessor" Jerusalem Webster Stiles, who holds long debates with Johnny and is really his other half (note even the similarity of initials), is perhaps the most successful creation in the book, spouting witticisms endlessly and yet having a tragic side too. There is Nell, Johnny's only true love who waits for him while he is with Sherman's Army until the false news comes that he has been killed and then marries Garwood B. Jones (the living epitome of modern politics) and dies in childbirth. There is Flash Perkins, the fastest man in Raintree County—until Johnny comes along. But the list would be endless.

The story and the characters, however, do not set the book apart. It is the telling.

The reader is conscious of repetitious description. A face at night is always "a pale stain"; a beautiful woman always has her hair pinned back "to show the ears." The words *talismanic*, *memory*, etc., are used endlessly. In the first case, Lockridge is trying to create



—although not wholly successfully—the heroic epithet; in the second, he seems to be making use of “theme” words. Lockridge always seems to know what he is trying to do even if he is not able at all times to do it.

The image of nudity—in connection with woman and also the Land—is more pronounced in *Raintree County* than in any other book this reviewer knows. It is omnipresent in almost every scene in the book.

Another distinguishing characteristic is the use of prose rhapsody not unlike Thomas Wolfe’s. This is undoubtedly the weakest part of the book. Some of these passages are very good and serve their purpose, but some of them are very bad and seem to arise out of necessity of form rather than necessity of feeling. After about two hundred pages of moaning over Johnny Shawnessy’s young wonderings, the reader begins to feel that the thing is being run into the ground with wearied repetition. It is here, if anywhere, that the novel should be cut.

But even if its faults were greater than this, the sheer power underlying the whole book would drag the reader through, willing or no. M-G-M knew the value of *Raintree County*’s storyline when they paid Lockridge \$150,000 for the screen rights, besides subsidizing the book at one dollar a copy.

Despite the use of melodrama and a certain sprawliness of narration at times, most readers will end the book with the feeling that Ross Lockridge has done something far better than what most contemporary writers are doing. Into this *magnum opus* of 1066 pages he has packed the history and legend of America, and yet he has kept the stuffing process from seeming contrived. If it is possible for one book to be called The Great American Novel, it might well be *Raintree County*—or a book just about like it.

By R. D. LOOMIS

FEBRUARY, 1948

## DRIFTWOOD

A piece of wood  
Washed in today  
To leave on the ebb  
And float away.

(The skipper’s son wrinkled his nose.  
“What you tying them knots for, Jim?”)

A piece of wood  
That was the side  
Of a ship or a keg  
Dashed by the tide.

(Jim pointed a many-veined hand.  
“You see where this here net’s broken?”)

A piece of wood  
Upon the sand  
From another shore  
In a distant land.

(The boy watched a man stoop for a shell.  
“Jim, why does he just walk and walk?”)

A piece of wood  
Washed in today  
To leave on the ebb  
And float away.

(Jim twisted his toe in seaweed.  
“Figure some people are like that.”)

Doris Charrier

Prize-winning poem in the recent Chi Delta Phi sponsored literary contest.

# The Irish

(Continued from Page 11)

"Listen, Sam. I'm grateful for all you've done for me, and just as soon as I win the title, we'll both start living like kings. Right now, I'm just trying to win all my fights. What more can I do, Sam?"

"Now look, Kid," said Frankie. "There's a lot of money riding on Gilligan for a knockout tomorrow night. I sure would hate to see you make the boys mad by winning this one from Tommy. It wouldn't set too good, especially with me. No, here's my offer . . ."

"You mean to say you think I'd take a dive. Why, I can blast Gilligan with one hand tied behind me. Listen, Frankie, I'm out to win that title, and I ain't fighting no losing fights, understand!"

"But, Kid," pleaded Sam. "One fight in the bushes won't make any difference. This will give us a stake to train for that big fight. Why don't you do it for your old pal Sam?"

"My old pal Sam, huh?" grunted the Kid. "Well, I can get along without you, and I don't want none of this crook's dirty money neither. Now get out of my sight, before I get mad."

The Kid started moving toward the two men. They began backing toward the doorway, slowly, still arguing with him, their voices gradually growing louder in volume.

"There's nothing to it. All you have to do is pretend like you're hit along about the fifth round and fall down. Nobody will ever know," whined Sam.

"Sure, Kid, you play ball with us, and we'll take care of you the same way later. Just this once. You don't want to wind up just another punk bum do you?" Frankie spit his words at the Kid.

Taking two steps forward, the Kid swung from his heels. A long, looping round-house right caught Frankie high on his left cheekbone, knocking him to the floor. The Kid stood over him with his legs spread wide, waiting for Frankie to get up.

"Okay, so you're getting tough. I can get tough myself," growled Frankie, smoothing his hair, then feeling his cheek. He wiped away a smear of blood from his cut face, looked at it, then at the Kid. The Kid was waiting to punch him again; so he did not say anything. He stood up and started walking to the door, brushing the dust from his flashy topcoat. Sam followed him. Neither of the

men looked at the Kid as they left the gym.

Watching the two men as they disappeared through the doorway, the Kid felt a dark shadow of doubt cloud his mind. It had been too easy. They were not going to let him win, with all that money bet on Gilligan. "I'm just a strong, stupid Pollack," thought the Kid. "They'll catch up with me sure. But I have to win that title."

He thought how his family counted on his winning, and how proud they were. Always bragging around the neighborhood about him. If he won this fight, he would get a chance at the title, and the big money. Then he and Mary could get married, as they had been planning. He couldn't let them down. It was not just he, but so many other people. But, Frankie Lobo and a lot more of his kind had plans. What chance did he have?

Suddenly, feeling a chill, as the perspiration from his workout began to dry and cool on his body, the Kid turned and went to the shower room.

"Maybe a good rubdown and a shower will fix me up," he thought.

"Eat your steak, Son," admonished the Kid's mother, as she sat across the dinner table watching him eat. It was Friday afternoon, and the Kid was

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going to eat an early meal, then take a nap, and walk over to St. Nick's. His three brothers watched him, too. They were eating stew, but he had a big, thick steak. The Kid cut a piece of meat and forked it into his mouth. It tasted like cardboard.

What good would it do? This morning when the Kid came back from Mary's place he saw the car. It was long and black, just like in the "movies." The Kid had never seen the men before, but he knew who they were. They all looked like Frankie Lobo; dark, swarthy faces, and tight, double-breasted topcoats. All were waiting for him.

Right now, they were at the end of the block waiting for the Kid to come out. Well, he was going to take a nice long nap and make them wait some more. The Kid couldn't sleep, though. He kept thinking of those men. What they wanted and how they could get it . . . with muscles. It just wasn't tonight's fight. If he went into the "tank," Frankie and his crowd would hold that over his head. From now on, he would have to throw every important fight Sam arranged. Sure, they would let him win sometime, but not when it counted. He never would win the title, never get to the top, and never buy Mom and the kids all those things that they needed.

In a few years people would become weary of seeing the Kid lose one fight after another, and he would be back fighting preliminaries. Then, would come years as a sparring partner; being used as a punching bag for some up-and-coming champion. At the end, he would be walking around on the back of his heels, hearing bells in his head, and starving. He didn't think much about Mary. She could always find another man, but his family couldn't.

Soon, he got out of bed. He dressed slowly, kissed Mom goodbye, and

started to walk out.

"We'll be right in front," cried Mom. "Sam sent over some tickets. Mary's coming too. We'll be there to see you win."

The Kid slammed the door, walked downstairs, and stepped out onto the sidewalk. He didn't look down the street, but he heard the engine in the car cough to a start. He heard the gears shift, and he heard the squeal of brakes as the car pulled abreast of him.

"Why fight?" the Kid thought. He turned and climbed through the open door of the car.

"Now you're seeing things our way," said one of the men as the car roared up the street toward St. Nick's.

The sharp, tangy smell of arnica and rosin lifted the Kid from his docile daze when he walked into his dressing room. Looking up, he saw Frankie and Sam standing together talking. He began to undress.

"You're smarter than I thought," said Frankie. "All you have to do is fall to your knees in the fifth round when Gilligan swings his right. Sam will give you the signal. Make it look good. We don't want the state boxing commission to hold up the purses. You collect four hundred after the fight here in the dressing room. You understand."

The Kid nodded.

"It'll be okay, Kid . . . One fight more or less. Frankie told me he can fix us up good from now on, if everything goes all right," whined Sam.

"Yeah," said Frankie blowing smoke between phrases, "I can fix you up. Only that punch you gave me will cost you a hundred iron men. My usual price for a main event dive is five bills."

"Okay, let's go," said Sam, after the Kid pulled on his blue satin boxing trunks.

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A huge cheer exploded in the arena when the Kid climbed into the ring. Glancing around him, he saw his family and Mary beaming with pride, near the ringside. The Kid was odds on favorite, and Frankie Lobo and his mob stood to make a fortune by the end of the fifth round.

It all seemed like a confused dream to the Kid: the referee giving them their instructions, the opening gong, the glaring overhead lights, the noisy crowd, and Gilligan's leering, confident smile.

The first two rounds of the fight

were really el stinko. The crowd was riding the two fighters and shouts of "Shall we dance, dearie?" and "Turn out the lights, they want to be alone," and "Rock-a-bye baby" arose from the bored fight fans. In the third, the Kid came out fast and slipped a pair of stinging lefts through Gilligan's defense. Gilligan tried to counter, but the Kid just stuck his glove in Gilligan's face and grated his face with the laces. The referee warned the Kid and they finished off the round dancing cautiously about each other.

Back in his corner, the Kid heard

Sam's worried whisper: "What the hell are you trying to do. Slow down. You're making Gilligan look foolish."

"Take it easy, Sam," said the Kid.

At the gong starting the fourth, the Kid rushed out and tagged Gilligan hard on the chin, driving him back to the ropes with a flurry of lefts and rights. All during the rest of the round, the Kid kept worrying Gilligan with quick, stabbing lefts—obviously setting him up for his right cross. At the end of the round, the Kid walked confidently back to his corner. Waiting with his seconds was a grim-faced thug.

"Don't try that again," snarled the thug in the Kid's ear. "If anything goes wrong in the next round, your old lady and me are going outside for a walk in the fresh air. That's all."

The man climbed down from the ring and sat down next to the Kid's mother. The Kid turned and saw his mother talking to the man. She was smiling. She didn't know who he was.

The warning bell rang ten seconds before the start of the fifth round. After the seconds pulled his stool out of the ring, the Kid looked at Sam for instructions. Sam averted his eyes. The timekeeper hit the gong for the start of the round. The Kid walked out



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slowly. He fainted at Gilligan and moved into a clinch. The referee separated the two fighters.

"Come on, youse guys, mix it up!" yelled the referee.

The two men kept shuffling around, exchanging lefts, then moving away. Out of the corner of his eye, the Kid saw Sam take out a big, white handkerchief. This was it.

He let Gilligan back him into a corner. Gilligan pulled his left to the body and the Kid countered with a sharp, short hook to Gilligan's heart. Gilligan looked surprised at the force of the blow. Then the Irish boy came tearing in, with his arms flailing the Kid. The Kid covered his face with his arms and took the blows. As he moved out of the corner, Gilligan swung his right. The Kid rolled with the punch, absorbing the shock of the blow, then pitched forward on his face. He stuck out his gloves to break the fall.

"I'm not hurt. I'm just lying here faking," thought the Kid. "I could get up and kill that lousy Mick if they'd let me."

The referee bawled, "Ten and out."

The Kid's handlers rushed into the ring to him. One of them whispered, "Take it easy. Don't get up. Make it look good."

He let them lift him to his feet, put his arms around their shoulders for support, and carry him out.

"Sag, Kid, sag," said the one on his right. He sagged.

When they reached the dressing room, Frankie, and Sam were there. Both had fresh cigars in their mouths, and big, broad, satisfied smiles.

Frankie handed him an envelope. "Hang on to that Kid. There's four hundred dollars in it."

The Kid just looked at him.

"Well, I've got to be moving. See you around," yelled Frankie as he

made his exit.

"Can we come in?" It was his Mom and Mary. His Mom had been crying.

"Come on in," murmured the Kid. "I'm sorry I lost. Couldn't help it."

"You slipped," said his Mother. "I saw it. He didn't hurt you, did he?"

"Nah, I'm all right."

"I saw it too," exclaimed Mary. Her voice was pitched too high. It was too shrill. "He slipped. It was plain as day."

The room was dead silent. No one said a word. The smell of sweat, iodine, liniment, and arnica hung heavy in the room. The Kid just sat on the rubbing table with his head bowed. Without looking up, he spoke—not to anyone special, but mostly to himself.

"Yeah, that's the way it was. I slipped."

### *The End*

## Westward

*(Continued from Page 9)*

lights because fluorescent lights come on more slowly than do incandescent lights, and instantaneous lighting is desired so that the room can be used as a projection room for motion pictures and slides. The windows in this room are equipped with special shades so that the room can be made completely dark.

Another feature carried out throughout the entire interior of the building is a unique paint scheme worked out by the DuPont Company to ease eye strain. Instead of the drab colors usually found in classrooms, this system utilizes bright colors scientifically selected to cause the least strain on the eyes of the persons in the room. According to Dean W. H. Hall of the College of Engineering this system is unique and has not been carried out so completely to his knowledge in any building previously.



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Among the special features of the building is included a room fitted with special sound-absorbing walls to prevent echo. This room will be utilized by the shortwave radio station owned by the College of Engineering and used in its instruction. The building also boasts several large, well-lighted drafting rooms, a photographic darkroom, and a room especially equipped for blueprinting.

The Civil Engineering Department, like all of the departments, has increased laboratory space and equipment; but of especial interest is a group of laboratories on the first floor designed to permit special research in the field of civil engineering.

In a small wing at the back right side of the building, the Mechanical Engineering Department will have a fully equipped steam power station containing two steam turbines. This complete power plant will make its own steam while steam for the rest of the equipment in the building will be furnished by the West Campus power plant.

In a twin wing on the left side of the building opposite the wing used by the power plant, will be the Electrical Department's famous man-made lightning generator. The generator, which is the only one of its kind in the South

and one of the few in the world, is used to test electrical equipment for lightning effect. Plans have been completed to increase the power of the generator to more than a half-million volts, capable of making a lightning bolt more than a yard in length and capable of splintering a piece of oak wood.

On the top floor, besides classrooms and drafting rooms, is the engineering library. The library occupies two large rooms and has space for more than twenty thousand volumes in its new home. It is panelled with oak and follows the policy of fluorescent lighting throughout.

Also on the second floor is a lounge for the use of engineering students and office space for engineering student activities such as the *DukEngineer*.

Moving into their new home, the engineers leave behind them many traditions. Ever since the first course in engineering was offered by Trinity College back in 1887, the engineers have gone to classes on East Campus. In 1930, when the rest of Duke's men moved to their new West Campus home, the engineers remained on East. Until the Navy made them move to West Campus shortly before the end of the war, engineers lived in Southgate and Epworth Halls on East Campus. Now even their classes have

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heeded the advice, "Go west, young man."

Behind them they leave the Victory Bell, Marse Jack, which before the war the engineers traditionally rung after every football victory. On the bell they leave numerous coats of paint, for painting the Victory Bell was also a tradition with the engineers.

Most heartbreaking of all (to the engineers) they leave behind them, of course, the girls on East and especially the tennis courts on a warm spring day.

## The End

### deVyver

(Continued from Page 13)

gest cotton textile outfits in the nation. Erwin has a chain of six mills in North Carolina and very few labor problems.

What deVyver preaches is an enthusiastic New Deal version of the Keynesian economic theory. "Don't get me wrong," he says, "I'm not primarily a theorist . . . I have to work too hard to keep up with all of that stuff."

"In 1942 Erwin Mills needed someone who believed in collective bargaining and who would try to make it work. That's me," he says about his mill job.

Known to the workers as "Doc," deVyver seems to have done a pretty good job when it comes to labor relations. For example, he teaches three classes at Duke, all of them on the Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday routine. The local unit of the United Textile Workers of America (CIO) in a co-operative gesture, never brings their grievances to him on those days—instead waiting for Monday, Wednesday, or Friday to air their gripes and hold their arbitration cases. Relations are so good in fact, that he regularly has the local and state union leaders come in and speak to his classes. During these talks, it is customary for the labor leaders to look to deVyver for corroboration on some point with a "How 'bout that Doc . . . that right?"

Once during a short strike at the Durham mill, Doc and one of the other vice presidents went outside to the picket line and pitched horseshoes with the strikers, and made arrangements to provide electricity for the tent headquarters of the strikers. "Nobody was really mad . . . just one of those strikes . . . both sides just wanted to flex their muscles," said deVyver.

Obviously sidestepping any definite prediction on when the next depression will hit America, deVyver diplomatically butters his bread on both sides with this statement: "If we don't get some control over inflation, we certainly will have another depression . . . but when it comes to setting a date for the depression, well, that reminds me of the story about the athlete and the Phi Bete."

This story, which he tells in class about once a semester concerns the foot-

ball player and the Phi Bete who were sitting side by side, taking a final examination. A few days after the test, the athlete and his coach were called into the Dean's office, where the griddier was accused of copying his answers from the Phi Bete's paper. "Look at those two papers," cried the Dean. "They're exactly alike!" The coach examined the two tests which were on the Dean's desk and sure enough the first nine questions were similar—word for word, but on the tenth question the Phi Bete had written, "I don't know," whereas the athlete had written the words, "I don't know either."

"Well," says deVyver, leaning back in his chair and affably exhaling smoke and pointing with his cigar. "That's just the way it is with me when it comes to setting a date for another depression . . . I don't know either."

## The End



## Discretion

(Continued from Page 7.)

and her forehead wrinkle as she attempted to coordinate the fingering and pedalling. "One and two and three and four and," she counted, "pause, pause—one and two and three and four" and so it went. Frequently Susan struck a wrong note. To be certain that it was wrong, she would strike it again.

"That's supposed to be 'C,' not 'B,' Susie!" I would shout.

"It is not!" She'd say vehemently. "C?"

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"Yes!" Timidly, then with more assurance, she hit "C," and played on. About this time, Father thrust his head around the archway of the parlor.

"Susan, could you please stop for a minute?" Susan had just reached the cuckoo's part in "The Clock Shop," and I visualized the poor bird, mouth open, wings fluttering, waiting for Susie to make him chirp. "Where's your Mother?"

"In the kitchen," we chorused. He seemed to be excited, but pleased, and ran impatient fingers through his graying hair. Mother came into the room just then, probably to find out why Susan had not made the cuckoo clock chime.

"I've solved my problem, Judith. I've written to that beer company."

"Is that what you've been doing all this time? I thought you were working on Sunday's text."

"That can wait. Listen." He raised the window shade, unfolded a small white paper and began:

*Dear Sirs:*

*Yesterday I discovered that your company had saved me from parking overtime in the business section of our town. I wish to thank you, and I enclose five cents, which I believe was the amount of money put forth. You will understand this rather unusual ac-*

*tion by virtue of my calling.*

*Yours sincerely,*

*Reverend Charles W. Cummings*

"What do you think of it?"

"It is a masterpiece, Charles," said Mother dryly. "Send it if you wish, but I think it highly unnecessary, and they are going to be most amused."

"A matter of honor, Judith. Of principle." He sent the letter that afternoon—on a Tuesday, I believe. We thought no more of it for the next two days, for parsonage life went on as usual. The Gleaners' Class met at our home with the local W.C.T.U. on Wednesday afternoon, and the ladies discussed temperance, Demon Rum, and the decadence of the younger generation among other things; but no one mentioned Father's little incident, causing us to decide that, luckily, no one had heard of it.

On Thursday, however, a stranger cut across our lawn and started up the walk. I was sitting in the porch swing doing some mending and was able to get a good look at him before he reached the door. He was young, or fairly so, and the first noticeable things about him were a cream-colored shirt and a flamboyant tie. He was swinging a black something in his hand. "Hey, Sis! Is this where Dr. Cummings lives?"

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"Yes it is, but he's not at home right now." I jumped out of the swing and left it squeaking while I went to the screen door. "My Mother is in, though. Would you like to see her?"

"Yeah, I guess that'll do." He came in and sat on the edge of the glider. It was a sultry afternoon, one of the kind when the heat seems to have melted everything into a dissolved state somewhere between solid and liquid, and when he sat down, he loosened his tie and mopped his forehead.

When I returned with Mother, he stood up. "Mrs. Cummings, I'm from the *Daily-Tribune*—uh," he chuckled, "you probably could guess that. Anyhow—well—I don't quite know how to approach this, but we'd like to do a story on your husband."

"How nice," Mother murmured. "On his recent Temperance Revival movement, I suppose."

"Well, sort of. Oh—the story came to us that Dr. Cummings recently returned a nickel to the Old—"

"Oh that." Scornfully. Then, she took more interest. "You want to do a story on *that*?"

"Well, we thought it would be sorta nice for the Sunday Section. Personal angle, different, and all that."


A twinkle appeared in Mother's eye, and for a moment, a malicious smile wavered on her lips, but was replaced by a more dignified expression. "I think we might arrange it, young man." Her twinkle deepened. She talked with the reporter a long time, and after he had gone, she took Susan and me into her confidence. We were not to say anything at all to Father about the proceedings, but she said that caution on our part would be rewarded with "amusing fireworks," as she put it.

The reporter saw Father later, and he explained that he wanted to do a feature story about him. Since the Temperance Revival was uppermost in his mind at the time, Father assumed

that the story had to do with that . . . particularly since the reporter asked him many questions about it. Steve, the reporter, returned the next morning and took several pictures of Father, dressed in his best suit, in various stances of oratory. An especially impressive one was taken of him in the pulpit with the light from the window making silver of his hair and chiselled marble of his features. Steve and Father became good friends easily. Father discovered church affiliations and discussed temperance with him. Steve, in turn, answered questions about newspaper work, although, as he explained, he was only a beginner. Father expressed his joy at having such interest exhibited in his work and was frankly delighted with the publicity he was getting. He wore a broad smile at all times, but we were more impressed by the twinkle in Mother's eye.

It was warm and sunny when we left church on the following Sunday. The organist was still playing the postlude—a vigorous semi-march—and the peals of music put gaiety and life into the very air. White-gloved ladies in flowered-silk gowns chatted with Father as they stood in front of the church on the shaded walk. The last chord on the organ roared, dwindled to a single

quavering note, and then was silent. "So nice, Dr. Cummings," someone murmured, as sedans pulled away from the curb, men in the front seats and the plump matrons sitting primly in the back. It was a dreamy day, with a sun bright enough to pale somewhat the yellows, reds and greens of the stained glass windows. We waited for Father to finish talking, and at last we strolled off toward home. I felt a sort of nervous apprehension. I could see that Mother also did, for the twinkle had gone. What would Father do when he discovered the article? We had never teased him before. Father sim-

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ply wasn't the sort of person that one teased. He was always pleasant, but he had no sense of humor. I remembered his indignation at the practical joker who once put pepper in some chocolate candy at a Sunday-school party. And his natural pride, his sensitiveness. I remembered all this with a tingle of anticipation that bothered me on our walk home and only intensified itself in the parlor. Why did he take so much time in reading the papers? He had stretched out in his chair, propped be-slipped feet on the hassock and then yawned before he even picked up the *Tribune*. He was deliberately postponing reading the feature section, saving it for last as a child saves the frosting on a cake.

Susan was setting the table. Only the metallic click of silverware and the swish of turning paper disturbed our silence. Mother was almost too quiet in the kitchen. Usually the banging oven door, running faucet, and humming mixer gave promise of dinner, but we could now detect it by only a slight scent of roast beef. As Father passed the sports section, he suddenly saw his story. There it was: "Temperance Leader Pays Debt to Local Brewery." The picture of him standing in the pulpit was placed directly

above it. "Great Scott," he said quietly. Then, "Great Scott! Judith! Did you know about this?"

"Please, Charles — the neighbors," Mother admonished.

"The neighbors will know soon enough. Great Scott! They can read, can't they?" He looked at Mother and then carefully at us. "Judith, Ellen knew about this, didn't she? And Susan, my baby Susan. My own family will see me disgraced before thousands of readers as a laughing-stock. What can a man do when his own family is fighting him? This was the last thing in the world that I wanted published. What will my congregation think? Especially after my sermon this morning."

"It was a fine sermon, Charles, and if you'll just read the whole article, you'll find out that they gave some good publicity to your Drive. Mighty good publicity." She pointed the spoon she held toward the paper he had flung on the floor. "Pick it up and read the whole thing . . . Please, dear." Father, with a stiff air, picked up the paper and sat down with it in his lap. He

stared ahead of him with a martyr-like expression. "Please read it, dear, please."

He sighed.

"Charles."

He unfolded the paper, rattled it, and began to read. Mother returned to the kitchen, and peered into the oven. Susan was placing glasses on the table and glanced at me accusingly. I knew I should help her, but watching Father was much too fascinating an occupation to leave.

"Did you read it, Charles?" Mother entered the living room.

Father grunted in reply. Mother looked at me with something like despair.

Suddenly he looked at the paper again. "You know, that's not at all a bad picture of me. Not at all." He nodded his head slightly and smiled. Musingly, "I wonder if we should advertise our next meeting? Perhaps we could draw a crowd."

I looked at Mother. The twinkle in her eye had reappeared.

***The End***

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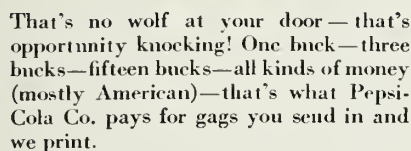
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Father—the kin we love to touch.

Zebra—a Sing-Sing mule.

Nectar—pre-Pepsi-Cola Pepsi-Cola.

Twins—insult added to injury.

★ ★ ★

*Look, all you have to do is write these. We have to read 'em. Even so, we'll pay a buck apiece for the ones we buy.*

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At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

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Here are the rich kids who latched onto Easy Money for cartoon captions and ideas in the October contest: \$15.00 to *Herbert John Brammeier, Jr., of St. Louis Univ.*; \$5.00 to each of the following: *Katherine Meland of Syracuse Univ.*; *David S. Steiner of Carnegie Tech.*; and *John French of Hotchkiss School.*

## HE-SHE GAGS

Old Phineas T. Barnum must have had us in mind when he said there's one born every minute. In the October contest, we sent three fish apiece to *E. J. Maines of Knoxville, Tenn.; Ned Curran of Fordham University; Melvin Harrison of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Paul Pavolon, of Madison, Wis.; and Francis J. Chupa of Philadelphia* respectively for the following gems:

He: What's your favorite hymn?

She: Why, you, silly!

He: May I kiss you?

She: (Silence).

He: May I please kiss you?

She: (More silence).

He: Say, are you deaf?

She: No, are you paralyzed?

**She:** Your head is like a doorknob.

He: How come?

She: Any girl can turn it.

He: I have a friend who always drinks  
Pepsi-Cola with a straw.

She: That's silly—who ever heard of a straw drinking Pepsi-Cola?

She: I'm getting worried about my husband. I sent him out for a Pepsi-Cola two weeks ago and he hasn't come back yet.

He: That is a problem.

She: Yes, I need the Pepsi-Cola.

*Yep, three bucks apiece for any of these we buy. What are you waiting for?*

## LITTLE MORON CORNER

How do you write a moron gag? Just put yourself in a moron's place and listen to the things you say. Here's the masterpiece that corralled a dence in the October contest for *M. M. Mitchell of Austin, Texas*:

**Muffinhead Moron**, the man with the mind of a midge, was found sitting on

the curb, exhausted, begging plaintively for a Pepsi-Cola. When asked why he was so bushed, he replied, typically: "I just walked through a screen door and *strained myself!*"

*\$2, cash money, for every moron gag we buy. With your contacts, how can you lose?*



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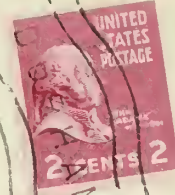
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# This Month

## The Saytan Saga . . .

R. D. Loomis continues his cycle of stories about Saytan, Ohio, which he has been doing for the creative writing class, with "You're Crazy," a somewhat humorous tale which makes use of Freudian symbolism in its most ridiculous aspect.

This is the second of the cycle, which already includes five stories, all about smalltown people in the Midwestern state. The characterization of Andy is perhaps skimpy, but adequate, inasmuch as the important figures in the story are the strange and curious ladies. Loomis has created a good atmosphere which fits precisely the theme and setting. (His hometown: Plain City, Ohio.)

## That "Guy" Again . . .

Guy Davenport's "In the Juvenescence of the Year" (a line from Eliot's "Gerontion") is about South Carolina mill people. He uses a series of monologues to tell his story, a story which he swears is humorous. It is—also—part of a cycle. The title doesn't exactly fit the story (in mood and style), but Davenport refuses to change it. The thing itself, however, is marvelously done and reveals a remarkable insight into his characters—and an ability to portray it.

A good criticism would be that the story is carried too far and that it should end about two-thirds of the way through.

Guy also did the book review of Steinbeck's *The Pearl*. He attempts an evaluation of this controversial work.



## Timely . . .

Marcia Norcross' "Spring Thaw" belongs to the Caldwellian school of folksy, sardonic humor. It is completely bare of sentimentality and may sound preposterous to some readers. The situation, however, is common enough. We'll vouch for it.

## Books . . .

John Steinbeck's most recent work *The Pearl* has aroused much controversy since it first appeared in the *Woman's Home Companion* three years ago. In this issue Guy Davenport in evaluating the story labels it as insincere, foolish, and unsubtle.

In support of his condemnation, Guy examines the plot and its treatment and explains how Steinbeck loses himself in an undeterminable ramble on the discovery of a valuable pearl by a poor Mexican Indian.

Joining other literary critics who believe that Steinbeck has fallen down in *The Pearl*, Davenport adds the criticism that the story's characters are not only way too few but are woefully underdeveloped.

We understand that the story is now being filmed. Perhaps Hollywood will correct the deficiencies which Guy and other critics have recognized.

## Shades Of Mississippi . . .

Although the cover may bear some faint resemblance to the battered boat floating listlessly on the pond out at Crabtree, we wouldn't want you to be more than temporarily misled. The truth of the matter is, Walt Wadlington, our ready and able staff photographer, took this picture near his home in Mississippi. We think it's pretty good. We almost wish we were there ourselves.

## First Monther . . .

Quay Grigg's "The Gift" is his first story to be published in *The Archive*. It was written for Mrs. Bevington's English 104, and is considered one of the finest stories to turn up there this semester. It is simple, direct, and has a keen grasp on the situation, which, in other hands, could easily have been ruined by overwriting. Quay, however, has written his story with admirable skill.

## Sketches . . .

Our sketch this month is of Dr. Von Beckerath, a professor of economics and political science whose reputation is well established not only at Duke but throughout the country. The sketch casts an interesting light on his successful career.

## Poems---Or What Have You? . . .

Last but not least, we'd like to remind you to take a look at the poems on page 11 and 16. All three, by Guy Davenport, Phylliss Bishop, and Joan Angevine respectively, were written in Dr. White's verse-writing class and have acquired the hard-won approval of that group.

# SCRAPS FOR THE LITERATI

By R. D. LOOMIS

## GREENSBORO GATHERING

Every spring, come this time, students from all over the South flock to the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina at Greensboro for the annual "Arts Forum." This year it was held on March 11, 12, and 13; and the main fields under consideration were creative writing, choreography, and music.

Hundreds of MSS. were submitted to a committee of readers at the Woman's College, and out of these, some twenty-five or so were chosen and published in the college literary magazine *Coraddi*. They were then discussed at the Writing Forum on March 11.

Duke was well represented by the creative work of five of its students. Four poems written by Dukesters were selected: Joan Angevine's "The Apple Tree," Guy Davenport's "The Fox," and Ed Hautamaki's "All Paths Lead Home," and "Incantation."

Two short stories were chosen: Guy Davenport's "Lucullus Has Accom-

plished Much," and R. D. Loomis' "the won and ownly."

Jane Fahnstock also had an oil painting on exhibition at the Weather-spoon Gallery.

The critics on the panel of the Writing Forum were John Crowe Ransom, poet, teacher, critic, and editor of the *Kenyon Review*; Isaac Rosenfeld, short-story writer, novelist, critic, and holder of a Guggenheim Fellowship; and Randall Jarrel of the Woman's College.

## TWO MORE

Frances Gray Patton, wife of Dr. Lewis Patton of the English department here at Duke, has had two more short stories published in recent *New Yorker's*, "And Hearts in Heaven," and "The Finer Things in Life."

## PASSING THROUGH

Mac Hyman and Bill Styron, two of the best writers to attend Duke in recent years, spent several days here the first of March. Both are now living in New York and are studying

there in Hiram Hayden's novel-writing course at the New School. Mr. Hayden is now editor of Crowell Publishers.

PAGE 49 OF '48

Mrs. Helen Bevington, who teaches creative writing at Duke and whose book of light verse, *Dr. Johnson's Waterfall*, came out last year, has a poem, "Mr. White of Selborn" (Gilbert, that is), published in the March issue of '48.

## ON SECOND THOUGHT

"When W. Somerset Maugham was asked to select and edit the ten best novels in world literature, he thought at once of Balzac, Dickens, Tolstoi, and Dostoevski."

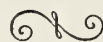
—*Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1947.

"When W. Somerset Maugham was asked to select and edit the ten best novels in world literature, he thought at once of Stendhal, Dickens, Tolstoi, and Dostoevski."

—*Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1948.

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# The ARCHIVE

*A Monthly Magazine Published by the Students at Duke University,  
Durham, North Carolina*

VOL. 61

No. 5

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*Cover Photograph by Walt Wadlington*

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them. The names and descriptions of all characters in the fiction of this magazine are fictitious. Any resemblance to any person or persons is not intended and is purely coincidental.

Notice of entry: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized December 4, 1924." Entered as second-class mail matter at the Post Office at Durham, N. C.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A COPY: ONE DOLLAR, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR

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MARCH, 1948

# TIGHT SPOTS

AND HOW TO GET OUT OF 'EM

The little boy was complaining to his mother how his teacher was always asking foolish questions. "To-day," he said, "she asked everybody in the class to tell where they were born!"

His mother replied that he certainly must have known the answer to that question . . . the Woman's Hospital.

"Betcha life I knew!", answered the little boy, "but I didn't want the whole class to think I was a sissy. I said the Yankee Stadium."



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Submitted by Mike Mieczkowski  
Box 5266

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## Banter

WE WAITED all winter long for spring vacation to get here, and now, with our hardly knowing it, it's come and gone . . . just like last year, and the year before, and the year before that. We went to New York, we went to Daytona, and we went to Miami. We wore our seersuckers and our white buckskins and we lay out on the beach and just didn't care. We even wore sport shirts on our dates, and we forgot the purity lights, and the curfew, and often ourselves. It was fun every way you look at it, and even if we did come back broke down to our last bus token, it was worth it.

But now the last mile in another school year looms again . . . with only petty politics, a few dances in a hellishly hot gymnasium, and exams remaining. But we won't think about that. We'll act oblivious to it all and crowd in as many cabin parties, convertible rides, and Gate 1 *soires* as our conscience will allow.

And sometimes the edicts of our conscience are quite unpredictable.

### MIRACULOUS DECEPTION

We've tried to avoid all year long saying anything about the new look, but we encountered something the other night that makes imperative our bringing the issue to print.

It seems we were attending a dinner party in town, and the house in which we were being entertained was arranged on various floor levels. Well anyway, one of the ladies in our party had come equipped with all the paraphernalia necessary in achieving the new look, and every time we moved from one floor level to the next this young lady had to walk up or down the stairs *sideways*, sort of crab fashion. We were embarrassed to such an extent that we are taking this space to air our feelings on the matter.

Frankly we don't know whether woman is trying to usurp man's position in the world or whether she is merely conducting some insidious form of psychological warfare. In either event, we think she is being a nincompoop.

Not so long ago she was starving

herself to death trying to remove one inch from her waistline and now she blithely turns around and adds an additional two feet of padding which totally rids herself of any trace of a good figure she might have had in the first place.

But this hasn't been enough. She further camouflages herself with a ten-inch hemline, black stockings, bustles, lop-sided hair-dos and ballet slippers, thereby removing every vestige of former curvaceous attraction she once possessed.

But all this complaint is useless so we'll stop.

### RECIPROCITY

What with fashion on our mind, we might as well pass on to the men some suggestions as made by one Gloria Swanson, actress.

Commenting recently on her opinion of men's wearing apparel, Miss Swanson suggested that men too should acquire a new look. This could be done, she advised, by wearing garters, letting the hair grow, using cologne after shaving, manicuring the nails, wearing evening clothes more often, and wearing braces instead of belts.

Miss Swanson went on to say that men didn't try to please the women, and that more consideration was due the weaker sex than was being shown.

Our most immediate reaction . . . foocy.

### SELECTED ASSEMBLY

One man came into the office a few days ago to see if we would run a story he had just written. He handed the manuscript to one of us for an opinion and after we had read a couple of pages or so he said, "Oh, here's another page."

"That's all right. We haven't gotten to that part yet."

"What do you mean. It's the first page," he said.

The story appears in this issue.

# YOU'RE CRAZY

BY R. D. LOOMIS



"WHAT? What was that?" Edna Simpson, looking very much like a hen, cocked her head pertly to one side, jiggling a loose bit of skin on her neck, almost like a comb.

"I said," repeated Andy, "Edgar A. Guest is *not* a major American poet."

Mrs. Simpson fluttered in her chair, palms up in faint protest.

"Why . . . why," she said, "you see him printed every day—in practically any paper you pick up."

"Uhh." He grunted softly and pushed back into his chair.

Milicent Jackson, Andy's aunt, rolled herself forward and stood up. She smoothed her skirt front nervously.

"We must be going, Edna."

"Why, it's early yet," said Mrs. Simpson as she and Andy got up also.

"Really, we must," his aunt said,

but she sounded as if she wanted to talk about it.

"Maybe you'd like something to drink? End the evening right, I always say."

"Well . . . Andy?" his aunt questioned, turning to him.

"Department of Foolish Questions," he said.

Mrs. Simpson leaned towards him eagerly.

"What would you like?"

"Remember that stuff you had when I used to visit here? It must be more than a year ago."

"Gin probably—with sugar, lemon, and so on?"

"Yes, that's it." He looked at his aunt.

"Doesn't make any difference to me," she said.

"Gin it is, then," said Mrs. Simpson, already moving towards the kitchen.

Andy followed with his aunt. Mrs. Simpson started clucking an impromptu song as she waddled into the dark kitchen and snapped on the light. She was a short, chunky little woman, and Andy always thought she looked as though she had just got off a cross-country bus.

He walked across the floor and leaned against the sink, while his aunt pulled out one of the white enameled chairs and sat down.

"Where do you intend to go to school this fall, Andy?" Mrs. Simpson asked as she busied herself with bottles, ice, sugar, and lemons.

Illustration by  
FLETCHER PROCTOR





"That's the pot talkin' about the kettle, ain't it?" Elmo said.

"Duke."

Mrs. Simpson poured four jiggers of gin into a tall silver shaker.

"That's nice," she said vacantly. He wished he'd mentioned Amboy U. instead, just to see if she'd have answered the same.

"Edna," his aunt said suddenly, "where did you *ever* get that beautiful shaker?"

"This?" The question was an excuse for holding it up. "You mean to say I've never told you where this came from?"

"I don't believe—"

"Why," bubbled Mrs. Simpson, "I was sure everybody in town must know about it by this time."

"Now, it couldn't be that good."

"Oh-ho, you don't think so?" She put the top on the shaker and began jerking it as she talked. Her whole

body quivered.

"You remember Mad Mary Parks, don't you? And that party she gave just about a month before she jumped off Charlie Heaven's roof?"

"Vaguely."

"You will excuse my ignorance," Andy said in a dignified voice, "being a stranger in the land. . . ." He had newly moved to this town of Saytan less than two weeks before, and had accepted Edna Simpson's invitation to come over for the evening with his widowed aunt because there was nothing else to do.

"Mary Parks," his aunt explained, "was the daughter of old G. B. Parks. They used to live where Charlie Heaven lives now. Mary was crazy. They sent her to a sanitarium outside of Columbus but the sanitarium let her

come home after about a year. Then one day she upped and jumped off the roof."

"That's nice," Andy said.

"Well, anyway," continued Mrs. Simpson, "she gave this party just after she come home and, of course, she invited all of us—Milly, now that I think about it, weren't you visiting your mother in Ashtabula?"

"Yes," his aunt said slowly, "I remember something like that now."

"I should think so," said Mrs. Simpson, her voice jiggling with the shaker, which was rapidly covering with a frosty condensation. "We talked about it for weeks."

"I think that stuff is about ready now," Andy ventured.

"What?" She laughed childishly.

(Continued on Page 17)





*The  
Gift*



"CHRISTMAS gift!" they say as they come in the door.

They all come in, forming a little group. By the time all are in and the door, loose on its hinges, has been carefully closed by setting a chair in front of it, some have reached the bedside across the cold dark room.

"How are you feeling?" they ask.

But as they come there is no answer, audible or visible, from the depths of the dirty, frayed quilts piled high on the bed. Then the answer comes without a word, but with a swelling quiet sob as the quilts are pulled over the old yellowed face and it is hidden. In the empty room she is alone with the visitors who are now scraping chairs across the floor to sit near the small fire which burns in the grate at the other end of the room from the bed. They have all gone to the bedside to speak, but she does not know for her head is buried far beneath many quilts and she can not hear.

The muffled sobs die out and the head reappears. Sounds which are not formed into words echo about in the hollow throat until she can control her muscles.

"It's been an awful afternoon," she says slowly.

"We brought you a present, Aunt Rosa."

She nods to say thanks but makes no move.

"Where's Edwin?" asks the fat old woman who sits with her feet stuck close to the small fire.

"He just left to go get me some tablets. He—"

A stab of pain stops the flow of words; she gasps.

"He will be back in a little while."

"Have you had a bad afternoon?" asks the woman sitting close to the bed in a broken rocking chair.

The answer is silent assent.

Illustrated by  
BOB PARKS

"Would you like to open your Christmas present?"

Vaguely the arm moves under the heavy cover.

"I'll open it for you. It's bath powder."

"Thank you, Martha. I'll—"

The words trail off into a silence which sobs back and forth across the room. The face disappears under the quilts again. Gradually it comes back into view.

## By QUAY RIGGS

"I'd like to see the baby," she says.

"Billy, come over here and see Aunt Rosa. Come on."

The boy is afraid. He clings to his mother, who tries to put him on the floor.

"Go on. Tell Aunt Rosa what Santa Claus brought you this morning."

Whimpering, he clings to her.

"He's afraid of you because you are in bed," his mother says. "He's always been afraid of anybody in bed."

"Billy," they coax, "if you come see Aunt Rosa she will give you a piece of her candy. Come over here and sit in my lap so she can see you."

Hesitantly the boy slips around the big rocking chair filled with fat woman and runs toward the bedside chair. They fumble in a jar of mints, still with its cheap Christmas wrapping around it, and give him one.

"Tell Aunt Rosa what Santa Claus brought you now."

But the boy is scrambling from the woman's lap; he runs back to his mother and hides his head as if afraid to look.

"Why don't you chunk up the fire a little?" says the large woman sitting in the rocker by the bed. She pulls her thick coat closer around her shoulders and buttons it. "It's awful cold

back here."

A man sitting beside the grate punches fitfully at the coal embers, but little more heat results.

"They're going to take me to the hospital tomorrow," says the sobbing sick woman in the bed.

"Which one?"

"Laurens, I guess. That's where I was this fall. And I don't guess I'll ever come—"

There is a jerking halt and the sounds again echo about in her throat unable to form words. The room itself with its dingy lace curtains and battered window shades pulled low seems to pulse with her sobs in a low harmony.

The scraping of the chair holding shut the door heralds a new arrival. A red-faced, big-nosed man comes through the doorway and stands, a fixed grin on his face.

"Well, how are you all?" he says. "I'm glad you came. Mama's been pretty bad today."

He turns toward the bed and says fast: "You know every drug store in town is closed today? Sure does look like they would stay open to let people have medicine. Folks are sick on Christmas Day just like any other day."

"If you'll call Dr. Bishop he'll come up and let you in."

"Well, she's got to have some more of those pills before long. She's been suffering all day long."

He too drags a straight rough chair from a cold corner and settles into it.

"You know, Mama ain't been able to eat anything since day before yesterday," he says. "She just drinks a little milk now and then."

His chair is tilted sideways against an old low dresser, which is covered with white and clear bottles of all sorts and two portrait frames. As he leans back the wobbly legs of the dresser cause the bottles to clink like sleigh bells in the dreary room.

(Continued on Page 21)



## Dr. Von Beckerath

IN A DISCUSSION of politics or economics with Prof. Herbert Von Beckerath, one doesn't get down to brass tacks—the phrase is “fundamental concepts.” Not that Duke's Prussian-born professor of economics and political science confuses the issues with a lot of polysyllabled double-talk; he doesn't. As a matter of fact, his speech is sprinkled freely with an amazing amount of campus-fresh slang.

More than one Dukester has been surprised to hear this famed educator come out with a “hep” or a “socko” or some other esoteric American word in his lectures on Monopolistic competition, or Socio-politics or any of the other courses he teaches. Actually, this assimilation of slang into his learned discussions of political economy is merely a reflection of alert and penetrating mind of one of the best known living men in instruction of economic relations and related fields.

Despite the fact that his courses often

seem to be the constant application of the “fundamental concepts,” to the current news events, Von Beckerath occasionally refers to himself as a “19th Century” man . . . this may be true in regards to his basic philosophy of life, but physically he is in pretty good shape. A 6' 3" 255 pound giant (“I was 6' 4" but I shrank,” he says), he is active and vigorous at an age (62) when most consider retiring. This is even more amazing considering the fact that he was in constant poor health during his childhood, so much so that he contracted tuberculosis twice, not arresting it until the middle 1920's.

Aside from a limp which resulted from the inflammation of the sciatic nerve, his health now is unimpaired, and even the recent winter's snow and ice failed to keep him from meeting his classes.

Born in April of 1886, the son of a silk manufacturer in Krefeld, Prussia, Von Beckerath grew up virtually on the banks of the lower Rhine, and entered Bonn University in 1905 to study law. Studying law both at Berlin University and Bonn, he received his degree in 1909, at which time he went to Berlin and practiced in the courts for a year. At the end of this year, he took up the study of economics at Freiburg University, where he received his Doctor's degree in that subject in 1911. Until 1914 he worked with the National Confederation of German Industries and the Central Association

of German Industries (organizations which correspond generally to the National Association of Manufacturers and the U. S. Chamber of Commerce) learning the trade of the practical economist.

In 1914 he was installed as academic lecturer of political economy and finance at Freiburg University, where he stayed until he entered the Army in 1915. In 1916, the German silk industry went through channels and secured him as chairman of the silk industry war board, and general manager of the industry itself. He served in this capacity until 1919 at which time he returned to Freiburg to teach . . . being made a full professor. He also taught at Karlsruhe and Tubingen and Bonn, where he was director of the Institute of Social and Political Economy.

During the 20's and early 30's Von Beckerath was constantly travelling and lecturing throughout Europe and in 1926 he came to the United States for the first time.

An accomplished linguist, he can not only speak fluently German, French, English, Spanish, Italian, and Dutch, he has written books in three of these languages.

In the summer of 1932 he conducted a round table at the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, Mass., previously having been sent by the Weimar Republic government of Germany as a representative to the League of Nations in

# SKETCHES

*By Clay Felker*



an international economic conference.

However, in 1933 the grapevine carried the word to Von Beckerath that the Nazi's were about to crack down on him and he began to make arrangements to get out of the country.

"I was warned," he relates, "to make my lectures more acceptable to the National Socialists, but I continued to teach as I taught before."

"I taught nothing about the master race, and I said, that in order to continue and prosper, Germany would have to fit in with the community of nations. Of course, my old fashioned liberal ideas were contrary to those of the Nazi's and I had to get out."

"My good friend Professor Shul-pater of Harvard arranged for me to teach at Bowdoin College, and I came over here as a visiting professor in 1934."

Teaching at Bowdoin for a year, Von Beckerath then came to North Carolina on a joint professorship for Duke and the University of North Carolina. At Chapel Hill he met Gelda H. Elliott and in 1937 they were married. After a honeymoon in Germany, where Von Beckerath visited his two brothers (both still living) they returned to the U. S. and in 1939 he was made a naturalized citizen.

He has taught solely at Duke ever since and claims that Duke students are "always well behaved," and the coeds "especially intelligent."

Familiar to an amazing degree with the economic and political history of Europe, Von Beckerath freely admits a cynical philosophy toward the traditional American belief in the "happy ending." Not that his lectures or his conversations are filled with predictions of impending disaster; but, he's seen too much, and studied too much, and observed too much of the continuing pattern of recurring tragedy that has been Europe's fate for the course of history

(Continued on Page 22)

### Noticed in Passing

Last night the moon shown down  
through hollow streets  
and glittered momentarily  
on water lying still like broken glass  
in craters made by bombs  
some recent hour.  
This imperturbable minute  
trembles only with the sound  
of someone crying.

This morning now the sun  
flecks red the golden  
hair of girls who arm-in-arm  
down laughing alleyways  
with khaki-colored men,  
or run, forgetful of their screams  
a thousand nights ago,  
like Cleopatra,  
to the warm embraces of their foe.

Some small green dandelion  
grows between the crumbling bricks,  
and people, all-oblivious,  
know but themselves  
and never that for which they fought.

Joan Angevine

☆ ☆ ☆

### Early Morning

there was a bird singing  
and moonlight shining there on milkweed down,  
a stillness and the impervious night.  
then the red-veined dawn  
marking the neutral void, our newest day;  
the sense of that foreboding, whispering time  
when rain is gathered on an angel's wing  
and the breath of God rests in the unquiet mind.

p. bishop

# IN THE JUVENES

## CARRIE

The Lord and His witnesses here on earth know and will testify that I raised her right. Never a word of harm came from these lips of mine, never a spiteful remark about that back which God so curiously afflicted her with. And I kept her from heavy labor and warned her from sin and transgression of His word. I led her as best I could in the ways of righteousness. I made her pretty clothes and did washing for her. I cooked her delicate things. It was her back ruined her and kept her from comeliness in the eyes of boys. All except one. O great and unscrupulous God, keep her flesh from harm and her soul from evil taint. Let that taxidriver not ruin her sweet ways. And, most of all, O God, perhaps you can see your way to letting him, whoever the black scoundrel is, love her and take her as wife in holy matrimony and provide for her and know her in bed and may she repeat her image in wholebodied children. God knows I did all these hands could do for her.

**AB**

Curiosest thing I ever saw. None of Pappy's children ever acted so god-damned queer. If Carrie bawls out she's lost her Darling Sudie one more time I'll go out and not come in all night. The brazen hussy. God grant she aint my daughter. I'd be halfway willing to know some jackanapes got her on Carrie, and not me. I'll be laughed at, I'll be looked at queerly, in Strickland's, at the mill, in the Com-

*Written and Illustrated by  
Guy Davenport*





# CENCE OF THE YEAR

munity Store. And, worst of all, the police will be here. I just know it. There they'll come. Then they'll say, we hear your daughter is a whore. And I'll say, as honest as my Pappy, she is. I'll fly in the face of Carrie and Annie and Pete. I'll throw my chest out and say, she is, by God, she is.

## ANNIE

She was here last night. And today she's gone. Funny, aint it? And yet I aint told Ma nor Pa yet. Poor thing, going to a man for the first time. It just aint worth all the worry and frustration it's caused her. It just aint. I'm the living testimony. It's funny I can know exactly how she feels. Me and Paul did the same thing so long ago that the whole procedure seems commonplace and ordinary. And it's that way with her now. She can know all the excitement that I have forgotten. But there's something rotten and even ridiculous about her going away. And the strangest thing is, is that it was by far the worst thing she could have done, by far the worst. I know as sure as this is water I'm slushing these dishes in that she'll be back, hurt worse than ever. Hurt as bad as any girl could be hurt. The bad thing is that she knows nothing about men, nothing on this God's earth. I should tell Ma and Pa. They ought to know the whole story. But she'll be back and I dont want to be around when she comes.

## PETE

Damn girl. Of course she would do it. She would do anything. I've said to her many's the time, "Wont no

man ever look at you. You might as well quit trying." And she would not listen. You can bet your last silver dollar she wouldnt. But, then, I guess I was wrong. I didnt count on a crazy man. He must have been crazy to want her. I didnt count on a crazy man. I'm just waiting to see what will happen next. God only knows. Ma'll probably turn grey overnight. And Quentin, who's crazy anyway, I says to him, "Sure, she's run away with a taxidriver. Aint that something, though?"



"You knew she would sooner or later, didnt you?" he says. "But I guess it's hard on the family. It's what she needed, though."

"Needed?" I says. "Needed? She dont need nothin but a good lickin."

"Do you think she'll come back?" he says.

"Does a jailbird ever come back to jail once he's out?" I says.

## CARRIE

It is a burden the Lord ought never to have put on my back. I swear it is. I thought in all earnestness that

I could bear it. I cant. I just purely cant. They've already started. Mrs. Davis says to me, "All I can offer you is sympathy. Why dont you get the police? They'll bring Sudie back." And I says, "It's a burden God has sent on me." And she says, "Now is that any way to look at it? You want her back, dont you? It's happened, and the thing to do now is to get it unhappened." Sometimes I think people aint got right good sense. They cant see things as they are. They cant see God's great scheme, His intent and His jurisdiction. If the Lord sends her back, He will; if He dont, He didnt intend to. But I cant bear them gossiping tongues. I purely cant.

## AB

And then I seen him drive up. I wished I would have had a gun. He came up the walk and I said out loud, "It's him."

"Are you Sudie Dobbins' father?" he says.

"I am," I says.

"Are you worried about her?" he says.

"It's none er your business," I says.

"I didnt come to be sassed," he says.

"You'd better bring her back," I says.

"If you aint married her yet. I hope you had sense enough to . . ."

"I aint got her," he says. "And a crippled and maimed man aint either."

It didn't make no sense to me. I just looked at him.

"Dont you even read the papers?" he says.

"We dont take . . ." I started to say.

"Sure," he says, "the wreck. They

*(Continued on Next Page)*

turned one of our taxis upside down. The police are after both of em. Havent they been here?"

"I knowed it!" I says. "I knowed it! Carrie! Carrie! The police!"

## PETE

There it was, in the newspaper. A taxi with all four wheels right straight up in the air, like a dead cow. The windows all busted and everything. They didnt even know who all was in it. That squirt who came to scare Pa didnt know what he was talking about. It said so in the paper. "The only occupant known to have been in the vehicle is Slade Thompson, Red Star Taxi Company employee, of 704 9th Street, who suffered minor concussions and two fractured ribs." Poor duck. It will learn him, though. But the damndest thing is, where is Sudie?

## CARRIE



And he wouldnt even say she was with him. The fellow that came to the house said she was. But that dad-blamed fool in the hospital denied before his God that he had my Sudie in that taxi car. Someday he will pay for that false witness. Even after Pete come in and says, "Well, she's

done it. She's run off with a taxi-driver," and I says, "You tell me how you know, Smarty Pants, or I'll twist your ear off," and he says, "I saw her get in with him. Do you think I was going to stop her?" I didnt believe him. But now I'll believe anything. "When?" I says, wringing my hands. "Just now," he says. "He drove right up to the sidewalk. She come bustin out of the house and got in. Do you think I can run down a taxi?" And now I feel the Lord has taken her from me.

## SUDIE

And he was as handsome as Roy Rogers. Oh my poor feet. The way he looked at me. Just like Rudell said. Oh my poor feet. I guess I've walked three miles. "He'll come by," Rudell says, "just like I told him. Just you be ready to go off with him. He'll show you a big time. And I mean a big time. I didnt mention your back. And it wont be your back he'll look at, Sudie. It'll be your face. And your legs."

I'll never know what happened to that car. I just put both arms around him and, by God, we was flying. Oh my poor feet. The whole earth turned upside down. I never had such a lick on my head in all my life. Oh my poor feet. But soon I will be there. And it is to be done all over again. If he wasnt killed. I couldnt stay there. Oh my poor feet.

## PETE

Anybody would have known it. All you have to do is think once in a while. Of course she would go there, as virgin as when she started out.

"Sure," I told Ma, "that's where she is."

"The Lord has returned her," Ma says.

"You'd better not count on it," I says. "She's just as liable as not to go off with somebodyelse."

"Things like that dont happen



twice," Ma says. "The Lord wont sanction it."

I'm just waiting on her to come sneaking in. I can see her now, as virgin as when she set out. God help us, the damn fool things that happen.

## SUDIE

Rudell didnt have to laugh at me. "You'd as soon make a man," she says, "as you'd take wings and fly." I told her I had made a good impression on him. I told her I could see he had fallen in love with me.

"G'wan," she says, "and the poor boob lyin up yonder in the hospital banged up like a man who's fallen into a loom? Do you think he'll ever look at you again? You talk like a truck hit you or something."

That was all. But I know men. I know he will come back after me. He was as handsome as Roy Rogers. And he didnt look at my back once . . . and he didnt even have a chance to kiss me. Do you think he will leave me before he has made love to me? Everybody is in love in the spring.

(Continued on Page 23)





# SPRING THAW

By  
MARCIA NORCROSS

JOHN PULLED at the screen door and came into the neat kitchen, bringing with him a faint odor of hay. The windows were open, letting a playful breeze antagonize the dotted swiss curtains. Dishes were stacked in even piles on the open shelves. The stove and woodwork were scrubbed clean. Dinner was ready, and Mary was making little trips from the table to the stove. John was hungry. He got out of a patched sweater and hung it over the top of a chair. After washing his hands and drying them on a spotless towel, he sat down at the loaded table. His plate was already served, and he began to eat greedily. Mary put a plate of beans in the center of the white tablecloth and sat

down opposite him.

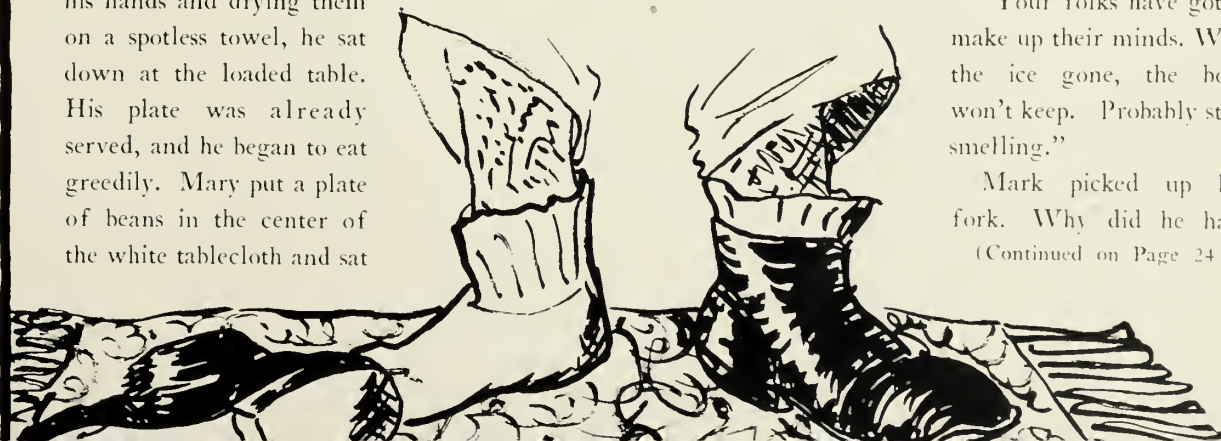
He looked up at her and said, "Spring's here." His attention went back to his plate. Mary just sat there, making no effort to speak or even eat. She knew that spring was here because she'd been house cleaning for weeks.

John looked up again. "Ice has begun to thaw."

"Hum," Mary said. Her face held a patient expression.

"Your folks have got to make up their minds. With the ice gone, the body won't keep. Probably start smelling."

Mark picked up her fork. Why did he have  
(Continued on Page 24)



# BOOKS

THE PEARL, John Steinbeck

REVIEWED BY  
GUY DAVENPORT

That John Steinbeck's books are inconsistent and uneven in excellence has been proved by his last two books, *The Wayward Bus* and *The Pearl*. These novels followed *Cannery Row*, one of Steinbeck's finest performances—a great work of humor which, in its own way, bears comparison with *To A God Unknown*, *The Pastures of Heaven*, and *The Grapes of Wrath*, which are certainly Steinbeck's best books.

*The Pearl* (originally published as *The Pearl of the World* in *The Woman's Home Companion* three years ago) is made up of only six chapters and runs to less than a hundred pages. It has few characters, all of them scarcely developed when the story ends. The characters are lifeless and conventional. But the baffling aspect of the book is its theme. Kino, a Mexican Indian, who is so poor that he has never been able to buy a rifle, finds an enormous pearl. He is immediately an object of respect and envy. The pearl buyers go into cahoots and offer a common, low price. This evil, Mr. Steinbeck says, is the result of a consolidation. The pearl buyers were once free enterprisers and in competition with each other, but now they are under a single management and can bully the likes of Kino. Kino refuses to sell the pearl to them and the melodrama begins. Thieves come in the night. The pearl, in short, brings only misery. Kino's character (which, it seems, should be the object of the reader's attention) is obscured, smeared over by such moving-picture devices as a murder (Kino kills

one of the pearl thieves), the sabotaging of Kino's boat, and the burning of his house.

The conversation is flat and highly improbable. For example:

"Our son must go to school. He must break out of the pot that holds us in."

---

## OPUS

bitter is this shakespearian wind  
from lear's lips blown  
sweet once in arden, green and  
limpid,  
sharpened by hamlet  
sown with crickets and locusts by  
macbeth  
now as hot as hell from othello's  
hands

this hair blown dry and lightly  
in greece o dionysius  
is tangled again  
come gently, mad fool, come  
quickly  
the violent boughs are great with  
white  
the judas tree is full of blood  
the cypress knees are black  
the grass is deep from drinking up  
the rain

gd/30 nov 1947

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"It will destroy us all," Juana cried.  
"Even our son."

"Hush," said Kino. "Do not speak any more. In the morning we will sell the pearl, and then the evil will be gone, and only the good remain. Now hush, my wife."

Only an insane reader would not

feel the lack of verisimilitude, of plausibility, in such writing. Mr. Steinbeck's integrity as a writer has collapsed. God grant that it will rise again.

Kino, wife, and child flee to the mountains. They are chased by some sort of evil people who are killed by the courageous and sleuthful Kino—but only after they have miraculously shot into a cave high on a cliff (they are at the base of the cliff) and killed Kino's child. Kino, disillusioned and broken in spirit, returns home and flings the damnable pearl into the sea. At this point the story is just beginning. For Steinbeck, it ends. What Steinbeck set out to do is as yet undeterminable. He says himself that "this story is a parable, perhaps everyone takes his own meaning from it . . ."

The poor, intimidated movie industry had better beware of reading a moral into it. (There is a movie based on this novel, but I haven't seen it.) Wealth is ruinous? Wealth in Kino's society of consolidated pearl buyers is ashes in the mouth? Wealth brings out the evil in men? Poverty is bliss? The conclusions are endless (and trite) and any work of art that is based on such flagrant ambiguity is bound to be bad. And *The Pearl* is the poorest sort of writing. It is insincere. It is downright foolish and silly. I haven't the slightest inkling of Kino's character or of his wife's character. The story is developed in terms of action rather than in terms of character. It is unsubtle in its conception. It is doubly disappointing, for it came from the man who wrote *In Dubious Battle* and *The Long Valley*. I prefer simply to forget that Steinbeck ever wrote this weak little novel.—Guy Davenport.



# You're Crazy

(Continued from Page 7)

"Oh, yes. I almost forgot."

She got three teacups from the cupboard and poured each one about three-quarters full.

"I think teacups are *so* much nicer, don't you?"

"Clothes hardly ever make the man," Andy said, picking up the fullest cup. "What about Mad Mary?"

Mrs. Simpson sat down in one of the white chairs and sipped her drink, her chubby little fingers poised tenderly.

"Yes, well, Mary somehow had gotten a hold of one of those rental jukeboxes, you know, and had it set up in her dining room. There was a pile of nickels on top and she kept playing the thing, one record right after the other." Mrs. Simpson took another delicate sip. "Then—of all things—she wanted to dance. Said she hadn't danced in ever so long. Well, of course, nobody wanted to dance with her and it was embarrassing, her going around to each one and asking. So, finally somebody suggested that we start the bridge—which was really what the party was for anyway."

"Is there some extra in there?" Andy asked, motioning towards the shaker.

"Oh, yes—I'll make some more if you want. . . ."

"No. This'll be just right." He tipped the shaker up, emptying it.

"The bridge went along fine," said Mrs. Simpson, "except poor Mary just couldn't seem to keep her mind on the game. She kept asking everybody how soon they'd be finished because she wanted to give out the prizes." She reached across the table and picked up the shaker, holding it proudly in front of her. "I placed second and got this."

"I don't get it," Andy said, his voice muffled by the cup which was over his nose. "Maybe you'd better tell it again."

He was beginning to feel strange inside, as if his stomach were a hot water bottle.

"But I haven't finished yet," Mrs. Simpson protested, her voice more eager than ever. "This shaker—like all the other things—was one of the presents Mary received when she married Jesse Mason."

"Is that right?" trailed off his aunt. Obviously she was more impressed than Andy.

"I'll bet old Jesse didn't like that," Andy said.

"Goodness," exclaimed Mrs. Simpson, "he'd been dead for years. Marge Woods had given the shaker to her, and Marge in turn got a lamp somebody else had given—I think it was Betty Chandler's."

"Kind of a belated exchange party, huh?" Andy said.

"Well, it's funny now all right, but we thought it was pretty terrible at the time."

"Headlines and everything in the *Saytan News-Herald*, I suppose," he said.

His aunt scraped back her chair slowly and stood up again.

"Now we must really go, Edna."

"Well, if you must. . . . I guess Henry'll be coming from Rotary in a little bit anyway."

"Thank you for the evening—and the drink."

"Do come back."

"Yes," Andy said, "thanks for the drink." He looked at the silver shaker. "I think I'll take up bridge. Never tell what you'll win."

The two teacups of gin were affecting him. He hadn't meant to say that last at all.

Mrs. Simpson followed them to the door, and after an exchange of good-bys and more thank you's they left.

Andy looked back and saw a figure peeking through the lace curtains, looking for all the world like a squat washing machine.

They crossed the street and headed for his aunt's house.

"You shouldn't have said that about Edgar A. Guest, Andy."

"Dear Aunt Milly." He patted her shoulder lightly.

"Now, Andy," his aunt said, "Edna is well-read."

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"Uh-huh. The *Complete Works* of Mr. Guest."

"Well, she's always so nice to you, and she asks about you all the time."

"I know. I can't understand it. What lies do you tell her about me?"

"And she keeps up on current events," his aunt continued, unmindful of his remarks. "She's really the one who keeps the Book Club going around here."

"I noticed a stack of *Life's* in her kitchen as big as Yoder's Grain Elevator. The picture, says the prophet, is worth ten thousand words. Now, let's see . . . say there's two hundred

*Life's* with about a hundred and fifty pictures in each. That makes—"

"Speaking of pictures," interrupted his aunt, becoming almost secretive, "did you ever see Edna looking through a picture magazine?"

"I don't believe I've ever had the pleasure."

"Well, you wouldn't believe it."

"Probably not."

"No, I mean the *way* she does it. There's just no explaining. The first time I saw her do it I hardly knew what to think. I thought maybe it was a game of some sort."

"Is this going to be one of those 'periodic' explanations?"

"What?"

"Nothing. Go on."

"Well, she'll pick up a magazine and instead of leafing through it she'll lift the corner of every page and *peek* first."

"Peek?"

"Yes, peek." She emphasized the last word by pronouncing it very distinctly, and then she imitated Mrs. Simpson's 'peeking' in a magazine. "And do you know why?"

"Because she thought maybe she'd find herself in a Retonga ad?"

"No," she corrected him seriously, "because she'll practically throw a fit

if she sees a picture of a waterfall or a tall tree." She pushed her face at him, grinning and shaking her head, her voice high, as if he were a small child and she were his mother. "Now isn't that the silliest thing you ever heard of?"

"Just any old waterfall?"

"I guess so."

He was beginning to smile in spite of himself.

"I'd like to watch her sometime."

"Oh, *that's* nothing. You know, when she was little, she used to live where the Lucases live now; and she was always afraid that that big tree out front, which was right next to her bedroom window, was going to fall on her while she was asleep. She carried on so that they finally had to move."

Andy started laughing, almost silently, his shoulders convulsed.

"Well, I'll be darned," he said. "If this isn't the screwiest town. The old gal's got more to her than I thought."

"Of course, lately," continued his aunt, a sort of excited urgency creeping into her voice, "she's hit onto something completely different. Now she's half scared to death her Uncle Billy Blazedale—who died about three months ago—is watching all her bad deeds from heaven. Uncle Billy used to be a Methodist evangelist in his younger days, you know."

"Does she really believe that stuff or does she just affect it?"

"Oh, she believes it all right. Last Bridge Club she broke down crying in front of all of us because she said Uncle Billy was bothering her so much she couldn't sleep or do her housework."

They turned off the sidewalk and he followed his aunt up the stone path leading to her door.

"Why doesn't somebody tell me these things?" he said. "I wish I'd known all that before we went over there this evening."

He took the keys his aunt gave him

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and started hunting in the dark for the keyhole.

"It's so hot," she said. "My, I'll be glad to get into something cooler."

There was a false quality in her voice as if she were thinking something entirely different from what had come out. Andy looked up at her. She was unbuttoning the top of her dress.

"My, but it's hot," she said. Now the levelness in her voice was disconcerting. "Won't you come in for a few minutes, Andy?"

"No. I can't. I've got a lot of work to do at home."

"Just for a little while," she said lightly. "We might have a little something more to sip, shall we say?"

He pushed the door open and the house loomed darkly inside. He handed her the keys.

"I'd like to, Aunt Milly, but I've just got to get some stuff read."

He moved backwards away from the door.

"Well, come back some other time, then," she said. "Tomorrow night."

"O. K. That'd be better. Good night."

"'Night, Andy." She didn't move to go in, however, and he turned and walked away, leaving her standing there.

He was beginning to feel hungry. The drinks no doubt. He thought he would stop at Elmo's Hamburger Inn on the way through town.

It was past closing time for the drug stores, so the younger set of Saytan had gone home. Across the street he saw Johnny Taylor, the night watchman, checking doors and turning out the show-window lights. There's a lazy job, he thought, but it takes a guy like Johnny to keep it up without tearing his hair out from sheer boredom.

Elmo's was open twenty-four hours a day and you could always find somebody there to talk to no matter what time it was.

He let the flimsy screen door rattle shut behind him and took a seat at the far end of the counter, away from the powerful new electric fan Elmo had just installed which had the one bad characteristic of blowing napkins, sugar and the other small stuffs all over the place.

Elmo hailed him as he came in and followed alongside the counter to where he sat down.

"Hi there, Andy!"

"Hello, Elmo. How goes it?"

Elmo was a big Falstaffian person. His broad, open face showed the same smile to everyone, and hardly anybody

in Saytan thought of him as being the owner of an eating establishment. If anything, his position in the community was that of a general information center. Elmo heard, saw, and told everything.

He had taken a sudden liking to Andy almost the first time they met.

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He pushed his round body against the counter, squinting across at Andy. "Kind of early to be gettin' in, ain't it? What's the matter? They givin' you a hard time?"

"Got to rest up sometime, Elmo," Andy kidded back. "I can't take it like you old-timers."

"Well, you'd better take it." Somewhere deep in Elmo's middle some convulsions resembling laughter and summer thunder were working their way upwards to expression. "You'd better," he wheezed, "or you'll wish you had when you get my age!"

Timer Andrews was pounding the

cash register at the other end of the counter. Elmo shoved his way down to him, rang up his money, and returned to Andy.

"I guess I'll have a hamburger," Andy said.

"One with pickle!" Elmo yelled to a blond-haired boy who was sitting behind the counter on a stool and staring blankly at one of the many punchboards that cluttered the place. "And don't forget to toast the bun"—he turned back to Andy—"Harold's all right for night work but that kid don't know straight up."

"Speaking of straight up," Andy said, "did you know this Edna Simpson has bats upstairs at times?"

"You mean about her Uncle Billy and all that?"

Andy nodded.

"Yeah, Henry's got his hands full with that one all right. Who was tellin' you?"

"My Aunt Milly."

Elmo's mouth twitched slightly at the corners.

"That's the pot talkin' about the kettle, ain't it?" he said.

"How do you figure?"

"Understand," Elmo said, pushing out his white hands, palms showing innocently, "I just know what I seen.

Maybe it's nothin'."

"Well, what?" Andy asked, smiling.

"Well, see, your aunt passes here on her way home from Book Club. Sometimes she goes right by but sometimes she comes in all pantin' and white and says somebody's followin' her."

"Is that right?" Andy said, leaning forward on the counter.

"Then she wants somebody to take her home. Course I can't leave but she keeps whinin' her head off till I have to let Harold go. I asked Harold about it once—I mean, what happened after they left—and he says she calms down right away, even asks him in to have a little nip. She told him once to go in with her 'cause she was afraid there was somebody in there waitin' for her." He hunched his big shoulders. "But, cripes, he's so dumb, you know, he wouldn't know what was comin' off even if Marybelle Rankin started makin' eyes at him."

Harold shuffled up the aisle and slid the hamburger across to Andy. Then he went back to looking at the punchboards. Elmo began cutting up some fresh pie.

Andy lifted the top of the bun by habit but didn't look underneath.

"Lordy," he said half to himself, smiling slightly, "Elmo, it looks like

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it's everyone but me and thee."

"Huh?" said Elmo, turning from the pie case.

"I said, I guess I'd better have some coffee, too. Hot."

"You bet."

Andy stared vacantly down the counter. Then he brushed a finger back and forth across his lips and made a low buzzing sound. He was grinning to himself and shaking his head.

• • •

## The Gift

(Continued from Page 9)

"What I want to know is what you're supposed to do when you're sick and they won't let you in a drug store to get medicine. And then when you do get in they take all your money and your right arm as a down payment for it."

"Mrs. Duckett died last night," says the big woman in front of the fire.

The covers agitate.

"Mrs. Duckett?" Edwin says. "When did she die?"

"Last night about ten o'clock. We didn't know anything about it until this morning and us living right across the street. I was in the kitchen and Sarah was gone when they came to get her."

"Old Man Duckett sure has had a hard time with her," says Edwin, leaning against the dresser. "I guess he spent everything he had for medicine on her."

The boy whimpers and snuggles close to his mother near the fire.

"Edwin, why don't you put some more coal on the fire? It's too cold in here for her."

As his chair jerks to the floor the dresser shakes and the bath powder, the Christmas present, falls to the floor.

"That's every bit of coal we have there in that bucket," he says. "I'll

have to order some tomorrow."

An eruption of coughing shakes the quilts piled high on the bed. The woman sitting nearby holds the sick woman's head. The covers fall back as they hold her up. The coughing stops.

"Edwin, do you mean you don't have anything on her but this thin summer gown?" She looks at him pointedly.

"That's all she's got. I washed her good this morning and straightened up her bed for. All three of her gowns are dirty. And all the sheets, too. You know she messes them up so quick. She can't control herself much. I'll send those gowns off tomorrow."

"She needs one now. She'll catch pneumonia. Get a jacket and put it on her."

They do. The woman near the bed

stoops to help slip it over the spare arm muscles.

"Let me comb your hair for you, Aunt Rosa. It looks like it hasn't been combed for days."

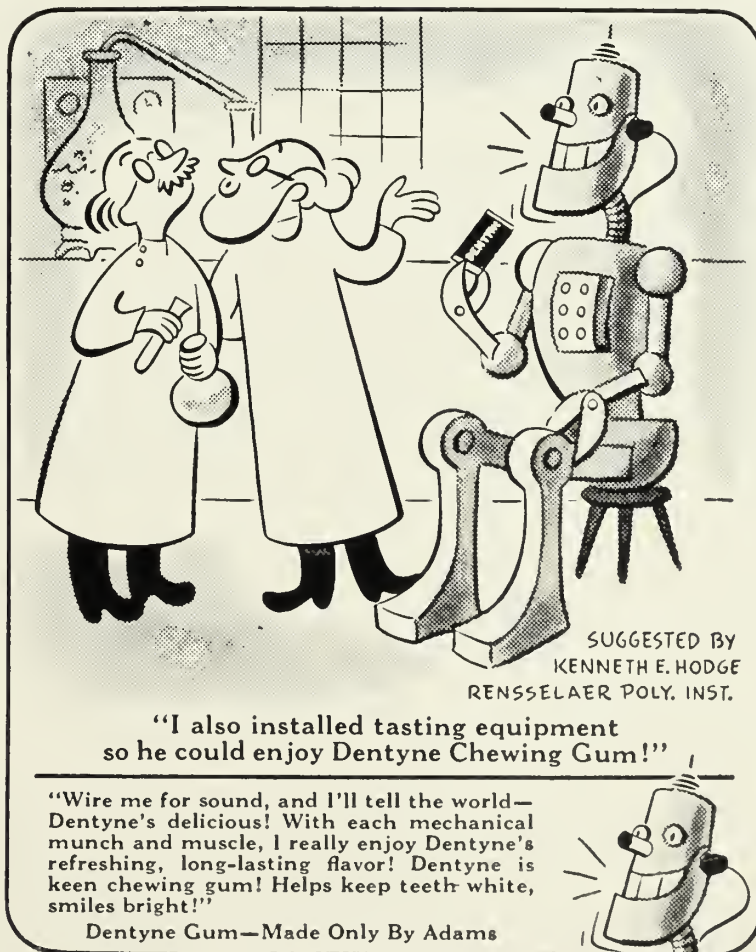
"Three days," she murmurs.

The matted white hairs are combed carefully.

"Edwin tries to keep it combed for me and all." She stops. "If it wasn't for Edwin—" Crying under the quilts, she stops again.

"Mama, can't you say anything without crying all the time?" He turns. "She's been like that since Uncle Charlie died. She ain't been able to talk without crying since." He looks at her. "Now stop crying and say what you're trying to."

"I said if it wasn't for Edwin I wouldn't have anything done, I guess."



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Again she sobbed under the dirty quilts.

Edwin turns toward the fire. He motions toward one of the portraits on the dresser.

"You know," he says, "*he* said in a letter last year that he wanted me to let him know if anything happened to *her*. Well, I never will let him know anything. I wrote and told him her condition and that if he cared much about her he'd come home this Christmas. He ain't been here for five years."

"Dr. Cooms said last summer he saw him out in California and he had

a good practice," says the woman before the fire.

"And if he ever does come back here, I'm going to tell him a thing or two. About all the nights she sat up sewing so he could go to medical school after Papa said he'd had enough schooling. And now he can't even come to see her."

"Well, it's a long way to California."

"He could write."

"Edwin! Edwin!" calls the voice weakly from the bed. "Hurry. I've got to use the bedpan. Hurry, Edwin."

Edwin runs, stumbling over the rocker and kicking over the box of bath powder. He turns down the cover. The man at the fire goes out the door quickly. Edwin follows him.

"I'm going to call the doctor and tell him we've got to have those pills," he says.

"They'll get them for you," says the visitor. "When you go back in, tell them we'd better be going when they can. We've got a good many things to do."

In a minute they come, the baby running in front, away from the dread room. The fat old woman and the boy's mother come and the woman who sat near the bed comes, too.

Outside they say as they close the door: "Sprinkle some of that bath powder on her and it'll make her feel better. We brought it to her for a Christmas gift."

• • •

## Von Beckerath

(Continued from Page 11)

to believe in anything but a pot of wooden nickels at the end of most dogmatic "rainbows."

When he came here during the 1920's his economic instincts informed him that the U. S. was headed for a depression. He tried to tell the Americans with whom he talked of the coming crash, but they smothered his gloomy forecasts with soothing phrases like "eternal prosperity," and "permanent boom," etc. He didn't even bother to say I told you so when Wall Street laid its colossal egg in 1929.

Now, with the current international situation as touchy as a boil, Von Beckerath grunts and looks down from his towering height and proclaims that if the United States doesn't successfully carry through the Marshall plan, it will merely be a matter of time before the Communists bring down the iron curtain in Italy, France, and the rest of Europe.

A firm believer in the capitalistic-democratic system, he longs for the days of Laissez Faire and free enterprise, but he believes that they are gone forever, and the thing to do, is to make the best of what we have left, and to formulate a middle-of-the-road policy, that will keep us away from the extreme right and the extreme left, with government-management, and labor working together harmoniously so as to keep America strong and the Russians out.

• • •

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### The "New Listen" In Durham



Tom Sawyer, '38, Pres.  
Roma S. Cheek, '28, Sec'y-Treas.



(Continued from Page 14)

## CARRIE

There she came, up the walk, like the world dont have the tribulations and the wickedness which its every turn betrays. I saw her and ran out the door to her. My darling child had come home. Just like I always knowed she would. She told it all to me, saying that he was going to come back after her. Foolish child, she has got so much to learn. I told her to never never scare me like that again. And she wont. Havent I cared more for her than any other of my children? Havent I prayed to God for people to overlook her crooked back? And hasnt God blessed her with a comely face? She is in her room now, God pity her, most likely crying her heart out. I cant blame her. Who on God's earth would?

**AB**

I would never have believed it. Even after Annie showed me the first note she had kept from us. And then the letter which Annie found in Sudie's room. The fool said he loved her, even after she wrecked his car and got him fired from the only job he can probably hold down. And she went off with him again. To my dying day I will never understand it. God have a little mercy on her soul.

And there is no consoling Carrie. She taken her bed, poor woman. She will carry this worryment with her to her grave. But, somehow, it is all for the best. I never figured she would ever get a man. I swear I never.

## PETE

I thought I would croak when I saw him. I almost believed it after that. But there is no believing to it. He was ugly as unholy sin. She got in the car with him and off they went, as pretty as you please. It wasnt a crazy man. It was a man so ugly it is a wonder he got even Sudie. And after she had said that he was as good-looking as Roy Rogers. I couldnt tell Ma and Pa, but I did tell Annie.

"Dont you see through it?" I says. "It's not him. It's God knows how many men. If the police get word . . ."

"I cant believe it," she says. "Wasnt she raised in a Christian home?"

I said a bad word I had never said before Annie. She said she would beat my behind herself if I said it again.

**AB**

I saw him and I saw her. I will never live it down. There she was

in them long britches women wear, right on Main Street. She had a man on each arm. I tried to let on I had not seen her. Then she called me. She said that the ugly one was her husband and that the other one was her brother-in-law. I acted civil. She said to tell Ma that she was well and happy. And she copied her living address off for me. Hartwell, Georgia. Will I ever live it down? I had to tell Carrie. And Carrie taken it like a child. "Well," she says, "she's done something none of us ever thought of doing for her: She's made herself happy."

Damn it all, I cant explain it to Carrie. That fellow who she said was her brother-in-law is named Caldwell and not Thompson, and he is the biggest bootlegger in Edgecombe County. How will I ever live it down? Even if they dont know it here in Hampton.

• • •



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(Continued from Page 15)

to bother her with this? Pa had been dead since fall and certainly didn't care by now whether or not he was buried properly.

"Why don't you bury him out in the pasture?"

John looked disgusted. "Your Pa's going to have a decent burial. That's the least we can do. Your sisters have got to decide which yard he goes in."

Wanda and Elsie had been squabbling all winter over who'd get Pa in their graveyard. They had both married local boys at approximately the same time and now had tiny farms of their own, complete with burial grounds. It wasn't that they cared about Pa's peaceful resting any more than Mary did, it was just that they wanted someone in their new graveyards. As Pa had spent his last days with Mary and John, they had had the responsibility of doing something with the body until either Wanda or Elsie gave in to the other. So Mary had wrapped Pa's limp old body in a clean blanket, and John had carried him through the snow down to the ice house. He had lowered him gently down into the cavity between the ice and hay.

## Concerning Certain Accounts of Days Gone By

How odd it is to think today  
That scarcely forty years ago,  
From early fall till end of May,  
The earth was three feet deep in snow.

And it is also strange, I rule,  
That all the boys around this way  
Lived fully fifteen miles from school,  
And had to walk it twice a day.

Hardy

with the back of his hand, and stood up. He walked slowly around the room, peering behind the stove, the cabinet, the wood box.

"What are you looking for?" asked Mary.

"A place to put Pa when I take him out of the ice house."

"I'll go see Elsie tomorrow," Mary said as she took the dishes from the table.

• • •

## PRAYER

Lord God of bird, of beast, of flower,  
Who rules the spheres, the flesh, the  
hour,

Help us to know Thy boundless grace  
Portrayed upon the moon's calm face.  
Make known Thy voice upon the wind,  
In gentle whispers soft and kind.

Teach us, by medium of the sea,  
The course of Thy footsteps, which be  
In lapping waves upon the sand.

Teach us, God, omnipotence of Thy  
hand!

Reveal to us Thy presence in the stars;  
Divulge Thy form in sunlight's radiant  
bars.

Our Father, infinite in patience be  
Until, in Thy good time, we mortals  
see

Thy will on earth be done, eternally!

—Jo Anne Lambert.

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property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print.

Will getting "Pepsi-Cola" into your gag hurt its chances? Don't be naive, chums. We like it. So, if you should wind up with a rejection slip clutched in your hot little fist, that won't be the reason. Well, don't just sit there! Pick up that pencil—get your stuff started now. There's Easy Money waiting!

## LITTLE MORON CORNER

Here's the gag that won a M. M. (Master Moron) degree—and a fast two bucks—for Ben Orloff, of Univ. of North Carolina, in the November contest:

Our minor-league moron, Mortimer, caused considerable furore in local circles by entering one of our better bistros and calling for a Pepsi-Cola. When served, he proceeded to plug it down with not one, but six, straws. Questioned as to his motives, Mortimer carefully removed all six straws from his mouth and replied with considerable hauteur: "So I can drink six times as much Pepsi, natch!"

*Earle S. Schlegel of Lehigh Univ. also came up with two bucks for his moron gag. Why don't you get on the gravy train? Two bucks each for every moron joke we buy.*

## HE-SHE GAGS

Put one and one together—and you get a He-She gag. Three bucks each to Duane O. McDowell of So. Dakota State College; Albert M. Dredge of Duquesne Univ.; Emmett Carmody of Manhattan College; and Alfred Shapiro of New York Univ., respectively, for these specimens:

She: And what position do you play on the football team?

He: Oh, sort of crouched and bent over.

She: Why don't you park the car by this sign?

He: You're not allowed to park here.

She: Don't be silly. The sign says "Fine for Parking!"

He: Your eyes sparkle like Pepsi-Cola.

She: Tell me more. I drink it up.

She Scot: Sandy, 'tis a sad loss you've had in the death of your wife.

He Scot: Aye, 'tis that. 'Twas just a week ago the doctor told her to dilute her medicine in Pepsi-Cola, and she hadna' time to take but half the bottle.

*Current quotation on these is \$3 each for any we buy. Sure, but everything's over-priced these days.*

## EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

**\$100.00**

## — DAFFY DEFINITIONS —

We're not just sure who's daffy—but we sent one frog apiece to Don McCauley, Baylor Univ.; Edward Whitaker, Boston Univ.; Joy Durvall, Univ. of Chicago; Charles R. Meissner, Jr., Lehigh Univ.; and James O. Snider, Baylor Univ., for these gems:

Lipstiek—something which adds color and flavor to the old pastime.

Controversy—one Pepsi—two people.

Worm—a caterpillar with a shave.

Rival—the guy who gives your girl a Pepsi.

Steam—water gone crazy over the heat.

*So we're subsidizing lunacy. Okay—but it's still a buck apiece for any of these we buy.*

## GET FUNNY...WIN MONEY...WRITE A TITLE



Ever play "pin the tail on the donkey?" Well, this is pretty much the same idea—and never mind the obvious cracks. \$5 each for the best captions. Or send in your own idea for a cartoon. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

Here's how we split the take for cartoon drawings, ideas and captions in the November contest: \$15 each to Jay Gluck of Berkeley, Calif. and Herbert John Brammeier, Jr. of St. Louis Univ.; \$10 to H. Dick Clarke of Univ. of Oklahoma; and \$5 each to Virgil Daniel of George Washington Univ., Frances Charlton of William and Mary College, and Sidney B. Flynn of St. Louis Univ.



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*The*

# ARCHIVE



APRIL  
1948



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Outboard Racing Driver**

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**According to a Nationwide survey:**

**More Doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette**



# This Month

## Just In Case . . .

If you ever get into the creative writing class and have to turn out over 12,000 words per semester, you'll no doubt find yourself going through the same thing Bill McGoogan does in Clay Felker's story "Just Forget It." In fact, Clay wrote this story for the writing class—probably finding himself in the same situation his protagonist was in. All in all, you'll find plenty of interesting plots and conversation in this narrative of an author's search for a story.

## Newcomer . . .

Leslie Blatt comes to us from the University of Zurich. Her bit of poetry is one of the most unusual pieces of writing we've been privileged to present. She brought it to us saying that although it wasn't a story she hoped we could use it. We said no it wasn't a story, it was poetry, and we would be very glad to use it. There's no use going into its content here. All we ask you to do is turn to "High as a Mountain" and let the thing speak for itself.

## Last Try . . .

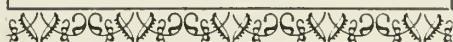
Our own editor, Joan Angevine, contributes a story, "Sound of the Sea," to this her last issue. This piece was written for Dr. Blackburn's writing course last year and was highly praised when it was read. The writing is everywhere competent and thorough. What we especially like about it is the sensitive handling of the girl's sensations as she realizes that she is finally free and then the second realization of what the situation really amounts to.



SPRING is a time for beginnings. But not for everyone. For those on Publications Row it's a time for endings, for in the spring the editors put out their last magazines and newspapers and then hand over their jobs to their newly-elected successors. So it is that this too is usually a time for looking back over the year to see what we have accomplished or where we have failed. Because *The Archive* is set up as a literary magazine, it is predestined from the start to appeal to a smaller group of people. Some may reject it because it isn't "funny," or others because it features "the same old people" every month. Nevertheless, we can truthfully say that we have brought you what is, to our knowledge, the best of Duke's literary produce.

If we may be permitted to revise our own statement, we'd like to add that spring is also a time for rejuvenation. The old staff may go, but there is always a new one to replace it. And with every new staff there is a new magazine. In looking ahead then we are also looking forward to the new *Archive*. But before we go we'd like to glance behind us and slip in a little thanks to the people who made this year's magazine possible.

JOAN ANGEVINE,  
Editor.



## Leering Leary . . .

We wish that we could somehow make you read Marcia Norcross' wonderful sketch of Dr. Leary of Duke's English department. Anyone who knows Dr. Leary will have no doubts as to the wealth of material that Marcia had to work with. He is certainly one of the most well-liked profs on campus—and this sketch leaves no question unasked as to the reason. Informal and friendly, never talking down to his students, he has made his American Lit. and modern novel courses as popular as Greek Lit.—only not for the same reasons.

## One Of The Best . . .

Guy Davenport does our book review again this month. It is Robert Penn Warren's *All the King's Men* which won the Pulitzer Prize last year. Davenport says that "a lot of the experimental writing of the past few decades becomes hollow and futile beside such a book as this. . . ." Guy is not of the all-books-are-pretty-good school of critics (witness his last-month's review of Steinbeck's *The Pearl*) and his praise for Warren's is not given without much thought. This review may introduce you to one of this generation's better books.

## Look At Me, Ma . . .

Maybe you think that we got a little satiric on the modern "dawnse" write up. But we swear that's exactly the way the thing was described to us by one of its own members. They ought to know.

# SCRAPS FOR THE LITERATI

By R. D. LOOMIS

## OPEN LETTER TO GREENSBORO FORUM

Dear Sirs:

There is never any need to lock the door after the horse is stolen—unless you are going to buy another horse. In other words, if you don't plan to have another Arts Forum next year there is nothing left to do but try to forget about it. If you are going to have one, however, there is plenty.

Before going further I would prefix that the ideas set forth below are not all my own but seem to be the general impression of those attending the Forum, particularly the Writing Panel. Then, too, I would add that perhaps the fault falls not so much on you as it does on the critics selected.

First, there was John Crowe Ransom, certainly the most distinguished member of the group and, unfortunately, the most disappointing. Mr. Ransom gave the flattest and most worthless criticism of the afternoon. Furthermore, he colored his opinions by the fact that he related all the work to one level of writing, the college. Now no one wanted to hear his work discussed on one level only. I'm sure

anyone would rather have heard Mr. Ransom say, "This is a fairly good piece of writing all around"—and then tell *why* it was good and bad (which he rarely did)—than to hear him say, "This is an excellent piece of *undergraduate* writing." As I see it, Mr. Ransom can be excused only on the grounds that since he was the first on the program he didn't know how exacting he should become.

Next came Greensboro's own sharp-tongued funnyman, Randall Jarrell, who was best described by a young thing sitting next to me at the Panel when she said, "Isn't he cute!"—at least he tried to be.

But Mr. Jarrell must be given credit. All in all, his was perhaps the best performance of the day. His criticisms were pointed and specific—but what one had to go through to hear them! Described in *Spearhead* as being "famous for his reviews of poetry in which the unfortunate victims are destroyed with a pyrotechnical display of brilliant wit," it only needs to be added that if those reviews are anything like his portion of the Writing Panel, then the word *famous* should be changed to *notorious*. All too often Jarrell used the poems

simply as a vehicle for his own slightly irritating humor. (I'm sorry, girls, cute as he is, Mr. Jarrell won't be at Greensboro next year.)

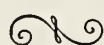
Then the last speaker, and certainly the most controversial, was Paul Rosenfeld. Mr. Rosenfeld, who was to talk specifically about short stories and appraise them, had only one major drawback—he *didn't like the short-story form to begin with!* Said Mr. Rosenfeld, cigarette bouncing in his lips and squinting through the smoke: "It's almost impossible to write a good short story." So hearing him talk about stories was like listening to Harry Truman discuss Henry Wallace. Right or wrong in his over-all views, Mr. Rosenfeld had no business on a panel whose object it was to evaluate individual short stories and not the form as a medium for art expression. On the whole he seemed to use the stories as a springboard for his own personal theories.

In contrast to the Writing Panel at Greensboro was the one held by the NCCPA. Using some of the same stories as did Greensboro, this group composed of Mrs. Helen Bevington, Mrs. Frances Gray Patton, and Mr.

(Continued on Page 23)

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# The ARCHIVE

*A Monthly Magazine Published by the Students at Duke University,  
Durham, North Carolina*

Vol. 61

No. 7

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*Cover Photograph by Walt Wadlington*

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APRIL, 1948



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## Banter

SOME of the clubs on West have been doing "things" on East campus. I suppose it's part of their initiation ceremony. I tried to find out the name of the organization, but none of the "fellows" would tell me. Ashamed I guess. Someone said it was a chapter of the Duke-for-Danny (Kaye) club. I did get a laugh out of the modern dancers, but the young men who approached the young ladies with filthy relics in their outstretched hands were really quite disgusting. This is probably one of the reasons that independents go independent. Now really, boys...

THERE are those who say freshman Sally Prosser stole the Hoof 'n' Horn show. You remember the cute blond in the chorus line who could kick higher than anyone else. She didn't learn to do that in Plant City, Fla., did she? I thought they only grew strawberries there. It's rumored she'll take over the lead roles for the next four years. But the question is—can she act?

YOU BOYS are only exposing your ignorance by telling a girl her slip is showing. She knows it. Social Standards might take a hint from a magazine fashion editor who thought that Duke girls looked "frightful" when they wore saddle oxfords with the new long skirts. Why don't you make a rule about it so you'd have a few hundred people to try in your proposed judicial court?

PUBLICATIONS elections came off this year without the usual graft and "I'll vote for your fraternity brother if you'll vote for mine." This was probably because only one candidate ran for each post in most cases. Laugh of the day came when a position for co-ed editor of the *Chronicle* was read aloud. Under item six which was "List the courses which you have had which you feel will be beneficial to you should you attain the position sought" one coed listed horse back riding. We still don't get the connection.

PHI KAPPA DELTA surprised us when they announced in what might be called an impressive ceremony the girls they considered the leaders of the future senior class. They took in a couple of wheels but missed a lot more. We overheard some heart-broken coed remark that she thought they already had one house president's board on campus. Last spring this worthy organization neglected Marge Frye who had already been elected president of WSGA, but she turned out to be a leader in spite of it. So don't anybody get discouraged. You, too, can be a house president.

WHICH BRINGS us to the sore subject of class meetings. West campus has a fine system worked out by not making the meetings compulsory. Under this plan, those members of the class who aren't interested in voting for class officers, watching class officers being installed, and discussing social functions nobody ever goes to anyway, are spared the inconvenience of wasting their time in this manner. East campus used to have an arrangement for class meetings during the regular assembly period, but somebody found this arrangement too sensible so abolished it. You're always complaining about having to go to so many meetings, so why don't you do something about it. Maybe the class officers could work on it in their spare time.

THE BEDSIDE edition of the *Duke 'n' Duchess* made what the deans hope will be its last appearance. It's filled with sex from cover to cover, hitting a new thigh in college humor. It even had a naked bug on the cover.

IT'S PROBABLY just a coincidence that the past four coed editors of the *Chronicle* have all been from Alspaugh.





R. Parks



# JUST FORGET IT

Bill McGoogan was stuck.

Fumbling at his shirt pocket, he extracted a nearly empty pack of cigarettes, put one in his mouth, lit it, and took a deep drag. Pensively he blew one smoke ring; then with a savage motion he ripped the piece of paper out of the typewriter in front of him, crumpled it up, and tossed it out the window of his hotel room.

He reached over, picked up a clean sheet of paper, slipped it into his typewriter and gave the roller an expert spin, shooting the paper into position. Experimentally, he hit the space-lever a couple of times, pushing the paper up a couple of notches—that was better. Next he pried open the top of the machine and re-rolled the ribbon; then he banged on the space bar five times for a paragraph indentation. Now he was ready to go.

His fingers were ready on the keys, but they didn't move; they didn't have much to say. As a matter of fact, their owner (Bill McGoogan, five feet, eleven and one-half inches tall, weighing one hundred and sixty-five pounds, twenty-four years old, and hungry) didn't have much to say. But the fact that Bill McGoogan didn't have a message for the world, or something inside that kept haunting him until he put it down on paper, didn't keep him from trying to write. Bill had a chance to sell some stories, pay his hotel bill, and start eating someplace besides "Chock-full O'Nuts" if he could only turn something out—he didn't care what just as long as it sold.

The "man" at Emmett Publications liked his work, but Bill didn't have anything he could sell him right then, so he had come back to his hotel room to try to bang out something.

Bill just didn't have any ideas. He remembered the old rules about place,

*By*

CLAY FELKER

plot, and character, but they didn't help; they just confused and discouraged. He remembered how they taught him to write about what he knew about.

"What the hell do I know about?" he thought. Bill searched through the unwritten memories of his past experiences. He might write about the time he crashed coming in on that jeep carrier in the Gulf of Mexico—no, not too exciting, nobody was even hurt. He could dress it up a little . . . put it out in the South Pacific . . . plane out of gas after a dangerous strike . . . coming in at night . . . Japs on his tail . . . shoulder wound . . . just barely able to make it. Bill decided against it: the war's old hat, no one wants to read about it anymore. They want to read about sex.

Sliding down on the base of his spine, Bill hit the space bar a couple more times and took a few short puffs from his cigarette.

He could write about that broad he picked up in Washington—Helen or Alice, whatever her name was. Write it Faith Baldwin style and he might be able to make a sordid shack job sound like real romance. No . . . just "boy-meets-girl" stuff. He might give it a psychological twist: death wish or father complex or something . . . nah! . . . still "boy-meets-girl" stuff.

Standing up, Bill began to walk restlessly around his room, from the win-

dow to the closet, over to the table with the typewriter, then back to the window.

"Eternal triangle," he thought. "At least that's plot structure." The "man" at Emmett's told him that he wanted plots—good strong ones, and let character take care of itself . . . "and keep it simple so 'Mom' can understand it."

Maybe Bill could figure out a yarn with a triangle plot. But why waste his time? A million guys have written about triangles, single triangles, double and triples—probably squares and trapezoids too: the eternal soap opera.

"What I need is a good plot. Nothing hackneyed like a triangle, but something out of real life—something fresh," thought Bill. "What's that old saw about ninety per cent perspiration and ten per cent inspiration? Just sweat it out, in other words. There's probably enough plots, ideas, stories, floating around, right under my window to keep me pounding my typewriter for the rest of my life. Thing to do is go down and root 'em out—observe and report—that's the technique."

Bill walked to his window and looked down: 23rd Street. A block to the left, Third Avenue; a block to the right, Lexington, and right across the street a branch of City College of New York, with classes still going strong at 10:30 at night. Bill put on the tie Aunt Millie gave him for his birthday, slipped on his suit coat, and walked out of his room. There weren't any plots under his bed. The place to look for them was on the street—out among people. Bill took the elevator down to the first floor.

Hotel lobbies were full of stories, but the inviting atmosphere of the bar

(Continued on Next Page)

Illustrated by  
BOB PARKS

held forth promise of richer source material so Bill walked in, sat down on a stool, and reached for the popcorn.

"Gimme a beer, Mac," ordered Bill.

Filling the glass from a tap marked Trommers, the bartender slid the beer to him and said, "Twenty cents, Bill."

Bill gave it to him with a dime, a nickel, and five pennies, and the bartender asked knowingly:

"Don't want to break a twenty, huh?"

"Sure, that's it," said Bill.

"Up against it?" said the bartender.

"Yeah. If I could only think of something to write, I could maybe sell something, then start drinking Scotch. You got any ideas?"

"Nah!" said the bartender. "But I heard something today that might give you a laugh. You know old man Greenbaum across from Nedick's—you know, he makes women's house dresses. . . . Well, his wife has been on his neck for months now, trying to get him to buy her a fur coat. She don't want none of your coney, or silver fox or anything like that—gotta have the best. Nothing but mink."

"I bet she didn't get it. Old man Greenbaum squeezes a nickel so hard the Indian screams."

"Not so fast—this missus Greenbaum is pretty much of a sharp shooter, so she has a few hundred bucks stacked away, so she figures a way to get this mink coat, worth maybe three thousand . . . thirty-two hundred. So she buys the coat on a charge account, but she doesn't wear it. Instead she takes it around the corner on Third Avenue to Sam Mackoff the pawnbroker, where she hocks it for about twenty-two hundred. Then with the money Mackoff allows her on the coat and the money she has in her sock, she pays her account at the store to keep the item 'mink coat' off the charge account bill when it is presented to old man Greenbaum."

"A very shrewd maneuver," said Bill.

"Not so fast—then missus Greenbaum takes the pawn ticket to old man Greenbaum and tells him she found it

in the street, and that from what she hears pawnshops are tight as a sailor's pants when it comes to lending money on things, and that if old man Greenbaum would run around to Mackoff's tomorrow and redeem the ticket, he might get a good deal. Well, old man Greenbaum's nobody to turn down a fast buck, so he tells her he'll see about it. That night he comes home with a big smile on his oily kisser and a package under his arm. 'I got a real nice piece of fur, mama,' he says, and with this he opens up the box and there is this scrawny skunk neckpiece. Naturally, missus Greenbaum can't say a word then, or even the next day, when she sees old man Greenbaum's stenographer come out of his office in this lovely new mink coat."

"Who told you all this?" asked Bill.

"Mackoff, the pawnbroker. He's been laughing for days."

"Yeah, it is pretty funny," said Bill, chuckling appreciatively.

Soon the bartender left Bill, and as he sat at the bar finishing his beer, a



man came up, clapped him on the back and sat down.

"How's 'Five-Star' Fillmore, star reporter of the *News*, these days?" asked Bill of the man who had just sat down.

"Five-Star" Fillmore looked at Bill warily, then decided he wasn't being insulted and began a minute description of all his aches and pains, and other troubles.

"Look, 'Five-Star'," said Bill, "when I ask 'how are you' I'm only being polite—not curious. Right now the only thing I'm curious about is finding a plot for a short story. Have you run into anything I could use?"

Pulling his face out of his foaming glass of beer, "Five-Star" wiped his lips with the back of his hand and solemnly gazed at the ceiling in mock concentration. At last looking down, he proclaimed:

"Funny thing happened to me t'other 'ay. I got in a crap game with a dime and came out with a silver dollar. I'm figuring on buying myself a couple of stiff shots with it, when I spot this skinny doll sitting on a bench crying her eyes out. The next thing I know, I find myself walking up to this doll and handing her my silver dollar—I guess it was my old Boy Scout training or something, I don't really know. She dries her eyes, god-blesses me, and I walk away feeling like I just took a bath in a tub full of holy water."

"So . . . ?" said Bill.

"Believe it or not, with that kind act I unwittingly became the agent of doom," said "Five-Star."

"What's the matter with you, Fillmore? Where do you get this 'agent of doom' routine?" asked Bill.

"The next morning the city editor sent me down to the morgue and as I walk in I see the attendant putting this skinny doll on the slab. 'Funny case,' he tells me. 'She had a silver dollar clenched in her first when we fished her out of the river. It was counterfeited.'"

"Seems to me I read that in an O. Henry collection once," said Bill. "Who are you trying to fool, 'Five-Star'?"

"I'm not giving you any snow job," said "Five-Star." "If you don't believe me, look in Saturday's edition of the *News* and read it for yourself."

The two men sat there for a while longer, until they heard the irresistible cry of a fire engine siren, which screamed past the hotel bar and stopped

(Continued on Page 17)



# HIGH AS A MOUNTAIN

By LESLIE BLATT

Once I sat on a mountain deep in dunes of snow. Dunes that were waved like frizzled hair, cupped like a child's two hands, jagged like people's lives; white dunes that slope like a woman's body-smooth; concealing the serpent heart.

Once I sat on a mountain deep in dunes of snow, and watched the small tracks of animals walk to the south, and the islands of snow in the air—a triangular colony; and a hut wooden and cold, stuck to the side of the mountain where a passing shepherd had left it.

Once I sat on a mountain deep in dunes of snow, and the sun dragged on the peaks, and a wind came up from Italy. It blew the child's hands through the frizzled hair, and across the woman's body, and the tracks disappeared under the islands of snow which were flung from green tree beds to become unidentifiable. The hut shivered and asked for the spring, but the earth said wait, for I must circle the sun.

Once I sat on a mountain deep in dunes of snow, and leaning against the new naked trunk of green, turned to the far inferno in the west, and my lids melted to my eyes in the heat. And the hours stood still, for there was no time—only existence, and my mind felt clean, and the air was nectar in my nostrils, and my ears heard the sounds that mountains make, and my mouth said, "At Last."

Below from the valley came the tolling, chiming, rhythm of life, dampered with the smoke of ingenuity—came the noise of speed: chug, rattle, clang, toot—came the cries of children, and a lost lamb. In the village twilight appeared their stars, trembling from a wrath of confinement, unreal as the laws which explained them. Poor creatures who must make their own starlight!

Below in the valley were the falling shades, the closing doors, the turning locks of suspicion. Below from the valley

came the tolling, chiming, crying of souls caught in unrelenting orbits which direct their feet, command their hearts, hold strings to their eyes so they cannot see up. Oh why do you put fuel on your hearths that shoots the smoke through your barrel chimneys, to settle Laputa-like between you and the mountain peaks?

Below in the valley clocks tick so that people must die. Oh people, why do you wind your clocks? Sleepy fingers wander through printed pages and strain for truths. Look up, young one. Words will not blow away the mists. They are not heaven sent, but the progeny of those like yourself. Words are only out of the experience of people. Look up, young one.

Below in the valley the people sleep. Dream well tonight my little village.

Once I sat on a mountain deep in dunes of snow, snow scene, snow cold, snow clean. And the light of night played picture pantomimes about me in the dunes. The eye-moon saw, sometimes wide, sometimes a winking slit. The stars were at my fingertips.

Once I sat on a mountain deep in dunes of snow, snow light, snow pure, snow bright. And the space grew so immense that I looked up. The night was in focus. It was beyond dimension, and I could see up for a distance of forever! Oh wonderful life, how naked to me now. But I hide not in shame at seeing you. For I sit on a mountain, and shame lies below in the valley.

Once I sat on a mountain deep in dunes of snow, snow bold, snow new, snow old. The dunes were melody in design, undulating light, and greys, and blacks that met the night.

Dunes were dreams that wandered through the night. High as a mountain, low as a valley.





# La D A

IF YOU'RE anywhere in the neighborhood of the Women's Gym on a Thursday night and happen to hear the lilt of a piano or the beat of a drum combined with a steady stomping of rhythmic feet, don't be alarmed. It's just the weekly soiree of the Modern Dance Club. Every week about this time, twenty-some odd girls (and we quote from one of the members) gather together and go through a series of leaps, contortions, elevations, falls, contracted movements, sustained movements, body bends, free swings, leg kicks, traveling stretches, and heaven only knows what else. As a result of all this, as you well may guess, they are constantly comparing bruises, and there even have been some heated debates as to who has the largest.

The outcome of all the wear and tear is made available to the public every year, usually in the spring, when they give their Modern Dance Recital. In this they coordinate with the music and art departments, and sometimes the speech department, although since Mr. Badenoch left, they lament, it hasn't been the same. Of course, all the costumes and dances used are original. In the last recital, given March tenth, their originality ran all the way from dances based on folk and Negro ballads and Ogden Nash poetry to a Halleluliah finale. The music department's contribution consisted of the madrigal singers who provided a vocal background for the dancers.

It is doubtful just what would happen to the Modern Dance Club without the aid of the physical education department's Miss Lewis. She assists them in teaching and choreography, and when



# se — oderne



there isn't anything else to do, she just plain assists. Although her official title is "Advisor" to the group, she is the guiding hand—and foot—behind the organization. Modern dancing is not all hard work and practice. It has its lighter side too. For instance, the club was affectionately called "Duke's Flapper-Girls" by a hooting bunch of E. C. T. C. boys who greeted them on their arrival at that college to present their recital. And then there was the time, during rehearsals, when a wandering madrigal singer obviously lost, wandered into the wrong dressing room, obviously by mistake. But such is the life of the future Martha Grahams. In spite of the numerous times they have fallen on their faces—literally—no one, to this date, has lost any teeth or broken any bones. Just blisters, blisters, plenty of blisters!

Photographs by  
KEN MILLER



# THE SOUND OF T

WHEN Elizabeth came back after the funeral the house seemed very quiet. She closed the door behind her softly, almost as if she were afraid to hear the click of its shutting. Standing with her back to the door, she looked around the room. The air was charged with the silence; it hung in every corner of the room and sounded louder in her ears than had the voices which had been there only a few hours before. Everybody in the little town had been in that room at least once during the last three days. They had come to express their sympathy to Elizabeth and to see her aunt for the last time.

"She looks so lovely," they had said. "So natural and everything."

They had told her it was really a blessing she had passed on, though. She was in such pain, you know. And they had said she had been so brave to take care of her all these years what with her laid up like that.

"You're going to be alone now, aren't you?" they had gone on.

She was going to be alone now. She turned and, laying her gloves on the chair beside the door, started across the room. It was a dark room on the north side of the house, with green shades in the windows. The heavy, old-fashioned furniture was upholstered with a dark-maroon plush, and the drapes were dark and heavy too. Mrs. Stanton would be here soon. She had said she was coming over and maybe help her clean up the house a bit. The table scarf was disarranged and one or two of the chairs were out of place. She began to straighten things methodically as if long years had trained her to do it without thinking. She was alone now. For the first time since Aunt Jenny had died, Elizabeth had the opportunity to gather her thoughts together. Now that the first shock and numbness had worn off,

she could think. She was alone now. She was free. She picked up a book absent-mindedly from the table and rifled through it, and when she put it down, she started automatically to rearrange the other things on the table top. Aunt Jenny had always liked the lamp right there and the conch shell had always set here.

She picked up the shell and looked at it so long and hard, it seemed as if she were studying it. It was smooth and fragile and delicately fluted, fading from a burnt orange color on the outside to a deep pink on the inside. Then she lifted it to her ear and listened to the roaring that came somewhere from its heart. It was the sound of the sea. She remembered that's what her aunt had told her the first day she had come to live with her. She had been only seven, a thin, psindly child left parentless. Shy and frightened, she had stood in the doorway of this same room, no different then than it was now, and her aunt had beckoned to her.

"Come, dear," Aunt Jenny had said, lifting the shell carefully and holding it out toward her. "If you hold this to your ear and are very still, you can hear the noise the ocean makes."

Elizabeth had clutched the shell.

"We're going to have lots of fun here together, aren't we, dear?" her aunt had gone on.

But Elizabeth had been listening to the roaring in

the shell that was like the sound of the sea. She had never seen the ocean, but in her imagination she had visioned the thundering blue water as it rolled up and receded and then rolled up again. For a brief moment, she had escaped from this strange and terrifying new place where she was going to live and had taken comforting refuge by the sea.

"Have you ever seen the ocean?" she had asked.

"No, I've never left Morrisville," her aunt had answered, as if she were proud of the fact.

"How far away is it?"

"Oh, hundreds of miles. Come put the shell down now."

And so she had never really seen the



Illustrated by  
FRANK TRECHSEL



# IE SEA

*By Joan Angevine*

tumbling surf. In fact, she had rarely been allowed to touch the conch shell after that.

"You'll break it," Aunt Jenny had said. "A dear friend of mine gave it to me and I'd hate for it to be broken."

But on warm sticky summer afternoons when her aunt was resting upstairs in the dark little bedroom from some visiting she had done that morning, Elizabeth would open the door and slip into the dim parlor, reserved for company or special occasions. There she would pick up the shell and listen to the roar for hours, pretending she was by the ocean and promising herself that when she grew up she would go.

Elizabeth turned now and looked out the window. The sun was setting and

the shadow of the house next door reached across the fence dividing the yards and fell darkly on the lawn. Up and beyond, she saw the green-covered, sentinel mountains encircling the little town. Beyond them somewhere was the sea. Beyond them were the cities she had never seen and the other countries she had always longed to visit. She thought of the travel folders she used to collect years ago and remembered how she had pored over them late into the night, dreaming of where she would go and what she would wear and do. She thought of the time Aunt Jenny, coming back from the bathroom late one night, had seen the crack of light under her door and had come in without knocking.

"Elizabeth, what ever are you doing up so late?"

"I wish you'd stop treating me like a child," Elizabeth had answered, resenting the intrusion without quite knowing why. "I am twenty-one, you know!"

Her aunt had ignored her and, crossing the room, had peered over her shoulder.

"What's all that you're reading?"

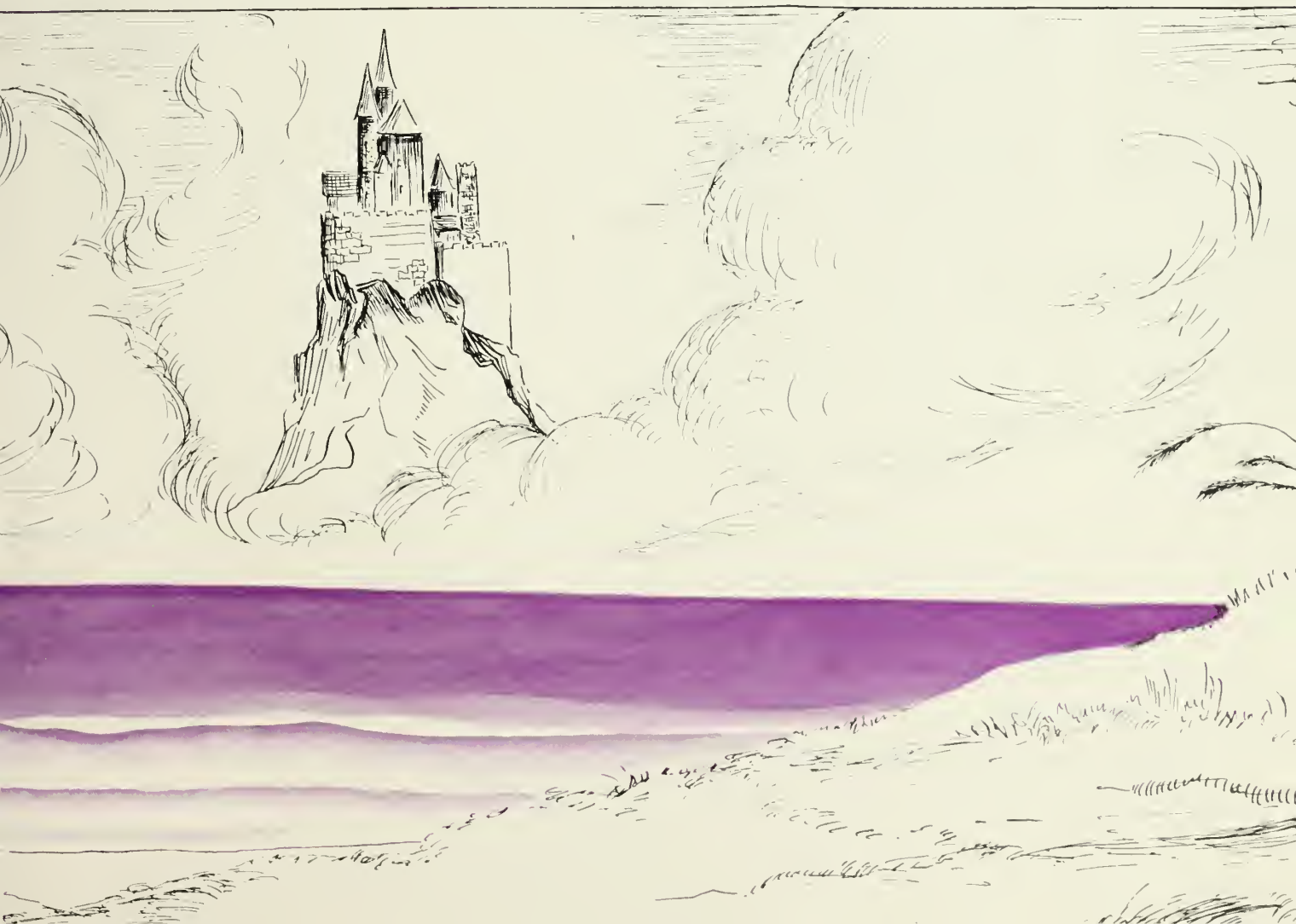
"Travel folders. On all the places I'm going to go."

Her aunt had frowned.

"What nonsense! You're not going anywhere. Come now, put them away and go to bed."

Elizabeth had watched her go out of the room, mumbling something under her breath. She had watched her step out into the dark hallway and close the door behind her. Then she had heard the thump and the scream,

(Continued on Page 21)





# SKETCHES

By Marcia Norcross

DR. LEWIS LEARY was a freshman in high school for three years. English was the only subject he didn't fail at least once, which may be one of the reasons why he teaches it now.

Dr. Lewis Leary was thrown out of college in his sophomore year for over-cutting. His record of 80 cuts by Thanksgiving is a collegiate record which will probably not be broken for some time. "I was trying to establish an Oxford system, or rather what I thought was an Oxford system, of class attendance. But fortunately I was readmitted when the school psychiatrist convinced the dean that I was a little wacky but harmless."

He went to the University of Vermont back in the days when colleges paid boys to play football and things. Believe it or not, he was one of the track stars. (How fast can you get?) Professor Latty of the Law School was his track coach.

During his first year in college, he was an engineering student. In his second and third year he was a pre-med and entered medical school his fourth year. But about this time young, impressionable Leary met an English pro-

fessor with a beard, and you know the rest of the story. But he still thinks he's the natural scientist type and says, "They have about the best sort of life—half indoors, half out. Working with hands and with heads—of anyone—certainly the healthiest." (Whatever that means.) He contends that some of his best friends are people who chase mosquitoes all over South America or termites all through Florida. And if he'd known as much about archaeologists then as he knows now, he would have been one too. But instead he confines his digging to an unsuccessful garden.

He also had ambitions of being a Rhodes scholar until he found out that other smarter people had the same idea, so he took a job teaching English at the American University of Beirut, Lebanon, commonly called Syria. For three long years he stayed there, travelling in the summer through Europe, Asia, and Africa.

Up to this time, Leary had been a confirmed Yankee for many generations back. Furthermore, he had never been farther south than Philadelphia. "I was working my way through graduate school managing an apartment house in New York City. An attractive southern girl moved into one of the apartments (pause) and five weeks later (pause) moved down to the manager's apartment (pause)." Marriage changed Dr. Leary. Since then he has become a *Southerner* and even catches himself whistling *The Bonnie Blue Flag*. He would probably be tarred and feathered

if he ever returned to Blauvelt on the Hudson, New York. The Learys have two daughters now and want six. They have one every eight years and think sons are vulgar.

Before coming to Duke, he taught at the University of Miami. He was a dean there, but at Duke has enough troubles of his own. He left in 1942 when the government offered him a position in the Office of Strategic Services. He spent the war in Egypt and the Middle East as a civilian. He thinks they kept him a civilian because they needed someone who wasn't an officer to make mistakes. An officer would have been court-martialed, but a civilian is supposed to be stupid. To this day he wears a corset to keep something in place in his back that was jarred loose in Transjordan, commonly called Mesopotamia.

He likes being a professor because it keeps him busy at so many things. He likes to teach because of all the nice C students, but thinks that "the ideal job would be that of a professor without any classes to teach so that he could write and diddle about finding out things to tell other professors about."

He still enjoys writing and admits that during college he wrote confession stories for MacFadden publications. In these stories, he was the innocent country girl bewildered by the evilness of



big cities and wolfish men whose pure heart always kept her from mischief. He was also a poet once and published his poems in magazines he won't tell the names of. He even read the stuff on the radio.

He wrote a novel in four weeks, which beats Davenport's current record. It was in the James Joyce-Bob Loomis manner and was so awful he doesn't dare throw it away. It might be a best seller in a couple of years. Now he is working on three books—a biography, a study in literary criticism, and a library history. In the past, he has completed four books, some bibliographies, and about fifty articles which he modestly suspects are more interesting to him than to anyone else. He wants to write a murder story *Laid in Epworth*.

Professor Leary never writes out class lectures, but sometimes thinks he should. He has an awful time remembering student's names and never knows whether he's told the same joke before in the same class. Usually has. He collects limericks and welcomes additions to his collection. "A" students take note. He thinks an honor system would be much easier on the poor professors.

For years he has been puzzled because so many of the nicest people never get any higher than C. He hates head-noddors, gum-chewers, and sock-knitters in class, and hates head-noddors and gum-chewers anywhere.

He thinks that the English faculty at Duke is the best of its size in any university in the country. He even likes Durham and most of the people that live in it. He regrets that so few undergraduates ever have courses from Dr. Gilbert or Dr. Baum. He wishes that every English major could have a professor with a beard at least once. He would like to make all English professors grow beards—just to prove that they can do it.

• • •

## Exact Observations of Several Phenomena

What bird is there that is so heard?  
Oh! 'Tis the obscene bluejay bird,  
Squalling mawsome, witless things;  
Wild cherry gluttoned, still he sings;  
He broadcasts from a chinaberry limb  
To his mate upon a T-Model rim  
Of an upturned chassis in Jones' Junk Yard,  
Where disjected tin and metal shard  
Of done-in flivvers and Chevrolets,  
Oldsmobiles and Model A's  
Fall apart and rot and rust,  
Heedless of the bluejay's lust.

Bicycling down South River Street  
Where Toxaway and Gluck Mills meet,  
You see the smokestacks standing high,  
The P & N besliding by,  
And willows hanging, hung with gloom,  
Around the South Side Billiard Room.  
You wheel your wheel through River Heights—  
The realtor's dream of urban delights,  
And let the breeze balloon your clothes  
Where sluggardly the Rocky flows—  
And home again, you sit and read  
*Les Pages de Journal de André Gide*.

The houses on East Franklin Street  
Are never of one style complete,  
With hybrid fronts and hybrid frills,  
Some counterfeits of Robert Mills,  
Some with porches on a slant,  
Some designed by Albert Fant,  
Some, to escape the hand of God,  
Have the aesthetic lightning rod.  
My father lights a cigaret  
And asks my mother where he's set  
His ashtray and his book of crime  
Contrived by E. P. Oppenheim.

GUY DAVENPORT

# BOOKS

ALL THE KING'S MEN, by Robert Penn Warren, *Harcourt, Brace and Co.*, 464 pages.

## REVIEWED BY GUY DAVENPORT

On September 8, 1935, Dr. Carl Austin Weiss shot down U. S. Senator Huey P. Long, in Baton Rouge, just before Long's bodyguards shot Weiss. This was the basic material with which Robert Penn Warren, who taught English at Louisiana State from 1931 to 1934, had to work when he set about to write *All The King's Men*, the Pulitzer Prize Novel for last year. In Warren's hands, Long does not become the dictator that he is generally considered to be. Willie Stark (Warren's Long), was a conscientious country boy, "a red-necked hick," as he called himself, who rose to power by "making up The Good as [he] went along." The theme of the book is, in fact, Willie Stark's almost naive sense of power and domination which could so easily be considered unscrupulous. "History is blind, but man is not," Jack Burden, Willie's secretary and the narrator of the story, keeps saying. It is through

Burden's salty journalistic language and candid insight that the story of Willie's political career and the people that it involves is seen. It is this intimate, colloquial tone which makes each part seem urgent and vital. Urgent, because the reader cannot in a sense stay aloof and disinterested from the story; no sooner has he read a few pages than he sees that he is involved in the story himself, that the novel is written in an idiom which demands, and gets, his attention. The novel is exciting, and I will not apologize for that word.

The one work of art that I can find to compare *All the King's Men* with is *Julius Caesar*; the story is familiar to the reader before he begins to read, as is the regime and the assassination of Huey Long, but every scene is fresh and unexpected. The Willie Stark story, moreover, is woven in with many subplots, little novels within themselves, but relevant just the same. I find the story of Sadie Burke the most interesting of these subplots. She is the woman who, because of her domination over Willie in the early days, kept him from falling

into the traps which the gang politicians had set for him (to make a gang politician out of Willie nevertheless) and who, being pockmarked and unlovely, could not bring Willie to love her. It was Sadie who, angry at Willie's two-timing her, set off the subtle chain action which resulted in his assassination. I cite this particular subplot, or rather member of a large, extensive plot, because it shows exactly how the structure of the novel is made, with admirable economy and terseness.

Mr. Warren has given every character a full characterization which grows as the novel grows, probing deeper and deeper into each person. We have Jack Burden, the journalist who had almost taken a Ph.D. in history and who became Willie's secretary. We have Adam and Anne Stanton, the idealistic children of the governor whose state government Willie changed even to the darkest corner and, to their minds, corrupted and perverted it. Anne falls in love with Willie while Adam, a surgeon, takes over the new state hospital which Willie built. When Adam dis-

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covers that he got his position because Willie wanted to win Anne and that Willie had insinuated that Adam had bungled an operation on Willie's football hero son Tom (neck broken in the 1935 Louisiana State-Tech game) his idealistic nature which had made him wary of coming under Willie's thumb in the first place gives him the true role of the martyr and, knowing that he will be killed himself, kills Willie in full view of three people in the state capitol. The scene is constructed with restraint and irony. There is no need for Mr. Warren to force meaning into a single action. Every action is so well built up that it is natural and believable but, as in all good fiction, unexpected.

A lot of the experimental writing of the past few decades becomes hollow and futile beside such a book as this, which is not in the least devious either in its form or language. It is never

## Just Forget It

(Continued from Page 8)

somewhere in Gramercy Park. Without a word the pair rushed out of the bar and ran down Lexington to Gramercy Park, where one of the homes on the north side of the park was blazing like a bonfire in hell.

The police had already arrived at the scene and were holding the rapidly increasing crowd back, away from the danger area. Bill and "Five-Star" were attracted by a stir in the throng, which turned out to be a wildly gesturing man who seemed almost on the verge of hysteria. As they came within hearing distance, they could hear the man's violent protests at being kept out of the burning building. It was his home and he had just returned to find it burning to the ground, and he wanted to rescue

his wife who was trapped in the smoking inferno.

Just as the man managed to twist away from the restraining police and break through the fire lines, a couple of firemen carrying a stretcher came out of the blazing house. The body was completely covered with a sheet; it was the last person to be found in the house, they told the man, who had rushed up to the stretcher bearers.

"But this isn't my wife. I've never seen this man before," cried the distraught husband as he uncovered the face of the body on the litter. "He's a stranger to me!" The man was led away, now completely subdued.

Bill and "Five-Star" watched the blaze and the firemen completely ruin the home; then when the spectacular part ended, "Five-Star" turned to Bill and said: "I think I'll go home and get some shut-eye—have to work tomorrow, you know." With this he was

Once upon a time there were three co-eds, a great big extra large size co-ed, a plain old medium size co-ed, and a little, little, tiny co-ed, who went for a walk in the forest. When they returned they were tired and went straight to their rooms. All of a sudden was heard:

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed," said the great big jumbo sized co-ed in a gruff voice.

"Someone has been sleeping in my bed," said the second girl with the medium voice.

"Good Night," said the little co-ed in a very small voice.

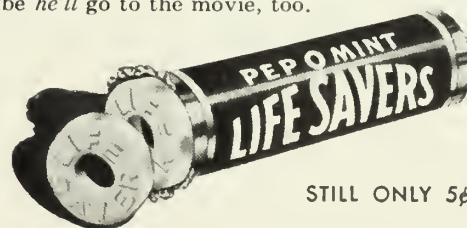
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AND HOW TO GET OUT OF 'EM



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gone, and Bill walked up to Madison Square and bought a *Herald-Tribune*.

Scanning the front page, Bill skipped the foreign news and the reports of Washington correspondents and read about the man who died of a heart attack on a plane coming from Havana to Miami. Customs authorities later

found over \$3,000,000 in narcotics on the man's person, about a pound of opium. Experts estimated that it had taken several years and a large outlay of money to accumulate so much opium and that the man had been waiting for years to smuggle the dope into the U. S. and make his fortune.

It was now two o'clock in the morning according to Bill's watch, but his stomach told him it was meal time. He turned into an all-night cafeteria on 23rd Street on his way back to his hotel. He ordered scrambled eggs and coffee. While waiting to be served, Bill turned to the inside news section of the paper. In the upper right-hand corner, set off in a box, was a story about the Johns Hopkins medical student who discovered his long lost father in the cadaver he was about to slice up for educational purposes.

Maybe he could use this incident as a basis for a short story? After all, it had a nice twist at the end—too pat though . . . too obvious . . . too incredible for the hypercritical "man" at Emmett's.

Of course, he could put a twist of some sort on it—like not really having the medical student find his father or sister or any other long-missing member of his family until some other student finishes dissecting the body, and then his father's unique tattoo mark, a square-

rigged schooner rounding the Horn, appears on a piece of skin left in some scraps about to be put in the incinerator. . . . Or perhaps the medical student would have heard of this same news story, and having a long-lost relative and an overactive imagination, he begins to fear that someday he will walk into the cadaver closet and find sister Sue on the slab; this fear grows in intensity, and finally the psychiatrists take over.

Bill's creative reverie was broken by the greeting: "Well, McGoogan, how are you? What are you doing up at this hour?"

Looking up, Bill discovered that the voice belonged to that "man" from Emmett's, Mr. J. P. Clifton. "Sit down, Mr. Clifton," said Bill, which was an unnecessary invitation since Mr. Clifton had already unloaded his tray on the table.

"Do you live around here?" asked Bill. "I just stopped in for a bite before going to bed. I live right down the street."

"No, McGoogan, I don't live around here. I've just been at a testimonial dinner at Cavanaugh's. Christ, was it dull. I managed to pull through. . . . I had the waiter keep bringing me double shots all during the speeches. Kinda hate to stop now."

"Don't blame you," said Bill. "I've been knocking my brains out all day trying to figure out something to write. Got some lines on a few ideas, but nothing has hit me quite in the face. There just doesn't seem to be anything to write about. It's a dull world after all. I feel like going on a bat right now myself."

"Shank of the evening, McGoogan, why not join me? I know a liquor locker on Fifth Avenue we can go to."

So the two men made their way to an after-hours joint where Mr. Clifton kept a handy reserve of Old Grandad. Since the drinks were on Mr. Clifton, Bill figured that it was Mr. Clifton's privilege to tell him his troubles, without being interrupted by petty worries

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of his own, such as unpaid hotel bills, a skimpy diet, and smelly week-old shirts.

As a consequence of his limited conversation, which consisted of "yes's" and "no's" and sympathetic noises made with the tongue pressed against the roof of the mouth, Mr. Clifton soon began to be greatly impressed by Bill's highly analytical mind and keen intelligence—especially after the fourth drink.

Eventually, Mr. Clifton became weary of telling how his wife didn't understand him and what a bunch of assassins he was surrounded by in his job, and on the eighth drink Bill took his head out of his hands and declared:

"Of course, Mr. Clifton, you understand I'm just thinking out loud, but what do you think of this as an idea for a story? . . ." With this question he was off . . . explaining to Mr. Clifton the plot structure and proposed characters.

Mr. Clifton liked it "essentially" but it needed "something," which he promptly supplied. By the tenth drink the two men were beginning to "visual-

ize" the story on paper, despite the fact that so many plot changes and character shifts had been made that it had no relation to Bill's original idea. When the waiter brought the thirteenth shot, Mr. Clifton had agreed to publish a book-length novel in Emmett's slick monthly magazine for the housewife. Eventually, it was time to leave, and the two men in their last drink toasted each other's share of the movie and play rights. It had been a profitable evening.

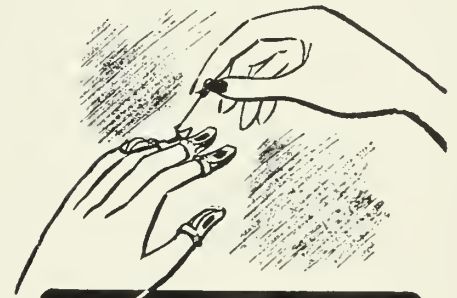
Just before he dropped Bill off at his hotel, Mr. Clifton said: "Now don't forget, McGoogan, I'll pay you \$2,000 for that story. It's a great idea!"

Bill went to sleep happy that night, and he had wonderful technicolor dreams of big white sheets of paper magically filling themselves with beautifully worked out plots written in faultless, sparkling, terse, tense prose. Then the crisp clean sheets of copy were transformed into crisp clean two thousand dollar bills—each one with its own special insignia. One had a picture of Old Man Greenbaum in place of President

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Harrison. Another had a skunk fur piece draped over the treasury building. But as his dreams progressed they began to lose their pleasant tone, and the last scene Bill remembered was of his beautiful sheets of prose turning into counterfeit silver dollars, which kept rolling away from him.

When Bill woke up it was high noon, and the sun was slugging him in the eyes. His head was heavy, and he kept trying to remember something. Suddenly and sickeningly he knew what it was: the plot for the story Mr. Clifton was going to buy for \$2,000—and all those royalties and movie and play rights sales.

But maybe things weren't so bad: He'd just call Mr. Clifton on the phone and tactfully have him explain the plot; then Bill would write it and everything would be fine. The vision of those two thousand dollar bills became more real.

Picking up the phone by his bed, Bill dialed the Emmett Publications' number and asked for Mr. Clifton.

"Hello, Mr. Clifton—this is McGoogan. . . . Something I wanted to ask you."

"Glad to hear from you, McGoogan. I was going to call you in a minute, anyway. I've got a fine spot for your story in the March issue."

"Ah . . . well . . . that is, Mr. Clifton, could you tell me just how. . . ."

"By the way, McGoogan, could you kind of run over that plot once more, so I can get the artist working on it? Things were kind of confused last night, and the narrative channel is not quite clear in my mind."

Bill imagined that Mr. Clifton's high squeaking laugh sounded like the creaking of the gates of purgatory as they opened.

"Just forget it, Mr. Clifton," said Bill, as he hung up. "It probably wasn't worth writing, anyway."

"Nothing is . . . , " he thought to himself.

• • •

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# Sound of Sea

(Continued from Page 13)

and had reached the door and seen her aunt slumped over at the foot of the stairs.

Elizabeth moved away from the window and walked slowly into the next room. It was growing darker now, but in the dim shadows she could see that the furniture was shoved back out of place and that the rug was humped up in the middle from the constant shuffling of many feet. Aunt Jenny would've hated that! She would've waved her hand back and forth in the air and ordered Elizabeth to straighten it immediately. After all, when she had to lie flat on her back on that couch, she at least liked to have a neat room to look at! That's what she would've said. Elizabeth fought back the impulse to go and smooth it out and, walking to the table, flicked on the lamp instead. Even with the bright light on, it's dark, she thought. It's dark! It's dark!

"I don't like gaudy things, dear," her aunt had said a dozen times. "Soft, quiet colors are more proper for single ladies."

Elizabeth looked at the day-bed in the corner where her aunt had lain when her back felt well enough so that she could get up out of bed and come downstairs. The pillows were pushed in and lopsided. Elizabeth smiled a little and then the smile went away as she remembered how many times she had plumped them up for her aunt. And how many times she had run up and down those narrow stairs, answering her and waiting on her. And how many times she had straightened the tablecloth and smoothed out the rug. How many times and how many years?

This is wrong. You shouldn't be thinking these things, she thought. But

why not? Why not? It was all her fault that you couldn't go away like you wanted to, wasn't it? It was all her fault that you were stuck in this stupid little town where nothing ever happens with these stupid little people who do nothing but the same useless things over and over day after day. The best part of your life gone! Wasted! Well, you're free now. You're free! You can tear up these dark rugs and rip down those heavy draperies. You can paint all the woodwork white and put light wallpaper on the walls. Flowered paper with maybe yellow roses or something on it. And then maybe, when the house is all fixed up like houses should be, you can rent it and take that money and the money Aunt Jenny left you and go away. Go to all the places in the travel folders. All the big cities with the bright lights. And then you can go to the shore. You can lie in the warm,

prickly sand and listen to the waves pounding on the beach. Just lie and listen to the ocean forever.

The tap of footsteps on the back porch startled her. Mrs. Stanton, she

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thought. Mrs. Stanton was coming over to keep her company and help her straighten up the house. She turned and hurried out to the kitchen excitedly. She would buy all new clothes maybe too. She flung open the back door and smiled broadly at Mrs. Stanton.

"Hello," she said. "I've been expecting you. Come on in." Her face was flushed and there was excitement in her voice. Mrs. Stanton frowned and, reaching up to fix her glasses more securely on the bridge of her nose, she stepped inside. Clearing her throat, she reached out and patted Elizabeth's hand.

"Well, now, you've had a hard day, haven't you, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth backed up, smoothing the front of her wrinkled dress. It was hot and sticky and it clung in dampness to her. She looked hard at the brown and green linoleum on the floor.

"Yes, it has," she said.

Mrs. Stanton approached her again and put her arm gently around Elizabeth's shoulders.

"Now, now," she said, "you mustn't be upset. We must remember that your aunt is far better off where she is now."

"Of course," Elizabeth answered, and some of the excitement was gone from her voice. "Won't you come in and sit down?" They started into the next room.

"I thought you might be lonesome here all by yourself," Mrs. Stanton went on. "You've never been alone before, have you?"

"No. Aunt Jenny wasn't able to leave the house at all for the last few years."

"Oh, I know, I know. Poor soul. She had such a dreadful time of it. And she was always in such pain too."

Elizabeth sat down on the day bed. The elation she had felt only a moment before had slipped away. She thought of the times her aunt had lain there for hours, unable to move, almost unable to speak. An uneasy feeling, almost like guilt, came over her, and she shifted her feet back and forth and folded and unfolded her hands in her lap.

"Yes," she agreed.

"Just think," Mrs. Stanton continued. "Cooped up in this house all that time and never able to go out at all. Poor dear. She used to be so active about the town before her fall too."

"Yes, I guess it was pretty awful." Elizabeth got up quickly and crossed the room. Why did the woman keep harping on it? Why didn't she shut up? She picked up a match, struck it furiously, and blew it out.

"Well, perhaps we shouldn't talk about it anymore. You know only too

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well how she suffered, I guess."

How she suffered! Elizabeth stared unseeingly at the gray and white pattern in the table scarf until the colors swam together and blended. How Aunt Jenny had suffered! Shut up, shut up, shut up! Then suddenly she could hold it back no longer. The full flood of her own guilt broke over her and she stood there for a long moment, unable to move. At last she turned and looked at Mrs. Stanton.

"You poor child," Mrs. Stanton said, coming forward and grasping both her hands warmly. "You must be tired after all this. I shan't stay any longer tonight. You go to bed now and get some rest. I'll be back in the morning if you need me." She started toward the door, pulling on her gloves as she went.

"All right," Elizabeth said dully.

Mrs. Stanton turned at the door.

"You know, Elizabeth," she said, smiling. "We ladies are looking forward to having you work with us. Now that you'll have lots of time, there's so much you can do. Why you might even like to help in the new nursery school we're starting. That's for the real little ones, you know." She smiled again.

"All right," Elizabeth repeated and watched the door close behind Mrs. Stanton. Then she turned and walked slowly back through the room, turning the light off as she went. She started toward the stairs. As she passed the door into the parlor, she noticed that it was open. Aunt Jenny had always kept it closed. Reaching over, she started to pull it shut. All at once, she thought of the conch shell inside with its sound of the sea. She hesitated for a moment. Then she closed the door.

## Books

(Continued from Page 16)

without a dramatic scene, never loses its suspense or wanders from its subject. The one objection which a reader with less stomach for Mr. Warren's writing than I have could make is that the thirty-five page digression of chapter four which fills in Jack Burden's family history stands in the way of the story's progression. It is a story of the South in the Civil War, and I find it extremely readable, although it is not essential, as the saying goes, to the story.

• • •

## Scraps

(Continued from Page 2)

Noel Houston had infinitely better results. I am sure that anyone who attended both panels would admit that the one held by the NCCPA was by far the best in every way, especially in aid-

ing the writers themselves to turn out better stories. They really dug in and gave serious, objective criticism. More important, it was an open discussion and in that way many more opinions and suggestions were brought to light.

• • •



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## — DAFFY DEFINITIONS —

\$1 apiece to Herbert W. Hugo of Northwestern Univ., Richard M. Sheirich of Colgate Univ., Tad Golas of Columbia College, Bob Sanford of Notre Dame, and Jo Cargill of Bates College for these. And when we think of what a dollar used to buy!

Mushroom—the girl friend's front parlor.

Dime—a buck with taxes taken out.

Ounce—one-twelfth of a bottle of Pepsi-Cola.

Funnel—faster way of drinking Pepsi.

Ghost writer—writes obituary notices.

\* \* \*

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December winners: \$15.00 to: Kathy Conso of Michigan State College; \$5.00 each to: Alex. H. Feazey of Philadelphia, Leroy Lott of Univ. of Texas, and Robert A. M. Booth of Univ. of Colorado. Not a conscience in the crowd!

## LITTLE MORON CORNER



Here's the character study (and we do mean "character") that dragged down two iron men for Mauro Montoya of Univ. of New Mexico:

Our own inimitable Murgatroyd (better known to his intimates as "Meathead") was discovered a few days ago carefully holding a large bucket beneath a leaking faucet. Naturally he was asked the reason. "Duuuuh," replied the outsized oaf, with his customary ready intelligence, "I'm collectin' trickles for the Pepsi-Cola jingle!"

*Arthur J. McGrane of Duke Univ. also raked in \$2 for his moron gag. So can you, if yours clicks. Just be yourself!*

## HE-SHE GAGS

Three bucks apiece went out to Mammon-worshippers Bill Spencer of Hardin-Simmons Univ., Nick G. Flocos of Univ. of Pittsburgh, Shirley Motter of Univ. of Cincinnati, and Carson A. Ronas of Brooklyn, N. Y., respectively, for these bits of whimsy:

He: O. K., stupid, be that way.

She: Don't you call me stupid!

He: O. K., ignorant.

She: Well, that's better!

\* \* \*

She: I'm thirsty for a Pepsi-Cola.

He: Okay, let's sip this one out.

\* \* \*

He: Does your husband talk in his sleep?

She: No, it's terribly exasperating. He just grins.

\* \* \*

He-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: At least we're better off than those two empty bottles on the sidewalk.

She-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: How do you figure?

He-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: They've been drunk since yesterday, and we're still on the wagon.

\* \* \*

*\$3 each—that's a lot of bonanza oil! But that's the take-home pay for any of these we buy.*

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*J. Hogan Ballard-*

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May, 1948

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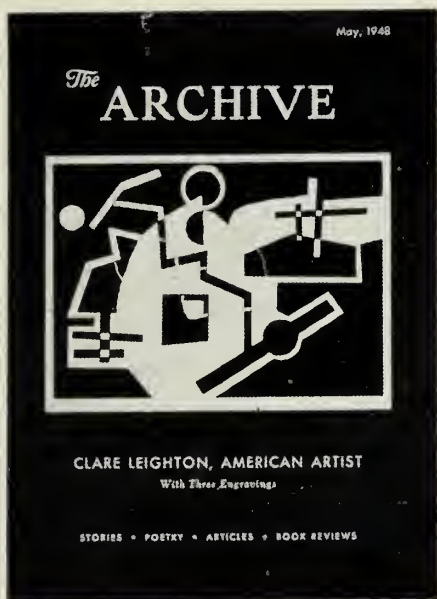
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## This Month

### Menotti on Modern Theater

When Dan Patterson was invited to join the *Archive* staff, he was somewhat reluctant, since music criticism is apt to be a difficult thing, especially when it must be written for a community with highly varied musical interests. After hearing Gian-Carlo Menotti, however, he found that his special ideas about music were also Mr. Menotti's, constituting a mutual enthusiasm, and Dan set about to write his first article with fine spirit.

### Ohio and Horse Racing

R. D. Loomis, our new editor, continues his series of stories about a small town, this time with a new technique—the "pillow word"—which facilitates, and possibly solves, the old problem of flashbacks. The story has a lot of local color and something which is often lacking in modern writing, a good plot. Clarence Brown did the vignettes.

## Small Town and City in Verse

The poetry in this issue comes from Norman Nelson and Guy Davenport. Norman's poem is the first part of a trilogy on modern life in a big city. This first section suffers from being out of context (since the point of view is not clarified until the last section), but, being a unit in itself, stands alone successfully. Guy's poem is also part of a series, "Eleven Precise Poems on Provincial Subjects," all concerned with place names and proper names, a thing that he is often excited about.

## An Artist and a Novelist

Clare Leighton, the English (now American) artist and author who now lives in Durham, and Jackson Marshall, a new American writer, are treated in two of this issue's articles both by Guy Davenport. Miss Leighton is often a topic for interesting conversation at Duke, and our article attempts to get her down on paper, an undertaking that is indeed a failure, considering what *could* be written about her. Jackson Marshall scarcely lends himself to a short essay, but we think that our article (the first to be written on him, ever) will serve as an introduction to his strange and puzzling career. A segment of Duke's English department has al-



### DEDICATORY

THE EDITORSHIP of the *Archive*, even at its best, is a difficult and, in most cases, thankless task. Good copy has been especially scarce this year and yet we feel that in many ways the 1947-1948 *Archive* was the best in recent years.

We therefore dedicate this last issue to the out-going editor, Joan Angevine, in recognition of her fine work on the magazine.

The New Staff

ready taken interest, or indulgence we should say, in his devious writing.

The Clare Leighton engravings were loaned to the *Archive* by the Duke Library, which owns a complete set of her *Southern Harvest* prints. Mr. Marshall's work is quoted with his permission.

## Duke Painter

Dave Fick is probably the best undergraduate artist on campus today. His painting shows a remarkable versatility and his technique is developed to a promising point. He plans to be an illustrator and serious painter. We reproduce one of his latest pictures on our cover, a tempera painting in the abstract manner.

# SCRAPS FOR THE LITERATI

By R. D. LOOMIS

## THE NEW ARCHIVE

THIS WILL be the last issue of the *Archive* in its present format. Next year almost everything about it will be changed.

First, the *Archive* will be issued only four times instead of the usual eight—that is, it will be a literary quarterly. In size each issue will be somewhat longer (around forty pages) and we hope this will allow the publishing of everything that is good enough to be printed and yet will exclude the type of material that has been accepted in the past few years—of necessity—just to “get the magazine out.”

The need to change the *Archive* to a quarterly has long been recognized by those who have thought even a little bit about how the magazine might be improved. Not once in the past few years has there been enough good copy to fill eight issues, and when they were filled the magazine was only about twenty-four pages in length—which at times gave it the appearance of an awkward pamphlet. And next year—from all that can be divined—there will be even less good copy to choose from.

As to actual content, we hope to

publish more articles than in the past. (These articles would be of a more literary value than they have been—leaving football prophecy and such to the other publications.) Also, besides the present features such as book reviews, etc., we plan to have a music column and perhaps a column concerned with the dramatic goings-on about campus.

To do all this will require more co-operation than has been had previously from the student body. *Archive* material, unfortunately, is of the type that authors often refuse to change—and certainly would never dream of allowing to be cut so that it would fit the magazine. Which is as it should be, of course.

What it all adds up to is the fact



that young authors are easily hurt. There have been many cases in which a freshman would bring a poor story to the *Archive* office, have it rejected, and then hold a grudge all during his four remaining years at Duke. In all probability this same writer could be published during his junior or senior year because if he were serious his writing would have improved tremendously by that time.

Another imagined condition that makes for ill feeling is the idea that some writers are given preference because of personal reasons. This is not true. I suppose that Guy Davenport has appeared more often in the *Archive* this year than anyone else—and to some it might seem that he has an “in.” The truth is that Guy simply writes more and better than the other contributors. (I wonder how many know that three of his stories were rejected by the *Archive* this year? Anyone else who had that happen to them might cuss the *Archive* for life.)

Next year we plan to have a competent board of critics to judge each story and article submitted, and if it is refused the author will be given definite reasons why.

## HATS OFF TO DUKE STUDENTS

In past years we have been proud to serve the Duke Students. In doing so we feel we have had a small part in aiding you to realize your high hopes for the future.

It is our desire to continue to serve you now and in the years to come.

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# The ARCHIVE

*A Monthly Magazine Published by the Students at Duke University,  
Durham, North Carolina*

VOL. 61

No. 8

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Notice of entry: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized December 4, 1924." Entered as second-class mail matter at the Post Office at Durham, N. C.

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**G**IAN-CARLO MENOTTI, who in his lecture here told of the difficulties of obtaining productions of new theatrical works, has shown with the success of his opera *The Medium* the possibilities for American opera in the future.

## MR. MENOTTI AND A PROBLEM OF AMERICAN OPERA

BY DAN PATTERSON

**I**T WAS poor publicity, not the rain, that limited the audience at Gian-Carlo Menotti's lecture here on March 23. Surely many more students would have attended had they known that they could hear at Duke a composer, two of whose operas have been produced by the Metropolitan Opera Company (*The Island God* in 1937, and *Amelia Goes to the Ball* in 1942), two by the New York City Center Opera Company in its recently concluded season (*Amelia Goes to the Ball* and *The Old Maid and the Thief*), and two with success on Broadway (*The Telephone* and *The Medium*), which are also the first American operas to be recorded in their entirety.

"Modern Imaginative Theater" was the subject of Mr. Menotti's lecture. In brief, his ideas are these: Broadway and Hollywood producers, by shaping new dramatic efforts to fit the conventional "success formulas"—suppressing novelty and originality—are ruining American theater. Opera, though it is still in the stage of its nineteenth-century development, is the only theatrical form in which unlimited freedom is allowed the imagination, and is, then, the most promising of all theatrical art forms.

Mr. Menotti spent most of his time telling how hard it is for an author to have his dramas produced as he has written them. Franz Werfel's *Jacobowsky and the Colonel* he cited as a work completely perverted by the producer—changed from a serious drama to a comedy. Elaborating, he compared modern American theater

to the highly stylized eighteenth-century Italian opera. Hollywood's inevitable happy ending, unrealistic conception of foreign countries, and romantic actors, he pointed out, are just as absurd in their way as were such old Italian traditions as that of having male sopranos and contraltos to sing the parts of Roman emperors and Greek heroes. (The happy ending he is especially bitter about, because he has recently had to fight to keep a Hollywood producer from putting one on a serious work of his now being filmed.) The subserviency of the eighteenth-century Italian opera composer to everyone from the great singers to the theater candlelighter he likened to the modern playwright's dependency upon the actors and producers. According to Mr. Menotti, *The Medium* would probably never

have had a presentation had he not found a new, inexperienced producer. Mr. Menotti offered the leading role of a play he recently wrote to a number of leading Broadway actresses, including Tallulah Bankhead and Katherine Cornell, all of whom rejected the play, saying that they would not play the part of an old woman, but would reconsider if a young woman were made the heroine. In connection with this same work Mr. Menotti had other troubles—after accepting it, the producer began to request alterations, and as Mr. Menotti refused to comply, brought suit against him. They settled the affair by agreeing to bring out the play in England this summer because "it is cheaper to have a flop in England than in America."

But prostitution of the theatrical arts to commercialism extends not only to new works, he said, but also to the re-staging (he hates the term *revival*, implying as it does the necessity of injecting new life into a dead work) of classics in modern adaptations. As part of the value of a classic is its expression of the age in which it was written, to modernize it is to remove some of its worth and to distort the author's intentions. Mr. Menotti himself boycotts such productions as *Carmen Jones*, and urges that the whole public fight them with its only weapon, the box office.

\* \* \*

The fact that Mr. Menotti spoke comparatively little about opera and much about his non-musical creations was surprising, for considered as a work of art, the libretto of *The Me-*



# AN AUNT OF MINE

By GUY DAVENPORT

On Wednesday night the Baptist bells,  
Their sounds within a summer breeze  
Which comes through lush, adumbral trees,  
Disturb the night on Market Row  
    Where Caroline,  
    An aunt of mine,  
Rocking in her sedate ease,  
Watches bull bats dipping low.

The Gospel Hour, broadcast at nine,  
A loud quartet of business men  
Whose voices through the room extend,  
Disturbs the night on Market Row  
    Where Caroline,  
    An aunt of mine,  
Takes down, and dusts, to read again,  
A book by Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The traffic fuss from Palmer Street,  
Horns and brakes and motor chokes,  
Joining with the insects' croaks,  
Disturbs the night on Market Row  
    Where Caroline,  
    An aunt of mine,  
Takes a cigaret and smokes  
And watches fireflies come and go.

Later on, at twelve o'clock,  
Alone the long awaited sound  
Of Number Ten approaching town  
Disturbs the night on Market Row  
    Where Caroline,  
    An aunt of mine,  
Has put her Scofield Bible down  
And yellowed letters from her beaux.

dium, probably his most ambitious opera thus far, seems less impressive, both in subject and in execution, than the music. (Praise must be given to some of the music, especially "The Song of the Black Swan," in which rhythm, melody, and harmony are focused into a passage which fills the hearer with a sickening dread.)

As Mr. Menotti says, opera is a retarded child in the family of theatrical arts. The repertory of American opera companies consists almost entirely of works composed before the end of the first decade of this century. The practical operatic repertory dates from the works of Gluck, whose stately, ballet-filled operas unfortunately rarely manage now to achieve more than a critical success (even if given superb interpretations, as when the Metropolitan presented *Armide* in 1910-11 and 1911-12 with Olive Fremstad and Arturo Toscanini). The Italian romantic operas, with their wholesale death and dazzling cadenzas, are gradually passing—following after over a century the Hugo dramas on which they were often based. The showy French grand operas have lost their appeal, and even the Wagnerian "Ring" extravaganzas are now being surpassed by the brilliance of Hollywood. Indeed, the surprising thing is that so many of these operas, theatrically outmoded, should hold the stage. Consider how few works of the "legitimate stage" remain in the active repertory for as long a time as operas written in the same period. It is the triumph of music over transitory theatrical conventions.

Even operas with great durability of subject matter—Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, Wagner's *Die Meistersinger* and *Tristan und Isolde*, Verdi's *Otello* and *Falstaff*, Moussorgsky's *Boris Godounov*—fail, because of their musical style or because of the fact that they are always presented in every language but English, to draw non-musical audiences. The fact is, whether we like it or not, that if America is to develop a school of opera, if

(Continued on Page 17)



WITH "COME TO THE FAIR," R. D. Loomis continues his series of stories concerning the mythical town Saytan, Ohio. In this one he highlights the dramatic action against the exciting background of a County Fair.

# COME TO THE FAIR

BY R. D. LOOMIS

OVER THE TOPS OF THE TREES—even the tallest ones—Barney Chapman could see the slow majestic turning of the Ferris wheel and could hear faintly, almost as in memory, its monotonous, chinking music. He released the hand of the girl who was walking at his side and reached into his pocket, first wiping the perspiration from his palm onto his trouser leg. They were nearing the gate.

A young boy who kept trying unsuccessfully to brush a long fringe of brown hair away from his pale and slightly acned face stood at the entrance wearing a carpenter's apron, the pockets of which served to hold change. He smiled brightly when he saw Barney and the girl. "Hi, Barney. Hi, Nell."

"Hello, Willie," Nell said.

Barney counted out fifty cents and gave it to him, and then took the girl's hand again. They entered the fair grounds, passing under a long cloth banner which read "SAYTAN AGRICULTURAL FAIR, August 21-24."

"Wouldn't it be nice," Nell said, "if we weren't in high school and could still enter the Hobby Fair and get those little blue passes?"

He smiled and squeezed her hand but didn't reply.

They approached the center of the Fair's activities, following the broad, cindered path which ran through the midway, turned, and came back past the racetrack and grandstand to the gate again.

"Barney," Nell said, swinging her arm and his between them, "let's walk around a bit before the races. They don't start till two and we've got

more than a half hour yet."

"O.K., Nell, if you want." His voice sounded vacant, as if he were agreeing without caring what she had said.

They wandered through the midway, suffering the barkers' calls—"Hey! hey! Bring the wife over an' win her a dolly"—past dart games, food stands, fortune tellers, and thrill rides of all kinds. Finally Nell gave in and led Barney over to a "Minute-Photo" stand and made him have his picture taken with her.

In her excited mood it was some time before she noticed that he was holding back in their walk, perhaps unconsciously on his part, and that he had hardly spoken a word since entering the fairgrounds.

"Barney, what's the matter? You weren't like this when we started out. What is it?"

"Nothing . . . I don't know."

"Now, honey, please tell me. This is such a nice day, and it's the first chance I've had to get out here. Let's have a good time, huh?"

"Sure. It's nothing, really."

"But it must be."

"Well, I don't know what—and quit asking me. You make me sound like a damn mystic or something."

She pushed his arm with hers around behind his back and gave him a quick squeeze. "I'm sorry, honey. Look, let's go over there to the flower show. I've got some miniatures entered there I want you to see."

She pulled him along, cutting cross-lots towards the racetrack. The flower show was always held underneath the grandstand.

As they neared the track, Barney saw through the white board fence

some trotters warming up for the afternoon's races. Sweat looking like soapsuds was already forming around their harness straps and they moved smoothly and swiftly, sometimes snorting and tossing their heads.

He followed Nell up to the flower stand.

"Hi, Mrs. Simpson," Nell called to the lady standing behind the board counter. "I brought Barney over to show him my miniatures."

"Of course, of course," Edna Simpson said, smiling over condescendingly, and turned to find Nell's entries. She picked up four little china vases that stood, flowers included, only about three inches high.

Nell took them and lined them up in front of her on the board counter.

"Aren't they darling, Barney?" She turned to Edna Simpson. "Do you think they have a chance?"

"So far," Mrs. Simpson said, whispering to make herself sound more important, "yours have it easily. They're at least a quarter of an inch shorter than any of the others—but height, you know, isn't all. . . ."

"I know—but, oh, wouldn't it be wonderful though if. . . . Barney? Barney, what are you looking for?"

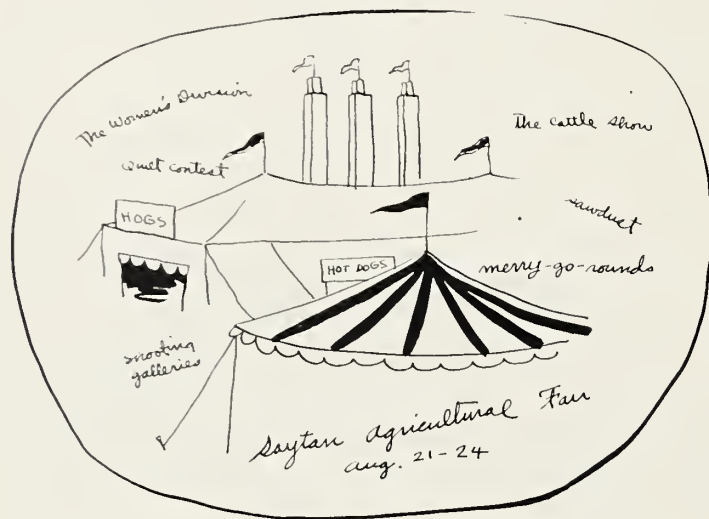
He was staring, quite blankly now, at the betting window which had been newly cut into the side of the grandstand, just around the corner from where they were. He was thinking about what had happened there the day before. A few men were crowded around it, shoving and laughing. The man Barney was looking for was not there. He would have been a little apart from the crowd, perhaps appearing ill at ease—and because of that, a little arrogant. But

more important, he would have been

BARNEY'S FATHER straightened up and surveyed the display of motor oil, tires, and colored posters.

"Finish setting up those few cans there," he said to Barney. "I'll be back in a minute." Then he turned and walked out of the Merchants' tent.

Barney didn't ask where he was going. Concerning the actions of his



father he had learned to let things pass without open question. He began piling the oil cans in pyramid fashion, and when he had finished, stepped to the edge of the tent to see how the rest of the Fair was progressing.

He had seen his father walk over to the grandstand and enter the narrow passageway at the back. Now he saw him reappear at the betting window that some carpenters were sawing out of the side of the stands.

It was almost ten in the morning, and although the gates had officially opened an hour before there were only a few fair-goers around. For the most part everyone was still trying to get the exhibits ready for the afternoon crowds.

Barney started to re-enter the Merchants' tent when he heard someone yell his name.

"Barney. Oh, Barney!" It was Edna Simpson calling from the flower stand. "Will you come over here a

minute please and tell me how you think this looks?"

"Oh, morning, Mrs. Simpson." He stepped across the path to the flowers. "Looks fine to me."

"Yes," Edna Simpson sighed, "but it gets bigger every year." She waved her arm around indicating the tightly packed bouquets. "I told them last year we'd *have* to have one of those separate buildings or else."

"Well, it really doesn't look bad at all now." He smiled a good-by and started to return to the tent.

"Yes, but all the entries aren't even here yet," she insisted. He stopped, turning back to her out of politeness and waited for her to finish. He was wondering why his father had gone over to talk to the carpenters. It wasn't at all like him to take an interest in

something like that. Edna Simpson's words became meaningless drones in his ears, blurred sounds that ran on and on. "... and you know they're the ones—the Botkins, I mean—who *always* win most of the prizes. But they never get here until the very last minute. Every year it's like this. They wait and wait and wait, and then drive up just in time—only seconds left. They say it's so's the flowers'll keep fresh, but you know what it really is." She looked at her watch and shook her head. "Do you see them coming anyplace? . . . Barney?"

The sound of his own name jarred him out of his thoughts and confused him. "What?" he said. He had been watching his father and the carpenters with concern and surprise. He was actually helping them, holding boards, measuring, moving in and out of the betting booth. Barney felt

a queer sensation, a wave of uneasiness. There was something wrong and he couldn't place it. "I'm sorry," he said, looking again at Edna Simpson, "I didn't catch that last."

"I said, from out there can you see if they're coming? A station wagon?"

He started to answer her, but now his father had seen that Barney was standing there watching him and he yelled, "You go back to the station. Lock up. No use staying open afternoons now. . . . Then you can do what you want."

"Well . . . good," Barney said, surprised. Then awkwardly, "Thanks." The word *thanks* came strangely in his mouth. He rarely had occasion to use it with his father.

Edna Simpson had rushed from behind her counter and was pointing excitedly down the cinder path at a station wagon loaded with flowers that was edging its way slowly through the milling people.

"Look! Look! Here they come. I told you they'd make it. I knew there was nothing to worry about, no sir, really

"NOTHING AT ALL," Barney said quickly as Nell's question surprised him, "just looking around."

He moved closer to the little flowers lined up on the counter and looked at them, trying to form an interested expression on his face.

"They're fine, Nell. Really."

He stared a moment longer and then glanced purposefully at the now-growing crowds that were moving past them towards the entrance to the grandstand. "Look," he said, "the stands are filling up pretty fast. If we want a good seat we'd better get on up there."

"Maybe you're right at that," Nell said. She thanked Mrs. Simpson for getting the flowers to show Barney and then, locking her arm in his, followed him as he moved into the crowd.

There were more horses than ever on the track now, trotting up and down, turning and practicing starts.

Drawings by Clarence Brown



The drivers, most of them old men dressed in bright-colored satin shirts and caps, were checking their equipment. Some were talking quietly to their horses. Barney couldn't always hear them but he saw their lips moving.

For a moment he leaned against the chalk-white fence and watched. Nell stopped too, without question, and stood by his side.

One of the few times Barney was able to forget himself completely was when he was watching trotters from close up as he was now. There was something magic, something very special about harness racing. He couldn't define it exactly. He never even tried to. It was just there, unmistakable and overpoweringly present. He had never been able to get interested in jockey racing though. It was too organized perhaps, too impersonal and far away. A jockey to him was just some young kid riding for money. Maybe he'd never even seen the horse he was riding until he got on his back.

With sulkies it was different. The driver himself usually owned and trained the horse. Like Pop Wilson there who was just passing, dressed in blue and yellow satin and driving his bay mare, Belle Star. Pop was an old man, almost sixty, and had lived all his life with horses. He knew everything there was to know about Belle Star. He and the horse were one. Barney could see that as he watched, a sort of mutual trust between them.

Pop knew how far he could let Belle Star out before she'd break and how to get her turned for the best starting position. It was something impressive that he could know that horse so well.

But the best time to see a horse run was in the early summer while they were training him. Then maybe there would be just one horse running and Barney, by himself, would be watching him. There was nothing more beautiful and lonely than a lone horse on the track, seeing him pound past the empty stands in the bright sunlight, then the wonderful

swaying rhythm as his body showed endways on the bend, and then watching him through the tall pines that grew in the center of the track as he went down the backstretch, silently and smoothly because he was so far away.

Nell tugged at his arm, and for the briefest moment he recalled his father's doing the same thing to him long ago. He turned away and followed her up the steps to the main floor of the grandstand, and there they paused, trying to decide where to sit.

"There's a good place," Nell said, pointing to some empty seats halfway up in the stands. "Just where the shade begins."

"O.K. by me," he said and, taking

complaints he made out that she had dropped her ice cream cone. She had climbed on top of one of the seats and, stretched on tiptoe, was

LOOKING DOWN FROM THE TOP OF THE STANDS, Barney could see almost everything that was going on around the fairgrounds. The first heat of the day's races had just been run off and now, as the old red and green water truck slowly circled the track settling the dust, he had turned away to see what was happening outside.

There were very few people about the midway because most of them were in the stands or leaning against the fence watching the races. It was



her arm, he guided them up the stairs through the thickening crowds.

"Just right, huh?" she said as they reached the seats. "Out of the sun and everything."

Barney was about to sit down when he heard a child cry out in back of him. He turned to see a little girl at the very top of the stands trying to peer over the edge. From her loud

considered something of a tradition to be present at the first race of the Fair every year.

Therefore it was unusual that Barney did not see his father sooner than he did.

He was leaning against one of the poles of the Merchants' tent back of the stands, his legs crossed and shak-

(Continued on Page 17)

# CLARE LEIGHTON: AMERICAN ARTIST

## A Profile

BY GUY DAVENPORT

NOT LONG after Clare Leighton, the woodengraver, illustrator, and author of *Tempestuous Petticoat: The Story of an Invincible Edwardian* (now in its third printing in England and in its second in the United States) came to America in 1939, she was invited out to lunch by Henry L. Mencken, in Baltimore. Mencken called up before the date and asked Miss Leighton how he could recognize her.

"I'll be wearing a flower picture hat," she said. "And I shall look like an English milk maid."

"I'll be wearing my orange wig," Mencken said.

"My petticoat will have frills," Miss Leighton said. "I'll have my skirt lifted a bit."

"I'll be wearing my pink-and-red-check suit," Mencken said.

Thus Clare began one of the first of her American friendships. She is as famous for her friends as for her temperament, which is partly that of a sensitive, serious artist and partly that of a woman who prides herself on her cooking and on her vegetable garden. Clare's guiding spirit in her life has been her mother, the "invincible Edwardian" of *Tempestuous Petticoat*. From her novelist mother, who wrote serial melodramas for the London *Daily Mail* in the era of the gas light, the hansom cab, and Oscar Wilde, she took her inexhaustive capacity for working all day long seven days the week, engraving in the morning and afternoon and writing at night. From her mother she also took a vastly romantic attitude toward life. "A man likes what he can't get," her mother told her. "The more you keep him from getting what he wants, the more he will love you." And Miss Leighton elaborates: "A man would much rather see you fixing your stocking than naked."

Miss Leighton, who was born and reared in London in St. John's Wood (part of the Bohemian section), and who was educated by private tutors and at the Slade School of Art where she was wont to dress in the Pre-Raphaelite manner (long tresses, long flowing dresses in deep blues, reds, and greens), now lives on the Hope Valley Road in Durham. On June 8 she will become an American citizen. Miss Leighton lives alone (when the house is infrequently empty of Chapel Hill and Durham friends) and works away at seven or eight jobs at



CLARE LEIGHTON is now living in Durham and is often on the Duke campus. She is a familiar figure in the art room on East where she prints many of her woodengravings. The author of this article met Miss Leighton in 1945 and has since been her assistant.

Miss Leighton, who taught at Duke four years ago, has spoken three times since then to the creative writing class, explaining her approach to composition and giving her ideas about English and American writing.

She has long been recognized as the leading English woodengraver, and is possibly the finest in America today.

once. She is now doing sixteen engravings for the late Dr. Frank C. Brown's *Folklore of North Carolina*, edited by Dr. Newman I. White, of Duke, writing a novel tentatively entitled *The Thing Part of It Is*, writing a book called *Women in Art*, and preparing exhibitions for several art shows. She is never idle.



## TOBACCO BARNs

By  
Clare Leighton

ACTUAL SIZE

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The art of woodengraving has come back into its own as an independent art form only within the last two or three decades. It was highly abused as a means of illustration in such magazines as the old "Harper's Illustrated," before photographs could be reproduced as they are today. The late Eric Gill, the French artist Maillol, and the Virginia artist J. J. Lankes are some of the people who began to revive the art of woodengraving as a distinctive art form. A woodgraving, not to be confused with a woodcut, has white lines on black and has "sculptural form"; the woodcut is rougher and looks as if it had been done in brush and ink. Miss Leighton works almost entirely in woodengraving, although she is quite good in lithograph pencil and in water color. Her first book of engravings, called *Wood Engravings by Clare Leighton* (1930) had an introduction by Hilaire Belloc, with a burden of praise. The first book Clare illustrated was Robert Nathan's *The Fiddler in Barbary*, in 1929. In 1931 she illustrated *Winthering Heights*; the sets for the movie were based on her

illustrations. In 1932 she illustrated *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* and H. M. Tomlinson's *The Sea and the Jungle*. In 1933 she brought out her masterpiece, *The Farmer's Year*, a big book about English agricultural life. It is a book which she wrote and illustrated, and is often considered the finest set of woodengravings of this century. It can be matched only by her large "lumber camp" engravings, which have never been published. That same year she brought out a children's book with a fairy tale setting called *The Musical Box* (with drawings in color). She did a similar book the next year, *The Wood That Came Back*.

At this time Clare was living in England at Four Hedges, a house in the country, and running around with H. G. Wells, Rebecca West, Bertrand Russell, and E. M. Forster, who was a neighbor. It was also at this time that she lived for awhile in France, and did engravings in Majorca, Spain, Austria, and Yugoslavia. Clare did an oil portrait of Mohandas Gandhi when he was in London, making sketches of him

while he was asleep, so fidgety was he when awake.

In 1935 came the first of the books which combined her good prose with better woodengravings, *Four Hedges*. In 1937 there was *Country Matters*, which is about what it says and not about Hamlet's "country matters" from which the title, nevertheless, is taken. *Southern Harvest*, done in the same manner, but set in the Southern United States, came out in 1942 when Clare was settled in Durham and teaching at Duke. She taught art at Duke for two years, but quit abruptly when she realized that the co-eds she was working with were not near as zealous and serious about their drawing as they should be. She is still convinced that Duke co-eds are more given to "powder and paint and sex," as she says, than to their school work. She is bitter about Duke in general.

Her best piece of writing to date is a small novel, *Sometime-Never*, which was written in 1939. It is Proustian in tone and has an elaborate time and space scheme which makes it almost Joycean. It is about the life of a woman who takes great





## TOBACCO MARKET AT NIGHT

By  
Clare Leighton

ACTUAL SIZE

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Duke Library

joy in the multifariousness of life, in the soil, and in the richness of ancient ritual among the people who are of the soil; it is obviously autobiographical.

Miss Leighton has also illustrated *The Return of the Native*, *Under the Greenwood Tree*, Bertha Damon's *Sense of Humus*, Elsie Symington's *By Light of Sun*, Elizabeth Madox Robert's *The Time of Man*, Marie Campbell's *Folks Do Get Born* (about Southern midwifery), and Josephine Young Case's *Freedom's Farm*.

As an artist and author, Clare is apt to be a slave-driver to herself and work intensely from the time a block or book is started until it is finished. She is a meticulous beginner. For a woodblock she first makes numerous drawings from models (East Campus furnished the model for Ellen in *The Time of Man*), then she works on the design, fretting over her "rhythms and values and spaces," fortified with cigarettes, sherry, and her record-player. Often she must re-draw her design

until it "is doing something." Then, when every line is in its place in the rhythmical pattern, the design is ready to be transferred to the block and engraved.

Clare writes her books on a portable which, at one time had no *i* and at another, no *w*; now it has all the symbols. She uses the hunt-and-peck system, but manages with it very well. She has never owned a dictionary and never uses one. As with her designs for engraving, she usually rewrites a book four or five times before it seems right. But before the writing begins, the material is gleaned from notebooks and journals, or simply from her memory. She discusses all her work with friends before it is begun and while it is in progress, describing to them the "feeling" of a picture or a piece of prose with gestures and such words as "fuguey," "silvery gray," "mass," and "delicate."

But simply as a person, Clare is a product of European culture and a highly individual temperament.

She often speaks of the energy of America and the craftsmanship of Europe. One would not hesitate to say that she has them both. She has a special genius for getting along with most everybody. Her best friends include an old Negro wood-chopper, students at both Duke and Chapel Hill, literary and artistic people, and North Carolina mountaineers. Within the last year she has taken her sketch-pad to cock fights, coon hunts, liquor stills, corn huskings and quilting bees. The people she finds most interesting usually get into her books without benefit of disguise.

Born in London, Clare grew up with two brothers in a household that was overrun with dogs, her mother's admirers, her father's paintings, and copy-boys who always seemed to be waiting for Mrs. Leighton to finish the latest instalment of a serial. Mrs. Leighton is best remembered for her famous thriller *Convict 99*, and for the fact that she was the first to make



a detective the murderer in a whodunit. Clare's brother Roland was a poet; a few of his poems and an account of his death in the First World War can be found in Vera Britten's *Testament of Youth*. Her other brother, Evelyn, is now an officer in the British Navy.

The family was, for awhile, sceptical about Clare's wanting to be an artist. For one thing her mother was superstitious and thought that a painted portrait was bad luck to its subject. A servant, who always bathed in a petticoat "so that the Lord God might not see me naked," shamed Clare for doing a self-portrait in the nude. Her father and an uncle, however, were painters after a fashion, and they gave her encouragement. She studied at the Slade School in London where she learned to draw in as academic a style as possible. But today she leans toward stylization, having been brought under the influence of the primitive Italian painters, Giotto and the like, and possibly under the influence of William Blake. Meanwhile she had gone ahead with the literary interest she shared with her brother Roland and had her name in print for the first time over a book review. Full of pride, she showed it to her father. He was unimpressed. "You will see it many times more in print," he said. She has, but it was some

time before she could forgive her father.

Clare's first exhibition was arranged by Eric Gill (for whom she had been posing), but she could not attend because of an epidemic of boils which chose that particular time

to try her faith. She was not fully recognized as an artist of superb ability, even by her family, until the publication of *The Farmer's Year*. After that, she has written and engraved persistently, one book after

(Continued on Page 21)



**TOBACCO LOOPERS**

Actual Size

Clare Lighton

Collection of Duke Library

## SUITE METROPOLITAN

### I. *Sunrise*

By NORMAN K. NELSON

Over the edge of the world  
    dawn steps lightly.  
Over the cellophane seas  
    dawn treads lightly.  
The last reluctant filaments of night  
fugitive before impending sunrise  
thread among the foundations of the city.  
Dawning light sifts quietly down  
between massed angular buildings  
onto criss-cross asphalt streets  
dotted by traffic lights  
that blink sleepily with red and yellow eyes  
in the growing light of morning.  
Dawn is a bridal veil  
    spread over the sky.  
Dawn is a rustle of silk  
    a bride's bouquet.  
Between the slanting sides of tenements  
a woman hangs out diapers.  
Hurriedly a man leaves a whore house  
glances down the empty street  
adjusting his hat as he walks.  
A yawning woman waters a geranium  
in a pot on a window sill  
dusty with the sifting light.  
Dawn is a tiny pink mouth  
    eagerly tender.  
Dawn is a firm-fleshed plum  
    with tender skin.  
The dawn light settles quietly  
on a street-washing truck  
round and bulging  
that gushes forward  
with whirr of revolving brushes.  
Sheets of bubbling water  
swirl over the asphalt  
and rush into cool dry gutters.  
Dawn is an embryo tear  
    a fetal sigh.  
Dawn is a swelling seed  
    awaiting the sun.  
A plump mulatto street-cleaner  
trundles his cart along the pavement.  
He whistles a watery tune.  
Milk bottles clink in wire racks

and the first garbage truck of the day  
grinds toward suburban districts  
leaving a wake of tepid fragrance  
and an occasional scrap of sticky bread paper.  
Limber the ivory stops  
    of organ consoles!  
Cast golden cloud-buds beneath  
    approaching feet!  
Gray-silver in the swelling light  
the great bridge loops sinuously over the river.  
Its lamps still glimmer weakly  
insignificant in the growing dawn.  
A single tugboat  
chugs over the waxed-paper surface of the water  
trailing a small wake  
that rocks and slaps against the concrete piers.  
A cigarette butt flipped from the bridge  
hisses faintly, floats momentarily,  
turns dark waterlogged brown.  
Erect a graceful stair  
    of glad progressions!  
Tighten the sulking strings  
    of violins!  
Above pale-windowed office buildings  
above tilted skylights of department stores  
above zig-zag iron fire escapes  
above the tops of slender factory chimneys  
the sky throbs with morning light.  
Open your sculptured lips,  
    white-robed choirs!  
Unite in a nuptial chord  
    of many voices!  
High over the steel arches of the bridge  
over red brick factory chimneys  
over skyscraper penthouses  
the sky swells, fills to bursting.  
Many-tentacled clouds, angry with incandescence  
rush upward from the horizon.  
Dawn shatters with a peal of brilliance  
and the sun clangs over the horizon  
glittering on the water and the chimneys  
drenching the streets and alleys  
exalting the pattern windows  
of office buildings  
to thousands of fierce eyes.



LIKE GRANDMA MOSES in the field of painting, Jackson Marshall is an American primitive in the field of writing. As far as we know, this critique article by Guy Davenport is the first to appear about him.

## JACKSON MARSHALL: AMERICAN PRIMITIVE

BY GUY DAVENPORT

IN ST. LOUIS there's a writer whom a few people will probably get a chance, at present, to read; nor will they even hear of him. College presses everywhere, including the Universities of Padua and Paris, have his works on their desks or in their trash cans. For Jackson Marshall, 34, is a primitive writer, just as Grandma Moses, Horace Pippin, and Henri Rousseau are primitive painters. He is as innocent of generally accepted English syntax as a twelve-year-old girl, but his sense of the dramatic is developed to an extremely interesting point. He has so far written a novel, *Right Wrong* (3 vols.), two books of philosophy, *The Religion of Realism* and *The Philosophy of Cooperation* (2 vols.)—all privately printed—and several unpublished essays which he has sent in typescript to the few people who know him.

His novel is about the growth of a man's mind and morals from adolescence to young manhood. It is especially attractive for its prose style, its fresh language, and its success in creating a sustained picture of frustration. Volume One opens with these lines:

In May of 1931 in an advisory room in a high school of St. Louis, Mo., sat this specimen to be called Jay Frey. He had blue eyes and he had black hair parted on the left. He was wearing a black pen striped suit as always at school about now. He was quite sat in his ways. He was bashful and even modest to the extent of preferring to wear the suit coat instead of appearing in shirt and tie . . . He was a selfconscious, nervous creature, much given to scratching in his hair for chips off the old block and oddly enough it may be that this scratching of the head incessantly not only didn't diminish it but maybe by some sort of cultivation developed it better than the schooling did. He was a dreamer.

Thus the tone of the novel is set. It is whimsical and serious, full of

wisecracks and deep pondering. It is honest and naive; in fact, it is such a straightforward piece of writing that one cannot help but admire it, even though it is formless and sometimes incoherent.

He gets off some brilliant sentences. "It was a gray roofed November anyway and Reality was dark and dreary and Frey wonders but what he will be a dead man by January." "In June of 1934 as Frey sat in the high dark front room in the evening with . . . a bald headed pale photographer from whom the dark rooms had absorbed the hide coloring."

There is no plot, in the technical sense; the action is limited to playing tennis and soft ball, with the exception of the climax in which the hero spends months in an attic room, exposing his naked body to passing school children. The hero remains in a state of emotional inertia, always trying to conquer his bashfulness.

Mr. Marshall writes in a letter, "There are various reasons why I have written and have had printed

*Right Wrong*. About it being effect of sense of guilt, I do not know if I would be sane to try to answer that question; for now as I think upon it, the whole issue is not clear in my consciousness nor conscience and the only clue to the answer I care to give you is my 3 (+ probably 4) writings will subsequently furnish basis of a world wide Religion of Reason. As I can not understand my life (all in all) I do not plead innocent, nor do I plead guilty. I wouldn't even care to judge myself—let alone respect the numbers who ventured to judge me and at their peril—and there is another heavy storm to descend and other clouds are gathering."

Mr. Marshall's philosophy is quite unorthodox, even though it is highly derivative. He says that he has been influenced by Kant, Schopenhauer, Byron, and Macaulay. He does not read novels; they are "fictions." Mark Twain, incidentally, is his favorite humorist. You can see his influence throughout Mr. Marshall's writing. In his essay, "On the Dignity of Man," he says that we "beings of the will are really some sort of balloon bubbles growth off of the main basic substance will." The human will is his philosophic starter. He believes that modern man can free himself from his dilemma of frustration by exercising his will as a powerful moral force which will create for him universal love and understanding. What checks the will right now is prudery, religion, and conventional education. I dare not state any more of the tenets in this essay of Mr. Marshall's, for they are intricate and none too clear; I would only be doing him a disservice. "As it is," he says, "man must be an awful disgusting

(Continued on Page 22)



# BOOKS

## *A Stirring Novel About The Making Of A Killer*

KNOCK ON ANY DOOR. By Willard Motley. D. Appleton-Century Company, Inc.

Reviewed by  
R. D. LOOMIS

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE, speaking of his next novel (which will be concerned with a Nazi concentration camp), said recently: "The difficulty is, you see, that our imaginations cannot count. When I say five million died—the figure is a blank. But if I say one died—a man I have made you know and understand—he lived so, this is what he thought, this is what he hoped, these were his difficulties . . . then perhaps I have told you something you ought to know . . ."

In his first novel, *Knock on Any Door*, Willard Motley has done just that. He has told the story of one boy, Nick Romano, how he started his life as an altar-boy and ended it in the electric chair, how various circumstances into which he became involved, most of the time unintentionally, made him what he finally became, a killer.

But Willard Motley is not just a "preaching" novelist. What he says he backs up with a story that seems to be almost documented facts told for the most part in a realistic and unpretentious style that is rarely met with these days when most young authors are short-circuiting themselves with experimental writing.

Another noteworthy quality of the book is that it really has something to say. There is hardly a page in *Knock on Any Door* that seems unneeded—unless it is the long flashback concerned with the early life of Emma, Nick's wife, who commits suicide after suffering with him and for him. In retrospect, however, even

this episode seems to be necessary for the complete effect of the novel. (When submitted to the publishers, the book was over 500,000 words long—twice its present length.)

*Knock on Any Door* does have a few faults, however. At times when Mr. Motley tries to create an effect by the use of technical innovations, for instance, stream of consciousness, he falls terribly flat. ("I shouldn't do this. I need money. I oughta stop. It ain't right. I gotta have money.") Then, too, one begins to wonder if all "cops" are as underhanded as they are made out to be and if most public officials are corrupt and most criminals really good. Another irritating point to some may be that almost all the songs used to build up atmosphere require footnotes because of a copy-right—which, in turn, destroys that atmosphere.

But the good qualities of *Knock on Any Door* overshadow all these faults. Step by step the reader follows Nick Romano's downward path to crime. The whole story is told honestly and with stark reality, his home life, the thugs he meets on Chicago's West Side (the only friends he comes to know except a writer who was inspecting one of the reform schools Nick was sent to), the girls he loved, and Riley, the bully cop with three notches in his gun (for three men killed), whom Nick finally kills during a robbery.

The best scenes in the book are during the trial. They are so absorbing that the protagonist is actually forgotten and it becomes a fight between Nick's lawyer and the prosecution. This portion of the novel may certainly be compared with the trial in *The Brothers Karamazov*.

Willard Motley has lived in this

world he writes about. He knows its people and he knows their problems. His novel strikes out against society's disinterest in its own problems, pointing out that the real crime is not what boys like Nick do but rather what society has done to them. "There's nothing wrong with people, Nick," his Aunt Rosa tells him in the death cell. "There's something good in everybody. People don't do no wrong. Not when they're left alone."

This could be the story of any boy brought up in the slums of a great American metropolis of today. These are the things that can happen—that do happen. Mr. Motley has not only written a fine novel but also written one that needed to be written.

Nick Romano? Knock on any door.

—  
*The Diaries of Franz Kafka 1910-1913*, edited by Max Brod, *Shocken Books*, New York. Translated by Joseph Kresh.

Reviewed by  
GUY DAVENPORT

THIS diary will be of extreme interest to those who know Kafka's three great novels, *The Castle*, *The Trial*, and *Amerika*, for it fills in the fact that those novels are more autobiographical than one would suspect, since they are set in make-believe setting and do not seem to conform, ostensibly, to human life in the realistic sense. We find here the roots of Kafka's allegory, the quirks of his mind, and the basis for a psychoanalytic inquiry into his short, frustrated life.

Kafka, born in Prague (then in Old Austria), in 1883, was writing stories for periodicals when he was 16; when he died he had published



only miscellaneous stories and articles and he left a request that his novels and diaries be burned. His closest friend, the German novelist Max Brod, chose to print Kafka's works rather than to burn them. The wisdom shown by Mr. Brod in this decision was seen again when Part One of the diaries was published last month.

"Diary," in this case, is not so descriptive a word as "notebook," for the entries are mostly notations for plots, or observations on books and plays. Kafka was interested in, and connected with, a Jewish theater group. In his diary he follows the activities of this group, recording his impressions with good humor.

Kafka's dreams are recorded quite thoroughly. They are of the same disturbing fiber as his prose is. He was as disturbed by his dreams as he was by life; in fact, where dream ends and actuality begins is difficult to determine in the entries. We find Kafka a young bachelor in ill health, conscientious about his writing and reluctant about living. Many suicides were planned.

We also get a record of Kafka's reading. He worshipped Goethe, Flaubert, Pascal, and Kierkegaard; admired but found much to criticize, in the writings of his friends Max Brod and Franz Werfel.

Many of Kafka's earlier stories appear here in fragmentary form. *Town and Country* for March excerpted the notes on his education and made a nice, unified piece out of it. It is evident from this that Kafka's writing was long thought out before it found its way to paper.

This book will, in time, become the finest index to Kafka's work and life. It is certainly essential to a full understanding of the man.

I quote this passage from the diary for 1913. It is somewhat typical of the rest: "I hate everything that does not relate to literature, conversations bore me (even if they relate to literature), to visit people bores me, the sorrows and joys of my relatives bore me to my soul."

THE JOURNALS OF ANDRE GIDE. Translated by Justin O'Brien. *A. A. Knopf.*

Reviewed by  
VIRGIL BLACK

THIS translation of Andre Gide's early journals serves as an excellent introduction to France's First Man of Letters. No previous knowledge of Gide's work is necessary to understand most of the allusions (thanks to Mr. O'Brien's copious notes) and the important sections explain themselves.

The journals seem to have been kept not merely to record events and impressions but to help him develop a more spontaneous style; he also found comfort in its seclusion. ("What good is this journal? I cling to these pages as to something fixed among so many fugitive things.") He shows a great love for the writings of Stendhal, although of more interest to us are his informal impressions and criticisms of English writers.

Gide has been well acquainted with most of the important figures of our time, not only of France but of many other countries. Apropos of this is the following entry made in 1912: "Yesterday morning received Einstein, a round German who wants to found a new review to struggle for modern tendencies, which he reproaches for something or other. Likable, but still in the pasty state; like all Germans."

Perhaps even of more interest are the passages containing Gide's private meditations, including his break with religion, his observations of life around him, and the "dreadful fatigue" which seemed to overtake him around 1906.

Plans for forthcoming writings are given here too, and those who know his work at all will be surprised at how long some of his books fermented in his thoughts before he set them to paper in their final form.

## MENOTTI

(Continued from Page 6)

American composers are to be able to make a living by writing operas, appeal must be made to a wider audience than that interested in historical opera. Composers must create, as the great operatic masters did, works which are musically and theatrically expressions of contemporary times and culture. This is not to say that we must neglect the old operas because we develop a modern American school—it is to be expected, rather, that many people will discover historical opera through modern opera, just as many people now discover it through operetta. Historical opera may remain the property of operatic museums like the Metropolitan, but modern opera will have to compete with standard theatrical productions.

That the American public is musical is proved by the amount of music, popular and classical, "live" and "canned," that it consumes. The demand for plays and motion pictures proves its love for the theater. Preparation for opera has been made by background music in films, by musical comedies and operettas. That opera can attract the general public, Mr. Menotti's success with *The Medium* is demonstration which needs no elaboration.

• • •

## COME TO THE FAIR

(Continued from Page 9)

ing the ashes from his cigarette with a methodical tap of his finger that indicated he was deeply engrossed in his own thoughts.

Barney watched him off and on for almost half an hour, long after the second heat had begun. He had never understood his father. There were times when he would do things that seemed to Barney completely irrational, and of late he had been trying to discover something that in some way might enlighten him. Not that he ever felt any wish to grow closer to his father, however, but simply because of a cold curiosity, an almost impersonal interest that at times

• • •

took on the characteristics of a methodical investigation.

At least that is what he tried to tell himself. Actually there was more to it. In Saytan Barney was not thought of as an individual but as his father's son. "He's a Chapman," people often said. That seemed to mean something very definite to them. Perhaps if his mother were still alive they would have had cause to think differently, but as it was his father seemed to be the sole influence on him. It made the "like father like son" appear all the more probable.

His father was a small man, not in height but in bone. Some people in Saytan thought him handsome, and in early photographs Barney had seen of him he did appear so. But they hardly seemed to be of the same man.

Working with him around their gas station, Barney had come to know very forcibly his father's main characteristic. Barney called it impatience, but it was really something far stronger, although in the same direction. From all he could find out, his father had been like that all his life, and each year it seemed to become more noticeable. He remembered stories about how, when his father came home from his first day of school and they asked him what he had learned, he replied, "Nothing. I didn't even learn to write."

Not that he was ever a man interested in learning. He just wanted things quickly. In the end his impatience had developed into a far different thing for him. It came to mean that when he saw other men meet with success in businesses they had worked in for years when he himself met with relative failure (though perhaps he had tried to do the same thing in a matter of months), a strong sense of personal hopelessness and angered despair grew in him.

This uneasiness and frustration of his own making nevertheless caused him to withdraw from people and they, in turn, from him. Business at the station had fallen off to such a degree that now its intake supported them only in the meagerest fashion.

And of late, though it probably

had always been so, Barney had begun to notice that people were treating him the same way as they did his father. Of course there was Nell. The fact that he was going steady with her made him one of the most envied boys in school. But again he knew that there had been opposition to their relationship from her family and others.

It was some time before Barney understood what it was his father was doing there by the Merchants' tent, apparently uninterested in anything that was going on around him. And when he did discover it, he was still as puzzled as ever. He noticed that his father always straightened up and paid particular attention each time the men who were betting all went to the fence to watch the race, leaving alone at the window the man who had come over from Maryville to run the booth. Once he strolled along the cinder path a ways and watched from there.

Again, as he had that morning, Barney felt a tingling sensation in his body that something somewhere was not as it should be. The feeling was so small that he could hardly perceive it much less define it. But now it was all around him, and it seemed all the more incongruous in the openness of day and in the

BRIGHT SUNLIGHT fell on the dirt track and on the people who were not under the roof of the stands. White shirts and straw hats casting dark shadows on the faces of their wearers made it seem all the brighter.

Across the track and a little to the left of the judge's stand the Saytan High School band was struggling unevenly through a Sousa march. And the music was even more pitiful because of the great space into which it was absorbed.

In the pines behind the band Barney saw the three majorettes warming up, and at the start of the next number they paraded out in single file. Marybelle Rankin was the head majorette and she led them onto the track. Everyone noted her in par-

ticular because her saucy prance was far more exaggerated than that of the other two. Besides, most of the girls watching her were jealous and were waiting for mistakes. She dropped her baton a few times, but not nearly so much as they wished she had.

Even Nell, as fair as she usually was in her judgments, showed open delight when Marybelle happened to muff a difficult toss. Barney understood how the girls felt, but nevertheless to him Marybelle was one of the few people in Saytan to whom he felt any sense of kinship. That was because neither of them was completely accepted into the social life of Saytan.

The third and last heat, a 2.18 trot with a prize of \$1000, had an unusually large field, and the starter, Charlie McNealy, was having trouble getting them across the line together. Three times he had called them back and now as they moved to the far end of the track for another start, Charlie McNealy's voice followed them all the way over the P.A. system: "Now this time easy, easy . . . now, Mr. Wilson, turn a little later please . . . now follow him, gentlemen . . . watch him . . . all the way down, gentlemen, please . . . if you're not together this time, I'll make you go all the way around. These people want to see a race. . . ."

The trotters seemed to be weaving in unprecedented confusion a hundred yards down the track. Then suddenly most of them squared away miraculously and came sweeping towards the stands. "Now easy, easy," the starter's voice warned. "Hold 'em back . . . watch Home Boy, Mr. Nance . . . keep with the field!" But Home Boy broke before he crossed the line and then so did another horse. As the field passed the stands it was completely strung out. The starter's bell rang calling the horses back and the crowd settled down for another start.

Barney felt someone slam him on the shoulder and turned to find Andy Lambeth standing over him.

"How goes it, Barney?" he said. "Hi Nell."

"Hi there, Andy," Nell said.



"Where are you?"

He pointed towards the top of the stands. "Back up there somewhere."

"With Carol?"

Andy nodded and then asked, "Say, are we going to see you at the Y-Teen dance tonight?" He was looking at Barney.

"Well . . . I suppose so," Barney said.

"Of course you will," Nell said. "Barney, what's got into you? We are going, aren't we?"

"Sure . . . sure. We'll be there. Yes."

"I thought maybe you'd like to go over to Riverside Inn with Carol and me afterwards," Andy said.

"Oh, that'd be wonderful," Nell exclaimed. "Wouldn't it, Barney?"

"Thanks a lot, Andy. We'd like to."

"Well, see you at the dance, then." He started to move away.

"O.K.," Nell said. "'Bye."

Andy turned and bounded back up the aisle.

"You do want to go, don't you?" Nell asked after he had left.

"Why, sure . . . I just thought something might come up."

"Now what in the world could come up? It's only three or four hours away and—"

She was interrupted by the loud voice of Charlie McNealy coming over the P.A. system. He was censuring the drivers as they passed his stand going back for a new start: "This is the *last* time, gentlemen . . . I'm sorry . . . you're too tired to go all the way around . . . I'll try to get you off—but however you pass it's a go . . . I've been patient . . . the stands have been patient . . . now please come easy . . . Mr. Nance, you've broken twice. Let's watch it . . . and, Mr. Wilson, take them *way* down . . . this time, please try not to jump

THE GUN lay with some old clothes on top of the green dresser in his father's room. Barney saw it as he went past on his way downstairs. Although it was always kept in a bottom drawer under some old sweaters, he



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would have given it little attention had he not unpurposefully and quite accidentally related it to the puzzling behavior of his father the day before.

He went to the dresser and picked the gun up. It had just been cleaned. He spun the cylinder and saw that each chamber was loaded. Then he laid it back down quietly and left the room.

His father was reading the *Saytan Herald* in the living room as Barney entered. He did not look up.

Barney sat down on a straight-backed chair near the door with a hand on each knee and his arms stiff.

"I see you were cleaning the gun."

His father glanced up quickly from the *Herald* and then back again.

"Yes."

"How come?"

"I don't know. Might go hunting." He continued reading his paper.

"For what?"

"Whatever I see."

Barney remained silent for a moment, drumming his fingers on his knees.

"You're not going to try anything?"

His father looked up.

"What?" It was almost a challenge for Barney to repeat the question.

"I said, you're not planning to do anything crazy, are you?" His voice was low, almost a whisper, and he felt it quiver slightly.

"Crazy?" His father gave the word a light inflection but underneath Barney sensed mounting irritation and anger. "Like what do you mean?"

"Like getting into trouble."

"I just told you I was going hunting."

"I know you did," Barney said, and for a moment he felt unsure of himself and of what he was trying to say. Then, standing up, he said, "Do you think I don't see what goes on around here?"

"Say, what the hell are you driving at?"

"I'm talking about that gun."

"It needed cleaning."

"Why today?"

"So what?"

"Listen, you'll *never* get away with it. Don't you see that?"

His father swept the paper from his lap onto the floor.

"Now you get the hell out of here. Go meet that damn girl. You don't know what you're talking about."

Barney shifted his eyes to the floor and opened his mouth to say something but didn't. Then he looked at his father again.

"All right," he said loudly, swinging his arm across in front of him, "maybe I'm wrong. But for God's sake, think of me. I know you don't like me. We never have got along, and I don't exactly know what it is. Maybe you don't care what happens—but I've got a life to live. . . . Can't you see?"

He realized he wasn't making sense, and again the fear swept over him that his assumptions were incorrect and that perhaps he was making a complete fool of himself.

"Like you say," his father said evenly "maybe you're wrong."

Barney turned slowly and left the

room. His fists were clenched and he banged open the screen door with a punch like a boxer. "For God's sake," he repeated to himself, "for God's sake."

He walked towards Nell's house and after a block he had calmed down only a little. He picked up a stone and threw it at a metal street sign and missed.

It was in this state of mind that Barney met Nell that afternoon and took her to the Fair. And it was with this same feeling that he sat in the stands with her and watched as

THE HORSES SWEEP PAST THE STANDS and Charlie McNealy waved them on even though three were far behind the rest of the field and two others again had broken. It was the final race of the third heat, the most important of the afternoon.

The field began to flatten out when it hit the first turn, and by the time the horses reached the backstretch most of them were in single file, with some trying to move up to better their positions for the second turn. Coming out of the far bend, the horses spread out across the track, each driver holding his reins high and as far away from the horse's sides as possible by stretching his arms above his head. And they were all calling "Haal!" and "Hi!"

Barney felt a sudden impulse to look behind him, as if someone were going to do something there. He started to turn but met Nell's eyes as he did so and then pretended (even to himself) that he had really only meant to glance at her anyway.

Most of the crowd was on its feet as the horses pounded past the stands at the halfway mark. Barney stood up with them, but it was more from reflex than enthusiasm over the race. He was only vaguely conscious one was going on.

Then, just as the stands began to settle down again, it came: a sharp, staccato crack, as though someone had broken a dry plank by jumping on it.

Only a few people glanced around



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to see what it was, and they soon turned back to the race.

Barney remained still. He stared blankly over the tops of the tall trees in the center of the track, holding his breath, waiting.

A commotion began high in the stands. People were talking excitedly, and then someone yelled, "Hey, they just shot a guy trying to rob the betting booth!"

A man in the row ahead of Barney stood up and turned around.

"What?"

"Somebody just got shot. I don't know who."

A murmur spread over the stands, growing louder. A few men got up and started climbing towards the top railing. Then more and more people followed.

Nell jumped up too.

"Come on," she said to him. "Let's see!"

And she bounded away from him up the aisle, two steps at a time.

Barney stood up slowly. He shoved both hands into his pockets and, moving as if he were very tired, stepped into the stream of people moving upwards. Only instead of following Nell he went down the steps.

His chin had fallen on his chest and he seemed not to notice as he was jostled and shoved by those trying to get past him.

Vaguely he heard a voice calling

him, but even that soon became distant and far away, not of his world.

"Barney. . . . Where are you going? What's the matter? . . . Barney!"

• • •

## CLARE LEIGHTON

(Continued from Page 13)

the other. When she came to the United States in 1939, she began work on *Southern Harvest* (for which she is known best in America), and, later, tried to get a job in a factory, but could not, being an alien. Through the influence of Mrs. Katherine Gilbert, head of Duke's Department of Aesthetics, Clare became a faculty member here in 1942, teaching art. She quit in 1944, just after supervising the illustration of Dr. William Blackburn's Duke anthology, *One and Twenty*. This book itself provided the rift between Clare and Duke. As the illustration was nearing completion, one more woodblock was needed; the girl who was to do it chose to make herself a bathing suit instead. Whereupon Clare's suspicions as to the interest her students had in their work rang true, and she left. "All my students weren't disinterested, of course," she said. "Some were splendid people, and it's for their sake I'm glad I taught at Duke." Nowadays she is always in and out of Mr. Mueller's art classes on East, since she uses the press there to print her



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engravings on.

Just last month she won First Prize at the Baltimore Museum's exhibition of American Women Artists and was made a member of the Royal

Academy last year, one of the highest honors any artist can attain. Her engravings hang in museums and collections all over the country and she is never without an exhibition somewhere or other. It is characteristic of her energy and artistry that right now, at the height of her ability as an engraver (so far, one must add, for she seems to excel herself with every new set of engravings), she is writing a novel about the American South, a history of women in art, planning a mural on mathematics (for Duke), and looking after her lettuce and tomato patches with great affection.

. . .

## JACKSON MARSHALL

(Continue from Page 15)

sight to any God that would care to look upon it."

*The Philosophy of Cooperation* takes as its subject everything. Also printed last year, it is already revised. It presents a philosophy based on the fact that man's soul is an effervescence of electrical particles generated in the pineal body. The pineal body is an obsolete organ just behind the forehead. Volume One of this work is on "light, subjective inner analysis of consciousness, the soul, objective analysis of consciousness on consciousness, lobotomy, and the mental mechanism." The work is illustrated with pictures cribbed from zoology texts. Volume Two covers "nature, laughter, genius, beauty, the law of the spirituality of the will, music, the divine spirit, and the fundamentals of matter." Every man, Mr. Marshall says, must have a goal in life, namely love, and this goal is reached by the striving of the will. It is hard to determine just how much of this philosophy is original; most of it is derivative, but Mr. Marshall gives it all a new twist. He frequently adds "And How!" to his more emphatic statements. He considers all writing "pile driving through the mysteries."

Mr. Marshall's poetry is unpublished and is probably less interesting than his prose. He sticks to prose exclusively now, anyway. "I know if you ever tried much straining at Rhyme and Rhythm," he says, "to make it include proper senses; after you quit you would feel like a horse slightly afire just let out of its restraint pen upon the open fields of prose."

But what's important is Mr. Marshall's novel. It is, in many ways, a splendid piece of creative writing, done with restraint and feeling. We get a glimpse at his methods from this passage in Volume Three, which shows how conscientious he is about his writing.

Times are that 4F sits at his desk with his pictures and his cards about him and paper before him and he is a desperado,

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trying to find some way to quickly construct a long, strong, and wrong past of a life in Heaven—some structure as it were by which he can escape the will of the world and go to Heaven if only briefly for his will is hungry in hell and he has to feed it and he cannot. Some times now he sits at his table scratching his head and writing primary pieces of a bible and he is surprised at the force of his ideas coming on him like automatic writings inspired from deep within his spirit and as surprising as is the force of the inspiration; is how flat it flops into scribbling on scrap paper and he sets it aside and subsequently after some days of off and on writing thus to save the world he gathers it all up and squeezes it unaffectionately and throws it for the stove.

Frustration is the dominant theme in the novel. Here is a typical scene:

A couple of weeks after last time Mr. Frey is going back to the store and in hopes of developing friendship with this girl and leave her under better circumstances than lastly. So he got there and now she wears glasses and seems older but she looks good to him in a brown dress. She asks what he wants and he asks and she looks for it and he goes on her right and helps. She has some in fresh supply of boxes and goes there and he goes by her side and talks her out of bother to open them and the philosopher feels nice and warm by her and he notices this and he likes her and wants her—if only he could buy her and take her home but he is scarcely in position to ask of it or much else but wine. For he felt much as a beggar about doing so far he had nothing in this direction except a mouth full of bad teeth, a barrier to his taking life serious for if he is going to live they will have all to come out and the philosopher has been a goner out in the cold—too long, strong and wrong.

As he is to go she saying: "I thank you" in a way of sarcasm and he thinks he can get no where. He goes but is not sure he cannot develop a friendship, if and when he can figure out what to do with it?

He is good at creating impressionistic moods. Here is one in which Jay Frey is worrying about his future and the world's.

And he was once a good boy and yet goes to Heaven once in a while but the peoples don't see it that way and try to



bring him out of it and along in April he begins to notice this door slamming is getting to feel of electricity and so the experimental philosopher is at it again. It slowly steadily getting worse and the wretch lays abed with hornets parked or swarming all about and much given to sting him now and then and so the great experimental philosopher is beginning to agree with Leibnitz that this is the best of all possible worlds for it is seeming Heaven is not possible much longer.

Mr. Marshall ends his book with a feeling of strength and a promise for a better life. However, as he says, America is now beset with "sel-

fish souls" who do not understand the "religion of realism" which Jay Frey discovered in his torturous apprenticeship to life. And it is just this didacticism and propaganda which spoils the novel as a work of art. Mr. Marshall does not agree, of course. For him the philosophy is more important than the story.

Mr. Marshall's writing has been criticized by the University of Chicago's philosophy department as being archaic. He does use "ere" repeatedly (and often in the sense of "in front of"—"ere the window he stood"), and he has been influenced heavily by the *Bible*. He sustains a rhetorical rhythm throughout. Although his sense of form almost isn't (what form it has is naive and spontaneous), it is good in that it is simple and unpretentious. He seems to have approximated the Flaubertian technique without ever having read Flaubert.

Mr. Marshall's one glaring fault is his representation of conversation. He quite simply can't do it. He is wise, however, and avoids as much as possible letting his characters converse. Where conversation is necessary, it is strangely unreal, yet communicative of the real feeling of frustration which Mr. Marshall intends for his writing to have.

"Where do you get all this junk?"

"We all collect it all over."

"Do you ever sell any?"

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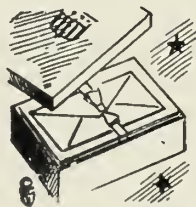
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"Little."

"Do you do any work?"

"Little, here and there."

"Do you drink?"

"Yeah, that about all we can do."

"Well I don't blame you for that."

Mr. Marshall has grown up in St. Louis and held various jobs there. He has been a clerk mostly, at two or three firms, and at the Post Office. At present he is out of work and putting his time and energy into writing—and in attempting to sell—his books. I doubt if he will ever conform to conventional standards of writing. It will be interesting to see what success he will have with his art, whether his present disillusionment will discourage him entirely, or whether his urge to create will bear him above an unresponsive public and make him continue writing just as he pleases, and what he pleases. However, despite the news that he is working on a fourth book, he wrote recently that he doesn't "read much more nor write much more." His career as an artist will be interesting to watch, and its success or failure will be significant of the state of letters in America. I should like to think that his writing will become better known; it will not escape a lot of discussion if it does.

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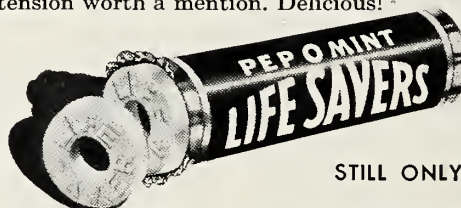
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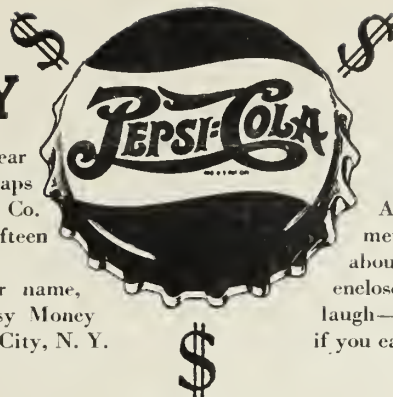
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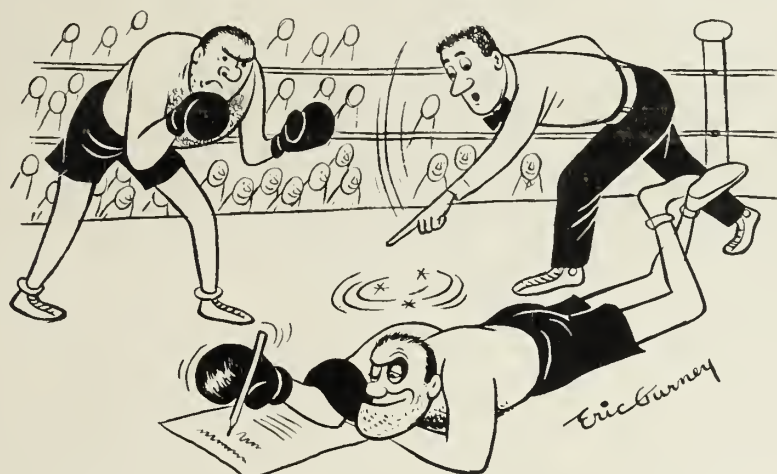
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January winners: \$15.00 to Philip Gips of the Bronx, N. Y., and to Rosemary Miller of Mary Washington College. \$5 each to Jerry H. O'Neil of Washington University, Jack Marks of Columbus, Ohio, and C. A. Schneyer of New York City.

## DAFFY DEFINITIONS



\$1 apiece is shamefully sent to C. R. Meissner, Jr. of Lehigh Univ., Bernard H. Hymel of Stanford Univ., T. M. Guy of Davidson College, and Irving B. Spielman of C. C. N. Y. In fact we're almost sorry we did it.

Atlas—a geography book with muscle.

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\* \* \*

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She: Thanks for the kiss.

He: The pressure was all mine.

\* \* \*

He: Yoo-hoo!

She: Shut up, you wolf!

He: Pepsi-Cola?

She: Yoo-hoo!!

\* \* \*

She: What's the best type of investment?

He: Air mail stamps.

She: Why air mail stamps?

He: They're bound to go up.

\* \* \*

She: If you kiss me, I'll call a member of my family.

He: (Kisses her).

She: (sighing) Brother!

\* \* \*

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"How do you like my new dress?" asked the little moron's girl friend on the night of the Junior prom. "See, it has that new look—with six flounces on the skirt."

"Duuuuh," replied our little hero, "that ain't so great. Pepsi-Cola's got twelve flounces!"

*Do you know any little morons? If so, follow them, send us their funny utterances and we'll send you \$2, too. Nothing personal, of course.*



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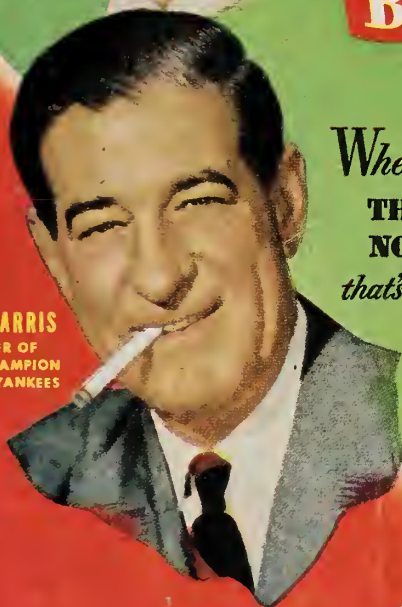
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